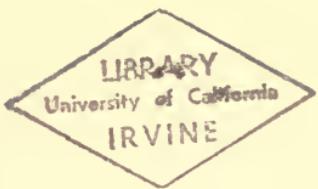


A
YANKEE
VOLUNTEER
MIMI MAY TAYLOR



Robert Mitchell

~~Dear~~

~~Elmer Shantz~~

1)

A YANKEE VOLUNTEER

BY

M. IMLAY TAYLOR

AUTHOR OF

"ON THE RED STAIRCASE," "AN IMPERIAL LOVER," ETC.

SECOND EDITION



CHICAGO

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1898

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Affectionately Dedicated
TO MY MOTHER

AN INTRODUCTION.



KEPT sacredly in our family is the yellow manuscript of the journal of my great-grandfather, John Allen, who was a volunteer in the war of the Revolution. From those worn pages inscribed in faded ink, I have selected and arranged his account of the beginning of that great struggle, which was interwoven with his own love-story. The chief interest of the narrative, as it seems to me, lies in the fact that it shows the early periods of the Revolution as viewed by a soldier of Massachusetts who shared all the privations and hardships of the struggle. He was a plain and courageous man, devoted to his duty, religious, and true to his strict training. Not a soldier by education or by choice, but rather a man of peace, yet devoted to the cause for which he drew the sword. He came of Puritan stock, and looked askance at the vices and the follies of the world of fashion. He served with gallantry until the close of the war, and rose to distinction in the Continental Army.

In giving these pages to the world, I must plead my own interest in them as an excuse for my hope that they may be of interest to others.

“JOHN ALLEN.”

SALEM, 1898.

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A YANKEE VOLUNTEER.

CHAPTER I.

REMINISCENT.

My earliest recollections are of the old house in Salem. Through the great window in the hall, I had my first glimpse of Massachusetts Bay. As a child, I loved to climb upon the window-seat and watch the shimmer of the sunlight on the water, until my eyes were dazzled, and could no longer see the gulls dipping in the spray. When the storm clouds gathered angrily, piling up in purple masses, way off behind the ocean, I watched breathlessly and counted the waves, or tried to count them, as they rose and fell, until the sea, grown gray and purple in its anger, was breaking, breaking in white-caps, far as the eye could reach. My childish mind, fed full on Scripture, recalled always those words, "deep calleth unto deep." The love and awe of the ocean grew with my growth, and now, in my old age, the throbbing of the tide sends a responsive thrill through my being, while the keen salt wind upon my cheek revives both life and hope, even when my spirit faints within me.

Always the ocean and the marshes, where the marsh rosemary bloomed, and beyond these the rugged moor-

lands, the gray bowlders breaking here and there through the short turf, and behind all, the dark line of woodland ; above, the sky, blue, with great drifts of soft white clouds. Against this background, the slender, girlish figure and the charming, tender face of Joyce. So I think of her always, so will I think of her until I die. So did I see her first, a little maid, with her hands full of wild rose blooms and the bloom of the roses in her cheeks, and I loved her, being but a lad myself. We were little sweethearts, and I remember how I helped her to gather shells upon the beach, and how the tide ran up and kissed her rosy feet, her shoes and stockings being high upon a rock where she had left them, safe from the water. My love for her, born so early, colored all my life. After all is said, we love but once thus well. Come it soon or come it late, it comes but once. Love, of a truth, has many names, as it has many faces ; but pure love, God given, is but once in a lifetime and to eternity. There is that which men call love,— of the world, of the flesh, of the devil,— all these things be ; yet is there but one love, and that I felt for Joyce Talbot. And she loved me again, not so deeply as I,— how should she?— but sweetly, tenderly, and, I thought, truly, never doubting her but once, and then — But I must tell the story as it happened. We were happy in each other and content with all the world, until our hour of trial came, as it came to all in those days.

We colonists of the Massachusetts Bay were the first to suffer and the first to draw the sword that was to bring such misery to the land ; baptizing it in its own blood, to a new life and to liberty. You who were not born then or were children can never know the struggle that it cost us to cut the ties of love and duty that bound us, like threads of gold, to the Mother England.

When one oppressive act of Parliament followed upon the heels of another, we awoke to the dark necessity that was upon us. The old sword and older musket that had rusted on the wall since the Indian wars, were taken down and polished, and, on every hand, men looked in each other's faces for a friend or a foe, and oftentimes they were of our own household or our nearest kin.

My father, John Allen, for whom I was named, was a judge of the Court of Massachusetts Bay, and my great-grandfather was with Cromwell at Naseby. We were Presbyterians of Puritan stock, and there was iron in the blood. My father was for the Commonwealth; her father, Sir Anthony Talbot, was for the king; and so it stood. But a twelvemonth before, Joyce was promised to be my wife, but now there was neither giving in marriage nor talk of it.

It was past midsummer; the asters were blooming on the moors, and the pokeberries were red as wine by the wayside. In the morning a purple haze lay at the horizon, and at noonday a golden light shone on the uplands, and there had been a full harvest. It was late in August, in the year of our Lord 1774, and the Port Bill had closed the port of Boston. His Majesty's collector of customs was at Salem, and all the bay was crowded with shipping, while in Boston the poor were starving and the rich grew poor, since trade was cut off and the troopers were quartered on the town. Through the colonies of North America there was the murmur of discontent, the low sound to arms. We were treading on the edge of a precipice, and a touch would hurl us in the chasm. Wise men pondered and were troubled, while fools babbled in the market-place.

My heart was heavy, for Joyce and I were not of the

same mind, and her father and her brother would find a cause to quarrel with my opinions and my father's. In those times men were ready to die for their convictions, and many a tender tie was thus forever sundered. Verily, it seemed that the end of all things was at hand; yet the golden days went on, and the tides rose and fell, while we watched and waited for the hour. And over the seas the king, blinded by fate, saw not the hand that wrote upon the wall.

CHAPTER II.

A TORY AND A PATRIOT.

WELL do I remember the day when the first breach in an old friendship was made. My father and I had been all the forenoon in court, where the judges sat, with the king's arms suspended above their heads and their hearts heavy with the king's injustice. The court-house stood upon Townhouse Lane, and beside it, on the corner of Essex Street, was the old First Church. Parting from our friends, my father and I walked through the groups of curious townsfolk who stood gaping at the door of the town hall, and passed on together down Essex Street to our home. It was a perfect day ; there had been a fog at morning, but, a fresh breeze blowing it seaward, it floated like a long white feather between the sea and sky. The ocean was calm and blue, with a shadow of purple in the bosom of each gentle wave and the sunlight glancing white upon its crests. The salt in the air tempered the heat of midday, and the light wind set the foliage of the elm-trees quivering.

My father's heart was full of many and deep anxieties, and, mine being weighted too, we spoke but little as we walked, and, indeed, it was a short way to our home. The old house stood back a little space from Essex Street, and a solid homely house it was. The main part was square, and there was a wing on either hand, but toward the rear, so that it was something shaped like the letter T. The whole was of wood, and painted buff ;

it was two stories high, the roof flat, and many little panes of glass in every window. The front door was white, and on the upper panels was a scrollwork of roses and leaves, and the great brass knocker was a lion's head, grasping the ring in its teeth. This door was in the center of the house, and the roof of the portico was supported by four great pillars, white also, and fluted. The garden before the entrance was ever in precise and lovely order, for it was the charge and pride of my Aunt Dorcas, my father's maiden sister, who ordered the house, my mother having died when I was born. The short turf was beautifully green, and on either side the gravel path bloomed double rows of prim-faced asters, in blue and purple and deep pink. A late climbing rose twined its tendrils about one of the pillars of the portico, and filled the air with its delicate fragrance.

As my father and I reached the gate, we perceived, for the first time, the visitor before our door. He stood there waiting, but bristling with impatience; a portly man, long past middle age, richly dressed and in the finest fashion of the day, from his polished shoe-buckles and black silk stockings with embroidered clocks to his gay waistcoat and maroon velvet coat and breeches. His countenance was rubicund, the full cheeks purpling toward the ears, and strongly marked black brows scowled above small bright eyes; his mouth was full, and there was much full flesh below his chin, which rested on the costly lace ruffles at his throat. His violent and aggressive temper, clear stamped upon his face, peeped out too in every outline of his figure, and in the grasp he had upon his heavy, gold-headed cane, which he held ever in the middle and brandished like a club. My heart sank at the sight of him; coming so and upon that day, there could be but one issue, and my father felt it too. He

looked at me with grave significance, but said nothing, save those two words: "Sir Anthony!"

As we entered the gate, our visitor, turning about upon the steps, saw us and came down to meet my father. Sharp was the contrast between these two, both in bearing and in appearance, my father's manner being full of grave reserve, of quiet dignity; Sir Anthony's loud, boisterous, domineering, and aggressive, as he was at heart.

"A fair day to you, good neighbor Allen," he exclaimed in his harsh voice. "I was going away when I saw you."

"I trust that you will never leave my threshold without tasting my hospitality," my father replied courteously. "Dorcas is within, and would have cheerfully entertained you until my return."

But Sir Anthony's mind was dwelling upon other things, and he scarce heeded this friendly response.

"I came to Salem upon a business errand," said he, "and I find the town a hotbed of sedition. I could not go away without seeing you. A magistrate should set an example to these knaves, and teach them to respect the royal authority."

My father was upon the steps and made no answer, and I held my tongue. Here was likely to be trouble enough; and I, thinking of Joyce, strove to curb my temper and avoid the dispute. But Sir Anthony was eager for the fray, and it is my belief that he did it all to try my father.

"I have heard," he went on, "that John Hancock and others will go to this Congress at Philadelphia,—this rebel hive! It is an outrage, an insult to the crown."

Still my father forbore to answer him a word. We had

entered the hall, and I remember to this day how it looked as we came in. It was low-ceiled and wainscoted high with black walnut, and opposite the door was the great window of my childish love ; outside it swung the tendrils of a coral honeysuckle which had yet some sprays of bloom, and beyond the bit of garden and the field the bay sparkled in the sunshine. The floor of the hall was polished, and the ceiling and the walls above the wainscoting were tinted blue, like a robin's egg. The sword that my great-grandfather wore at Naseby hung above the fireplace, and there, too, was the shield that another ancestor carried at Flodden. My Aunt Dorcas greeted us in the hall, but we went on and entered the library. A great room it was, lined on every side with books, dear to me as old and faithful friends, and furnished with great chairs that invited you to rest. My father motioned to his guest to be seated, and himself sat down in his own chair by the table. His face was unusually pale and grave, and he leaned his cheek upon his hand as he looked at Sir Anthony. My father was a handsome man, and it has ever been my greatest vanity that I was deemed like him ; they called me his image, but truly I know that I was never so well favored. He was of medium height, and to the day of his last illness powerful and vigorous, with broad shoulders and chest and a noble head. His eyes were large and of a clear brown color,—hazel, I believe it is called,—with a glance that was marvellous penetrating yet withal kind. His brow was fine, and he wore a powdered wig tied back in a queue bag with black ribbons, which hid his own gray hair, to my displeasure. He wore that day a suit of black velvet with a waistcoat of brocaded satin, but not gay, as was then the fashion, for his taste was sober and he had long worn mourning. It was chiefly his look

and bearing that revealed the calm dignity of his exalted character ; he stood foremost in the ranks of Massachusetts statesmen. On that day he showed more than his usual repose, as if he had prepared his mind to meet the petty tempest of his opponent's temper. Eager to avoid the quarrel, I took a place in the window recess and held my tongue, with all the patience that I could ; and truly it was a scene to watch without playing any part therein, Sir Anthony having no mind to drop the matter or to let it rest.

“ We have reached a pretty pass,” he went on angrily. “ Here is Mr. Gage struggling to keep the peace in Boston, and sedition breaking out all over this colony, and rampant, too, in Pennsylvania and Virginia. The governor has thrust his hand into a hornet’s nest, and the air is full of noxious insects. It is time that every loyal subject of the king should show his colors. It is doubly important that you, Allen, should, as a magistrate, set an example to these rebels.”

“ You use a hard word, Sir Anthony,” my father replied calmly. “ The colonists of Massachusetts are contending for certain inalienable rights. There is some unadvised heat in their counsels, but, on the whole, it appears to me that their course has been moderate.”

“ Moderate ! ” exclaimed Sir Anthony hotly, the purple deepening in his full cheeks. “ On my soul, I am glad you think so ! I have always regarded you, John Allen, as an upright man, and I trust that you are justified in making such a statement. These colonies owe everything to England, and if you can find any other name than rebellion for this seditious refusal to accept the acts of Parliament, right glad should I be to hear it.”

The lines about my father’s mouth hardened, which

was a dangerous sign with him. Both men watched each other keenly, and in my interest I well nigh forgot my anxiety. It was a picture ; these two disputants were as opposed by nature as they were unlike in appearance, the flushed fat face and fiery eyes of the old knight being in strange contrast to the calm stern features and clear eyes of his opponent.

“ We have agreed to differ once before, Sir Anthony,” my father said. “ I feel too strongly on the chartered rights of Massachusetts to discuss the matter from your standpoint. Nor could you justify the decree to send prisoners to England to trial for treason and misprision of treason. That a man shall be tried by jury from the vicinage, is a sacred right. An act of Parliament that strikes at the root of the tree of liberty must be resisted. I should be false alike to my conscience and my oath if I counselled the colonists of Massachusetts Bay to surrender the inalienable privileges of the citizen and the divine rights of freedom.”

“ You say nothing, however, of the divine right of kings,” exclaimed Sir Anthony, bitterly. “ Shame on you, Allen, you have let the poison creep into your mind. I believed you to be a loyal man, as you should be. A magistrate of the king’s and encouraging rebellion ! ”

My father’s cheek flushed deeply, and my face was burning.

“ I am still a loyal subject of the King of Great Britain,” my father replied haughtily ; “ but I will not forget the duty that I owe to my God, my conscience, and my country.”

“ In other words, Judge Allen,” cried Sir Anthony, passionately, “ you are ripe for sedition. You approve, I presume, of this Congress at Philadelphia ? ”

“ So much that I purpose to be present,” replied my

father calmly, forbearing to take offence at the violent manner of his visitor.

Sir Anthony rose ; the blood had rushed to his face.

“ You purpose going to Philadelphia with that rebel John Hancock, to unite with these men who have forgotten their allegiance ? Nay, Allen, you jest ! ”

My father’s hands were resting on the arms of his chair, and he leaned a little forward as he looked at his friend’s angry face.

“ Sir Anthony,” he replied deliberately, “ I regard the policy of the ministry as a violation of our liberty. I am in full sympathy with every moderate act of remonstrance, and I am determined to defend the chartered rights, not only of Massachusetts Bay, but of every colony of North America. Unhappily, we have proved the futility of petitions to the king ; there remains a higher duty than that of unquestioning obedience to the crown. It has cost Great Britain nothing, in men or money, to maintain her colonies here : the Americans have been governed by the pen. If our allegiance is shaken, the fault lies with the home government. No patriotic man can surrender the liberties of his country without a struggle, however deeply he may deplore the hard necessity.”

“ In a word, Judge Allen, you are prepared to rebel against your king,” our visitor cried out with violence. “ I cannot see the difference between such a patriot and a traitor ! ”

My father rose at this ; but I, being filled with wrath, could forbear no longer, and sprang up.

“ Sir Anthony, this passes — ” I began ; but my father silenced me with a stern gesture as he stepped between.

“ Sir Anthony is a guest in my house, and as such

commands my patience," he said slowly; "but no Allen can endure that name, not from his dearest friend!"

"Nay, be not bound by your hospitality," Talbot retorted fiercely, reaching for his hat. "I have no love for such fine courtesy. I am a plain man, and I see my duty plainly. Fine words be far from me, but loyal subjects of King George have naught in common with the rebels of Massachusetts. I bid you a good-day, sir."

My father bowed gravely, the fire kindling in his brown eyes; but he forgot not his dignity, nor that he was a host. He was cooler, too, than I, at that moment, and saw beyond hot words the breach in an old friendship. With all the patience that was left me, I went to the door and opened it for Sir Anthony, striving to remember his white hairs and who he was; and he, seeing me, stopped short and stood a moment staring and breathing hard. His great figure quivered with anger, and his red face puffed out below the ears.

"As for you, sir," he said, "your engagement to my daughter is broken. No Talbot weds a traitor!"

I drew myself up proudly. "I will accept my dismissal from no one but Joyce," I replied sternly.

"You will not, eh?" Sir Anthony eyed me fiercely. "You shall have it from her, then, sir,—you shall have it, and that before another sunset."

My anger and another emotion, far deeper, rising in my throat, I answered only with a grave bow, as he passed out and went fuming through the hall into the street. How easily is an old tie broken and a friend turned into a foe, and at the moment, wrath blinding the eyes, there is neither forbearance nor regret. But after I had closed the door upon him and upon that chapter of my life, I had no thought but of Joyce—and Joyce was his child.

CHAPTER III.

JOYCE.

THIS breach between my father and Sir Anthony was but the beginning of my troubles. I had no mind to let his violence come between me and my love, nor did I believe that it would be so. It had been my purpose to go to Joyce that day, but a heavy storm of rain and lightning coming on delayed me, for the Talbots lived not in Salem but at Marblehead. Therefore, before I had started out upon my way, came riding, post-haste, a messenger with this curt note from Sir Anthony himself, —

SIR, — My daughter, Joyce Talbot, being herself loyal, has neither love nor friendship for traitors, and, you being such, she bids you farewell. Nor need you seek her here, for my door is closed on rebels. Bidding you good speed upon your road — which you have chosen — to the devil, not I sending you, but you yourself, I am, sir,

The king's loyal subject,

ANTHONY TALBOT.

Being angry, I tore the paper up, and, for the moment, my heart was bitter against Joyce. I sent my horse back to the stable ; surely, thought I, there shall be no hard riding to-night upon a thankless errand ! Yet before morning I had repented of my hasty resentment ; I knew how unjust it was to judge her by her father, who was a tyrant in his home, brooking no remonstrance, and had doubtless made her suffer for my sake.

At this thought my heart overflowed with love and forgiveness for her, and, anxious for a sight of her sweet face, I was early in the saddle, and rode down Turner's Lane to the Marblehead ferry, which had now accommodations for horses, so that I could cross conveniently.

The boat went across to Haskell's Cove, a little west of Naugus Head ; and there we landed, and I turned my horse's head at once toward the town. Here, on either side, were open fields, and the quiet of morning was upon the scene ; in the salt meadows the cows were grazing, and almost the only sound I heard was the bell upon the leader's neck. Along the roadside the wild-flowers were blooming side by side with the little white everlasting which blossoms where the salt wind blows. The fresh morning and the brisk trotting of my horse set my blood stirring ; the anger and anxieties of the night seemed but a dream, and no part or parcel of this which was my life. Much in this world is naught but hope, and without it we should perish miserably.

It may deceive us, — how oft it does ! — but if we saw the reality, naked as it is, how few of us could live to face it ! Hope is an angel, the brightness of whose face blinds the eyes unto the chastening rod, — hope and charity, says the Apostle, and charity is love ; so love and hope are twin angels, and without them we are not in life, but death. Then my heart was full of tender fancies, and I was not awakened yet to see that duty lay between, and that I was called upon to choose. A man full grown and sharing all, or nearly all, my father's cares, and yet I was not roused. It came soon enough, and broke the pleasant tenor of my ways ; but I was a dreamer then, and happier so, for dreams are happier than life. And dreaming of Joyce, I rode into the old town upon the sea.

A large and populous settlement was Marblehead. Here many a bold seaman was trained to battle for the cause so soon to be an issue between man and his brother. The town was perched high upon a rocky promontory with battlements of rugged cliffs, and below, the Atlantic beat and throbbed in ceaseless monotone. Wind-swept, and moist with driving spray, the gray and weather-beaten houses of the fisher folk nestled upon the rugged hill, and the streets, which were but the old foot-paths and cow-paths of the first settlement, were twisted in a maze; but on every hand bloomed homely flower-gardens which seemed to draw a richer beauty and a deeper fragrance from the heavy dews and the salt air. Here and there large and fine mansions bespoke the richer townfolk, and Saint Michael's Church stood in the midst.

Heeding not Sir Anthony's admonition, I rode straight to his door, and there dismounting gave my horse in charge of a village lad, who knew me, for I had little hope of a hospitable reception, yet was determined to see my sweetheart. I searched the house with my eyes as I approached, in the hope of seeing her, but there was no sign. It was a double house, two stories high, with a gabled roof and pointed windows, and the front faced the road and the rear overlooked the sea. The brown shingled roof was weather-stained, and great brick chimneys rose at either end between the gables; the great hall ran through the center, with a door at either side, and the house stood in the midst of a flower-garden, while at the back was the orchard. One of the old servants, answering my summons, told me with much sorrow that I was forbidden, and then, because of his sympathy and my persistence, whispered that Joyce was gone down by the water, where I would find her.

Knowing well her favorite nook, I went upon my way, though my blood was hot at the thought that I was refused admittance to her home, which had been as a second home to me. I passed around the house, in defiance of Sir Anthony, and walked through the garden to the gate. Beneath the windows bloomed late roses and sweet peas, and raindrops still sparkled on the velvet faces of the pansies. Hollyhocks bloomed beside the rich-hued asters in one corner, while in the other red geraniums grew before the low fence that was hidden by the clustering beauty of the gay nasturtiums, trailing their golden blossoms, storm-beaten, in wild confusion; the round leaves turning in the wind until the under sides showed like whitish green disks against the brilliant flowers. Beyond these, in the kitchen garden, the yellow pumpkins peeped out from under their broad leaves, where the vines had escaped from among the corn-stalks and were running riot in the long grass; and farther yet, was the orchard, where the pear and apple trees were laden with fruit. Beaten by the tempest, branches lay upon the ground, and here and there an apple or a pear half mellow, fallen in the wind. Looking through, between the trees, I could see the stretch of the Atlantic and the keen line of the horizon, where the ocean, darkly blue, came sharply against the opalescent hues that softened the blue rim of the sky. I passed out the wicket gate, and turning from the town went down the beaten path toward the cliffs. The harbor was empty, for the fishing-smacks had gone out with the early morning, and from the wharves came only the shrill voices of children at play. My way lay along the water's edge, and below me the rocks were broken in deep rifts, where the waves beat and the spray rose and fell. Green turf,

starred here and there with wild-flowers, grew on the cliffs above, and sometimes a hardy blossom showed its face in a crevice upon the sheer side of the battlement. The tide was going out, and inch by inch the brown seaweed rose higher above the water, its long twisting strands and yellow bubbles glistening in the sunshine. Here and there a starfish lay beached upon a rock, and in the deep still pools left by the retreating waves were tiny fish; farther out, the sea-gulls darted in the spray. Before me was the point of land that runs out from Marblehead itself and twists like a finger in the sea, sheltering the harbor; and beyond was the vast stretch of the deep.

In this solitary spot, where the great cliffs formed a sheltered nook, alone with her dog as a guardian and a companion, was Joyce. Seeing her before she saw me, I paused, watching her with a full heart, thinking that I had never seen her half so fair or sweet, or with so sad a shadow on her lovely face. What she was and how she looked to me is ever hard to put in words, yet the picture that she made that day was framed in my heart forever. She sat upon a rock, resting her chin in the hollow of her hand and looking at the sea, while at her feet lay Laddie, the great collie dog. When she was standing, I know not what her stature was, but, as Shakespeare has it, she stood "just as high as my heart;" and she was slender, with a grace that reminded me of some tall reed swaying gently in the breeze, and her face was like a rose, soft-tinted, delicately white and red. In her cheek was one deep dimple, where the angel had kissed her, as the legend runs. Her hair was brown, with touches of gold where it rippled on her brow and neck, refusing to obey its careful training; it was the fashion to wear it dressed marvellously high

with flowers and powdered, but being in the country, and because I liked not the fashion, she seldom wore it so. Her eyes—I have never known their color; sometimes they were gray, with the shadow of their black lashes in them, and sometimes, they were blue as an August sky, but always, to me, the loveliest eyes in all the world. On that day she wore a soft gray frock with a snowy kerchief folded upon her bosom, and over her curls was tied a scarlet hood. She sat there dreaming, her eyes upon the sea, and knew not that I watched her until I, stirring, set a pebble rolling and Laddie heard it and sprang up, running to me with short barks of joy, for the creature loved me, and I him—for her sake. At the sound of his glad greeting, which she knew was meant for me, Joyce turned quickly, and her eyes shone blue, as I have seen a wildwood violet when it is wet with dew. The look she gave me sending all my anger and wounded pride from my heart, I came down the cliff to her side, and, we being alone with only the wide sea below and the sky above, I caught her in my arms and kissed her, and she clung to me with more than her wonted tenderness. Holding her so, I told her what she knew already, that I was denied admittance at her father's house and of his letter; her silence for the first time warning me that she was in doubt and trouble. She drew back from my embrace and looked wistfully into my eyes, her own grave and perplexed.

“John,” she began slowly, this new gravity sitting strangely upon her, “what is it that you have done? Surely, the King of England is your king as well as mine, and you will not be disloyal.”

“Why should we speak of it, Joyce?” I exclaimed; “the king cannot come between you and me. Truly, if we love each other that is all in all!”

“ Nay,” she said, “ I love you, but my love should be a loyal man and true.”

Now this speech of hers was a sharp sting to me, and the pride that was in my blood was stirred.

“ I did not think to hear such words from you, Joyce,” I said with quick reproach.

“ Nor did I think that you would be unfaithful to your king,” she cried.

“ Nor am I,” I answered her; “ but the king or the king’s Parliament — and men say both — is cruelly unjust to the colonists, and cannot honest men, free Englishmen, protest without meriting the name of traitors?”

“ And wherefore?” she said hotly; “ is tea so great a thing?”

Then I laughed, for truly it was like the wilful little maid to reason so; but my laugh fretted her, and she turned her face away.

“ It is not the threepence duty on tea, dear heart,” I argued; “ who cares for that? It is the principle involved; we are not represented, we cannot be legally taxed. We colonists contend but for our rights. I know Sir Anthony calls it disloyalty, but such disloyalty has saved the state of old. Do you believe that I or my father would do that which is contrary to our consciences?”

She stood thinking, her rosy lips pressed together as if she longed to speak but would not, and I watched her, loving her, but with a man’s slow understanding of her mood.

“ But you approve of these meetings to oppose Mr. Gage?” she said; “ you are preparing to resist the decrees of the government?”

“ Unhappily we must,” I declared sadly, “ there being no alternative; but what is that to you and me, Joyce?”

Then she raised her head proudly with a queenly air, as I had seen her in rare moments of anger.

"I am a Talbot," she said gravely, "and no Talbot ever loved a traitor."

This was more than I could bear.

"I cannot take that name, even from you, Joyce," I cried in heat. "I am no traitor, but a freeborn American, and I can be nothing more than I am, even for you, whom I love better than my life."

"Your great-grandfather saw the head of King Charles fall on the block," she said bitterly; "perhaps you would see King George's there also."

"Many wiser have fallen there!" I declared more hastily than advisedly.

"Ah, sir!" she said with a flash of wrath, "you are a traitor."

The blood burned in my face, and my temper, as quick as hers, betrayed me.

"Nay," I said, "no traitor, but I see that you would be quit with me."

"I will not wed a rebel," she replied, pressing her hands together but holding her head high.

"Then, Miss Talbot," I said haughtily, "you are of like mind with your father, and will no more of me."

She stood regarding me with a strange look which I thought was cold; for a moment she did not speak, and then,—

"When you are a loyal subject of your king," she said with pride, "you may seek Joyce Talbot. He who is disloyal to his king may well be disloyal to his love."

Her words cut like a knife, and with a burning face I bent my head gravely before her, as before a queen, and turned away; yet I had taken but few steps before my love and

my regret overwhelmed me, and turning, I caught her hand and kissed it.

“ Farewell, dear heart,” I whispered low, “ and may God bless you.”

But she, averting her face, spoke not a word, and only Laddie leaped upon my knee. Putting away the dog, I left her and went along the footpath to the village with a great lump in my throat and my heart like lead. Thus it is that lovers quarrel, loving still.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER.

ALTHOUGH the day was bright when I rode back to the ferry, and birds were twittering in the hedgerows, the world had never worn so dark an aspect to my eyes. In all our childhood, spent together, and our youth, Joyce and I had never quarrelled, and the sudden break brought all the sharper pain. Sir Anthony's letter, which I had taken for the outburst of a peevish and violent old man, was now colored with a deeper meaning. Mayhap he knew his daughter's heart better than I. Then, too, that devil jealousy awoke to fret my spirit ; there was a certain subaltern in the king's army, Francis Beresford, who I knew looked on Joyce with open devotion, and the thought arose that it might be that she regarded him with new-born favor. So, having the wound already, I found a sure way to probe it and keep it bleeding fresh. Truly, we are our own tormentors ; no man need have a greater than he can find in his own heart. Wheresoever I turned my eyes, her face rose before me, like a vision, with that new strange look upon it, and bitterly as she had wounded my pride I loved her at that moment more than ever ; but I set my teeth and rode on, never looking back, though I had left my happiness behind me, as it seemed, forever. I knew my duty now ; sternly it rose before me, grim-visaged and unrelenting. Not even for her sake could I deny my own convictions or violate the dictates of my conscience. But a little while before, war had seemed

a hard necessity, but now the commonwealth might call me, claim me as its own. The tender tie that had bound me with golden fetters was rudely severed, and the soldier's life was a refuge and a solace. The old familiar surroundings henceforth would be haunted with only the phantom of my love.

Dreaming thus sorrowfully, I rode homeward, and looked with strange eyes upon the well-known scene. Unconsciously I checked my horse on the crest of the little hill, above the ferry, that looked down upon the town. Salem lay before me ; its harbor, a half-moon in shape, close crowded with ships until their naked masts, thick clustered, seemed a floating forest, and above the Custom House proudly waved the British flag. The gray roofs and shingled gables of the houses, sober as Puritans in Sunday garb, seemed rather to resist the sunlight than to bask in it, as if the lesson, stern and bitter, learned long ago, was corroding any new-born happiness or cheer, while over yonder loomed, grim and threatening, Gallows Hill, where they hung the witches. Yet was there ever a sweet and homely aspect to the town of Salem,—which is peace,—and we who knew it best, loved it most deeply, forgiving it its sins past, present, and to come. Less bleak than Marblehead, lying low and sheltered, with the soft tints of gray and green in the surrounding moorlands, the town looked out upon the waters of Massachusetts Bay, and landward lay the forest, guarding the settlement with outstretched arms of birch and hemlock and spruce ; and here, with blood and fire, raged once the Indian wars. Because my heart was sad, I fell into this revery, and remained there long, looking down upon my home, yet dreading to face the familiar spot and see the well-known streets that I would walk henceforth with a changed future stretching

out before me with no Joyce in it. After a space my horse, weary of standing, started upon his way, as if he knew and pitied his master's weakness. He brought me to the ferry, and, after we had crossed it, went on to the gate on Essex Street and there whinnied, as he did always when he came home. In the garden Aunt Dorcas was trimming her flowers, and glanced up as I dismounted, her face full of timid sympathy. Knowing of the quarrel with Sir Anthony, she divined the truth, or part of it, and was full of tenderness. No lover of flesh and blood had ever wooed this dear old gentlewoman, and she had still youth's unspoiled illusions. I believe the vision of a ghostly lover was laid away on the top shelf of her heart much as she would fold a kerchief, with a sprig of lavender between it, in her bureau drawer. She looked at me with warm affection in her tender, short-sighted eyes, and paused in her work, an aster hanging half clipped between her scissors.

"Have you seen our Joyce?" she asked timidly.

"I have seen Miss Talbot," I answered gravely; and she, reading it all in my face, said no more, but bent over her flowers and let me pass, knowing too well that words are but poor consolation.

I strode on into the house, and sought my father. All my life he had been my greatest comfort and my truest friend. More were we like brothers than like father and son. My mother's death was a cruel bereavement, and he centered all his love upon her child. We Allens came of faithful blood, strong and steadfast in our attachments, unswerving to the end. I found him in his study, with some papers lying open before him, and anxiety in his grave aspect; but being selfish, as we are in trouble, I told him all my grief, receiving his sympathy and counsel, before I heard his trials. It

was less of his own perplexity than of the grave perils of the commonwealth that he spoke at length. He was a man who loved peace, but in a righteous cause would draw his sword, never to sheathe it until justice was vindicated. He referred sadly to this breach between my love and me as only one inevitable consequence of the approaching struggle. Even then, I think that he grasped the magnitude of the impending revolution, though others, like myself, were blind.

“Brother will rise against brother, and father be separated from son,” he remarked mournfully. “The sword will be sent amongst us, and yet do men rush gladly forward to war as to a festival. God knows how these colonies may survive the conflict, but He will defend the right.”

Then he went on to speak more fully of the Congress at Philadelphia, whither we were both going in two days at farthest, for it was a long and tedious journey and the roads were bad. My father had been chosen to go to this assembly by the good people of Salem, and he was greatly troubled thereat, not from lack of courage or good-will, but even because a wise man sees farther and grieves more over the consequences that will be than a shallow pate who has only bravado. As yet the Tories only fumed against the meeting as seditious. The best of them was not keen enough to see how deeply a people must be stirred to take such measures, for Englishmen are slow to move, and have no natural love for running contrary to authority. It is that sluggish quality in our blood which makes us, as a nation, law-abiding and tedious, wherein we differ from the French; but in those days the French, too, were stirred with the coming of troubrous times. The old knave, King Louis XV., was dead in May, and his poor grand-

son Louis XVI. was new then on the throne, and knew not that he walked upon the edge of a great precipice slippery with the favor of a fickle people and the gaudy splendors of a court rotten to the core and putrid with vile immorality and oppression of the poor. Times were changing the world over, and King George III. chose that season to be blind, and to close his ears to the eloquence of Chatham and to the just petitions of his colonists. All the solid men in old England, too, pleaded in vain. A foolish king and his more foolish ministers were the instruments of Providence to set a people free.

It was well for me in those hours that my hands were full ; and though I could not drive Joyce from my thoughts waking or sleeping, yet I had work to do and strove to do it well. My father, understanding my sorrow and my needs, had, too, a way with him that made me feel his sympathy without words, and he only warned me against quarrelling with her brother, Richard Talbot, — Dick, as we all knew him. He was the king's soldier, a wild, warm-hearted lad who had a touch of his sister's beauty and much of his father's temper, so that only in avoiding his company could one of another way of thinking escape a disagreement. For her sake, and the love I bore her, I had no wish to pick a quarrel with Dick, and so I took some pains to shun him while I stayed at Salem, which was not long. On the second day from that on which my love sent me away, I and my father and one servant rode out of the town upon our way to Philadelphia to the Congress, which was summoned for the fifth of September. Mr. Adams and John Hancock went also, from Massachusetts Colony, but we had so arranged that we must journey nearly all the way alone.

CHAPTER V.

I MEET EPHRAIM.

WE set out upon our journey in the morning, and leaving Salem behind us, rode through Danvers, where Mr. Gage lived in his summer house, and passing out we went on our way to Lynn. Serene and lovely was the aspect of the country, with the beauty of the midsummer upon it. The short turf on the moors sparkled with the morning dew, and the color of blossoming was deepening on the heavy heads of the goldenrod, which clustered thick in the hollows of the meadows. Behind the uplands, the deeper greens, that had robed the woods in a close mantle, took on a russet hue, and yonder the tip of a solitary branch was dipped in blood red, like the finger of a savage. Here and there, amidst the trees, showed the gray shingled roof and smoking chimney of some farmhouse, and when we drew near, the farmer ploughing for the September wheat, stopped his plough in the furrow to gaze at us, divining something of the nature of our errand ; not the simplest yeoman being ignorant of the cause we had at heart. A mob of peasants, the British called us ; yet in these hardy sons of toil lay the bone and sinew of the colonies, which was to outlive the great struggle coming on. Peaceful was it then, with no sign or token of the agitation which had set the pulse of the nation throbbing, as with fever ; and the pity of it seemed that there was any prospect that grim-visaged War would stalk along these fertile fields in the tracks

of that great husbandman Peace. My father spoke of this with tenderness and regret, of the cruel drain that war would be upon the resources of the young country ; yet neither he nor I saw any course but one, in which our duty and our honor were alike involved. It was this singleness of purpose, uniting the colonists, which made that long resistance possible.

It was well for me that these thoughts and many like them kept my mind from dwelling upon Joyce and the loss of her ; yet so obstinate is love when it is rooted in the heart that all through that long journey, on so grave an errand, her face travelled before me, and I saw it sometimes between me and the ocean and again looking up amidst the wayside flowers which she loved.

We travelled on, and coming to Lynn before noon, stopped there to bait our horses, for we were to ride the ten miles and more to Boston and lie there over night. Beyond Lynn the roads were heavy from the recent rains, and the journey was more slow and tedious, though our horses made better speed than those with vehicles, since we met Mr. John Hancock riding in a sulky, and after the greetings were exchanged left him far behind us and entered Boston toward evening, having spared our beasts. A strange sight it was, too, the town wore so desolate an aspect. The sun was setting when we crossed in the ferry from Winniset, and rainbow tints were mirrored in the waters running quiet through the reeds ; the sharp cries of the water fowl came from the marshes, and away out at sea the sails showed scarlet like ships on fire in a glowing ocean, while the harbor and the wharves were naked. When we landed at Hudson's Point, we saw that grass had started between the cobbles on the streets beside the warehouses which had been but lately alive with the

trade of England and the Indies. All men wore sober faces, and beggars flocked about us, for the poor were starving. The scarlet uniforms and clash of arms told their own story ; the troops were quartered everywhere, contrary though it was to the laws of Massachusetts Bay and the spirit of the Commonwealth. The call of the bugle and the challenge of the sentry were new sounds in the time of peace.

The sullen aspect of the townsmen should have been a warning that this stiff-necked people would endure no more, but a fatal blindness obscured the sight of men in high places. My father pointed out all these signs of the times, as we rode forward, speaking too of the empty houses, many shutters being up and many spots deserted, although the Tories were coming into the city from the outlying districts, where men looked askance at those who held for the ministry ; we colonists would not yet say that it was the king who so oppressed us. It was on Ann Street that a ragged creature, lean-visaged and hollow-eyed, stopped my horse to beg, and my father gave him a handful of coins, and when we had passed, told me that the man had been employed at the wharves and was earning his livelihood before these cruel times ; he now stood, a living example of the sin of the Port Bill and the recent acts of Parliament.

We did not purpose to tarry in Boston, but would lodge that night at Wetherby's Tavern at Menotomy. First, however, my father was bound to attend a meeting at the Old South Meeting-house ; and as we approached it, we saw a crowd gathered there of people of all conditions and of both sexes, but quiet and orderly. There was a town meeting assembled ; the government had issued an act prohibiting these assemblages after the first of August, but the act had been evaded. The

meetings were convoked before the forbidden period, and kept alive indefinitely ; the people of the colony would not bow their necks to the oppressor's yoke. My father drawing rein amidst the crowd, I halted too, and presently, after some parley with the keeper of the door, we dismounted and with bare heads entered the old meeting-house that was to be one of the cradles of the country's liberty.

Within, the scene was grave indeed ; the long benches were filled with sober and dignified personages, and the glow of sunset, shining through the windows, fell upon faces lined and stern with the responsibility that oppressed these men who were to deliberate and fight for a nation. Mr. Samuel Adams presided on that day as moderator, and knowing my father called him to a seat beside him, while I found a place near the door, being not unwilling to evade a tedious discussion, if I saw the opportunity to slip away, having in those days but small relish for debate. Dr. Warren, a man much esteemed, was discoursing on public rights and public measures, and his audience listened with a grim and stolid patience, making no sign, after the fashion of New England people. There is iron in the blood of Massachusetts, but no fire, and it seemed impossible that these silent men were hovering on the borders of revolt against the crown ; yet so it was, and thus was Governor Gage disarmed and baffled. There was here no mutiny, no deed of violence that the hand of the law could grasp, but revolution was in travail, and the hour of its birth was drawing nigh. While Dr. Warren was still speaking, the sunset glow faded and the first soft shadows of the summer twilight fell within the building ; in the silence his voice sounded with peculiar eloquence.

While the discussion was yet in progress, I left the

meeting, not because my heart failed to respond, but young blood is impatient and besides I was troubled in spirit. The throng without, more patient than I, still waited, and I was even forced to press my way to reach my horse. I had left the animals in charge of our servant, but when I reached them, found a strange man holding mine. Odd enough too was this new groom of the stirrup, and I observed him as he led the horse away from the crowd that I might have the space to mount. The stranger was of uncommon height, being nigh seven feet, and with a lank and lean exterior, his joints large, and his feet giving him an assured understanding. His head was long and thickly covered with red hair, and his high cheek-bones and long jaw were ugly enough without the hollows in which his small blue eyes were set. His clothing, which had never fitted him, was worn and faded at the seams, the waist of his long-tailed green coat was midway up his back, and his small clothes were far too small; his high boots were wrinkled, and had slipped down at the ankles, revealing the leanest pair of legs I had ever seen. Yet was there something in this strange figure that arrested the smile upon my lips and awoke my interest. He held my horse, and I mounted in silence, being disposed to let him speak his mind, for I saw that he had a purpose in the service that he rendered me.

“ You are Judge Allen’s son,” he said in a drawling nasal voice, “ I know ye. I come from Salem — or thereabouts.”

I told him gravely that his face was unfamiliar to me.

“ Likely it be,” he rejoined calmly, stepping back from my horse and standing with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, his little blue eyes twinkling, “ I’m not often at town meetings there. When this talk is run out,

though, and we settle down to fighting, I allow I 'll be there. I stopped around a bit to tell you that I 'd join your company."

The thought was new to me, and I started. He, seeing the change come over my face, smiled in a grim way.

"Had n't thought of it, had ye?" he said slowly; "but you have the make of a soldier, and I admire to see it."

"You would be of my company, then?" I asked, smiling, for the suggestion amused me.

"That 's what I spoke for," he replied briefly; "when you need me, remember that my name is Ephraim Minot. I fought the Indians with Colonel Washington of Virginia, and I can shoot somewhere nigh the mark, when I choose."

With these words Ephraim made me a strange salute, and, turning away, mingled with the throng and was lost. So it was that I met the first private of my regiment.

CHAPTER VI.

WE JOURNEY ON.

WE had purposed a short stay in Boston, but the aspect of the town, and the tidings that my father gathered from the chief men there, were such that we decided to push on at once upon our journey. It stung the pride of a free-born American to see the city so cast down and hear the boasts of the authorities and the Tories, who were worse, a thousand times, than any of the British. A force of infantry and artillery was quartered on the Common, and Boston Neck swarmed with the redcoats. An honest man could scarcely walk at midday free of insult and contumely, and the troopers had a ribald jest at every sober-faced citizen, knowing such to be for the colony. While there, I learned that Dick Talbot had been ordered up from Marblehead to join his regiment, and would be stationed in Boston. His name, so prominent in the Ministerial cause, reminded me of the breach that widened day by day between us, and I seemed to see Joyce standing far off with that proud defiance on her young face which it had worn when we parted. My love, mine against the world by virtue of the love I bore her, yet mine no more. I remember how bitterly I looked upon the redcoats as we rode past them, along Boston Neck, to cross the Mystic to Cambridge. Here, then, were the living symbols of the oppressor's cause, here were the men that we colonists must fight and conquer or lose our liberty. Both my father and I

experienced a sense of relief when we had left the town behind us and rode out in the open country, where there was no harsher sound in our ears than the scythe. We took the road to Springfield, and made such good progress that we rode through the Connecticut valley toward Hartford in good season and without mishap. Our road lay through the broad and level meadows that were not rugged, as with us, but fine pasture-land, sloping down from either side to the noble river that flowed through them. The valley is shut in by hills that at that season were beautiful with all the foliage of mid-summer, and showed far less of the early touches of autumn than the woods at home. The bluejay and the bobolink were in the fields, and from the river we heard the call of the kingfisher. It was a spot to bring peace to a troubled breast, and here we forgot for a brief space the country's trouble and our own.

Yet in these tranquil solitudes came tidings of the evil times to come. It was here that we were joined by an acquaintance, who rode with us to Hartford and told us that trouble was brewing in the valley of the Mohawk. Sir William Johnson, his Majesty's agent for Indian affairs, had died on the eleventh of July; but it seemed that before his death he had received orders to enlist the Indians against the colonists, and his son Sir John and his son-in-law Sir Guy Johnson were prepared to obey the commands that had so greatly troubled Sir William. Now, this family had much influence with the Six Nations, and the Mohawk sachem, Brant, was their ally, so that it was not difficult to see how grave would be the consequences. Such were the measures that our king was taking against his people, who had sinned only in petitions for justice and in resistance of unjust taxation.

From Hartford we rode to Yale, and thence through

Herrington over a bad road to Litchfield, where we lay that night. From Litchfield it was a two days' journey to Danbury, where we decided to take the Fishkill Road. The next day we set out after noon in a rainstorm which waxed so violent that after five miles in the tempest, on a muddy road, we stopped at a wayside tavern and were forced to abide there until morning. A homely place it was, and a cheerful shelter from the driving storm, rustic, too, in its simplicity. The goodwife bade us welcome warmly, and ushering us into a room where the family had gathered, gave us each a smoking bowl of broth which was right welcome after the chill rain. Tea they had not; the patriots of all classes denied themselves this drink. Long ago now, yet I remember well the cheerful scene. The good woman had her spinning-wheel in the chimney-corner, and when we were served, she set it humming; beside her a young girl, her daughter, had her wool-card, and the goodman of the house was mending harness. In the corner, on a long bench, where there was much space left, sat the eldest daughter and her lover, a young farmer who had walked forty miles to visit her and bring her some early apples. They sat smiling foolishly, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, and when they thought the others were engaged in talk, he pressed her hand; but words were few, though he had walked so far to tell her that he loved her, for love has a language without utterance. Foolish as it was and rustic, it cost me a pang when I saw how faithful was this simple heart and remembered Joyce.

From this rural spot we went the next day on to Fishkill to cross the Hudson; despite the delay, we felt that our progress had been excellent, and now we had again the promise of fine weather. When we reached the village of Fishkill, it was full noontide, and we stopped

to bait our horses. Many travellers were there, and we rode the six miles more to the ferry in genial company ; but the beauty of the scene drew my attention from the talk around me. Here the noble river flows a broad and placid stream, and the meadows and the foothills were beautifully green. Newburg bay stretched out before us, its placid tides gleaming like silver in the sunshine, and the heights rising nobly before us, for we stood there at the gate of the Highlands. Around us were orchards of ripening fruit and broad fields, where the scarlet tassels of the corn stirred gently in the breeze.

We crossed the Hudson to Newburg and there dined, pressing on from thence upon our journey. We were no longer alone, having fallen in with acquaintances at Fishkill who were also bound to Philadelphia ; from them we gathered tidings of the increasing trouble through the colonies. Virginia had shown her sympathy with Boston at the assembly of the House of Burgesses, although the governor Lord Dunmore was much esteemed in the province. In the spring of the year he had abruptly dissolved the House of Burgesses because of a resolution protesting against the closing of the Port of Boston and other acts of Parliament, but the Province of Virginia was still active in expressions of sympathy. We heard now, too, a great deal of one Mr. Washington of Mount Vernon, who was with Braddock and had won much reputation in the wars with the Indians ; the same man of whom Ephraim Minot had spoken. We knew a little of this Virginian already, from the letters of the Reverend David Mossom, once rector of Saint Michael's Church at Marblehead, and who was, though of different faith, a warm friend of my father. Dr. Mossom had been called from Massachu-

setts to Virginia, and there married Mr. Washington to a widow, Mrs. Custis by name. Mosson was a warm admirer of Washington, and wrote, with enthusiasm, of his fine character and military achievements. It appeared that this Virginia hero was prominent in this time of trouble, and there was much curiosity to see him. On inquiry we found that he was expected to appear at the Congress, and men looked to him as to a leader, since he was reputed brave and judicious. My father was especially anxious to learn something of the possible leaders at this assembly, since his gravest fear was that rash counsels would prevail and our cause be jeopardized at its birth. From Massachusetts there would be astute and noble counsellors, and John and Samuel Adams were of our delegation.

Although the weather continued propitious, the latter part of our journey was both tedious and uneventful. We tarried but one night in New York, and from there went on to Hoboken, where we were delayed by a passing lameness of one of our horses. The tavern was most wretched, and we slept on straw-filled ticks for beds; we could have proceeded in the stage, but could not abide this uncomfortable way of travelling. It was a six days' journey, and the stages were Jersey wagons, and mighty hard, for they bumped and shook with every jolt; the white canvas covers were stretched over hoops, high in front and rear and dipping in the middle, to which many a traveller's head bore witness. The floors of these vehicles were covered with straw, and it was sad comfort to lie in it, nigh a week; the wheels, too, revolved in boxes, and must be greased with tar, which was kept in a bucket suspended beneath the wagon, and sometimes did smell as we are told the pit does which awaits the sinner. The linchpins often fell out of

the wheels and let the axle down, tumbling the passengers out, like cherries out of a basket ; and when the wagon stuck in the road, all the male travellers must get out and push and pull it through. These things being so, we waited for our horse to mend, and it was the fourth of September before we crossed the Delaware and entered Philadelphia. Coming into the city at evening, we found it crowded, and gathered but little information, for we were travel-stained and weary. We put up at a tavern called the London Coffee House, on High and Front streets, and found there many grave and eminent gentlemen who had come upon the same errand. Here we learned that the Provincial Assembly was sitting in the State House, and the Congress had even accepted quarters where they could be found. The hall of the Honorable Society of Carpenters, on Chestnut Street above Third, had been tendered, and there would the delegates assemble in the morning. That night, Colonel Charles Lee, of his Majesty's service, came to the coffee-house and talked loudly of the affairs of the country. He was a large, florid man, very ill-dressed, who always took the lead, discoursing upon war and peace as though he loved the first and despised the latter. There were strange tales floating in the public-room of his career in Poland and Russia ; but many seemed to hold him in high esteem, and he amused the company by making his dog sit up and shake hands with Mr. Adams.

“ Both truculent and rash,” my father said to me, as we talked apart, “ and no safe guide for these distressed provinces ; yet such aggressive speakers sometimes push to the helm and bring disaster.”

But excitement ran high then, and men talked freely of war, if remonstrance failed, as men will at supper when

the blood is warmed, and then repent in the morning. The timid counsellor and the waverer are ever bravest at the table. So, in talk — some grave and some empty as the cackle of a fowl, — the night wore on and the morning of a new resolution dawned.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST CONGRESS.

EARLY the next day, I opened the shutters of my window and looked out upon the street ; the scene was quiet and peaceful, and little suggestive of the dawn of an auspicious day. On the corner of the street a rosy country-maid was peddling milk, the custom of selling it then in Philadelphia, and women and children ran from every quarter with pails and pitchers for the day's supply, their voices sounding shrill as they chaffered over their purchases. It was a homely scene, the first stirring of the city in the morning ; but in a short while there was a gathering of another character, for it had been bruited about that the delegates to the Congress would meet at our quarters, and a crowd soon collected at the door of the coffee-house.

As my father's clerk, I was to be admitted to the assembly, and therefore attended him when the delegates did finally assemble and walk in solemn procession up the street to the Carpenters' Hall, which stood at the end of an alley off Chestnut Street. There was now a great throng, and even the little boys stared gravely, while from the windows many a fair face looked down, some in derision, being Tories, some with approval and coquetry, for in the gravest moments a woman still remembers the dimple in her cheek or the beauty of her slender wrist. There were also many Quakers, who looked on us askance, having then no love for the cause

which seemed to them wild radicalism. They are not fighting men, but rather men of peace ; yet afterwards some of them did espouse our cause and defend it right zealously. It was not strange that at the first such men should hold aloof, so great was the abhorrence of anything that seemed disloyalty to the king. The break that was to come, of necessity came slowly, since men were not yet ripe for the thought of an absolute independence. Gazed at by the throng, pointed at by some and applauded by others, the procession went calmly on, until it came to Carpenters' Alley ; there before us was the hall, a brick building, two stories high, with a cupola upon the roof. In the center was the door, painted white, with five stone steps leading up to it, and an arch of small-paned glass above. On either side of this door were two square windows, and over it, in the second story, three arched ones in a row. Coming to this plain building, we entered soberly enough, and found it a small place, well lighted by windows on all sides, against the walls were ranged bare wood benches, and at the upper end was placed a rude desk for the presiding officer. Thus poorly situated, the delegates began their business with some heaviness, all men now realizing how grave was the crisis. Here were met the most learned and able representatives of the country ; men of fortune, of ability, learning, and acuteness. The occasion was solemn ; the liberties of the provinces were in the balance, and largely, if not wholly, dependent upon the resolutions of this assembly. Every man felt his responsibility, although each expressed it in a different way, the sharp contrast between the members being one of the most interesting features of this first parliament of the colonies.

The opening day was devoted to preliminaries only,

and gave an opportunity for the delegates to meet each other. The Adamses were both present, and Mr. Peyton Randolph, whom we knew by reputation, and young John Jay and Richard Henry Lee, and at last, too, we saw Mr. George Washington. He impressed me strongly; he was a large man, of a grave and noble countenance, and with a bearing both dignified and reserved. His appearance inspired confidence and invited friendship, for his blue eyes were kind and his manners gentle. He was slow in speech and movement, and did not, like many there, court public notice or popularity.

During the day a rumor reached us that Boston had been cannonaded by the British; it proved false, but for the time called forth deep feeling, and drew the delegates together in mutual sympathy. On the morning of September seventh the assembly was opened with prayer by the Reverend Mr. Duché of Philadelphia, who was selected on the motion of Mr. Samuel Adams. The scene was impressive; the morning light streamed into the little hall, and Mr. Duché, in full canonicals, read the morning service of the Church of England. We of Massachusetts, sorely troubled over the rumors of the cannonade, listened with bowed heads to the beautiful words of David,—

“Awake, and stand up to judge my quarrel; avenge thou my cause, my God and my Lord.

“Judge me, O Lord my God, according to thy righteousness; and let them not triumph over me.”

Truly the words of the Psalter went to our hearts, and we were deeply moved also when Mr. Duché made an eloquent prayer for America, and especially for the Province of Massachusetts Bay. The feeling of a common brotherhood and a single cause stirred in the bosoms of men from many colonies, and a solemn silence fell upon

the august body. Then arose, in the midst of the assembly, a tall figure ; a raw-boned man, coarsely clad and with swarthy features, his black hair unpowdered, and his dark eyes strangely brilliant. He began to speak, and at the first faltered somewhat, and men asked who he was. It was Patrick Henry of Virginia, the same who had startled the House of Burgesses by declaring that “Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles his Cromwell ; and George the Third may profit by their examples.” Eloquent and noble was his oration, and we listened with hearts thrilled with emotion to his bold advocacy of the rights of the colonies ; hearing with admiration that voice that in a few short months was to exclaim “An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us !” With noble impetuosity he made his plea for the liberties of his country, and when he took his seat he was no more unrecognized ; men had heard the greatest orator in America, and they looked on him with affection and with pride.

Fifty-two days did Congress deliberate, and so wise and so moderate were the documents given to the world that even the great statesman Chatham commended the representatives of the colonies, although lesser minds were ready to believe only evil of men who sought their country’s sacred rights. An association was formed by which the patriots bound themselves to a non-importation, non-consumption, and non-exportation agreement. In thus striking a blow at the commerce of the mother country, seemed to lie our greatest hope of success, and the assembly also addressed a loyal petition to his Majesty, although we had already proved the futility of such appeals. Indeed, the rumor was current in Philadelphia that King George hated America, and was more bitter against his colonies than were his ministers ;

yet it seemed strange that a monarch should look with so little favor on the brightest jewel in his diadem. So careful and so astute was the discussion of all these subjects that Mr. John Adams told my father that it reminded him of Queen Elizabeth's Privy Council. Colonel Washington won many friends, too, in those days, for his wisdom was well proven, and, though a man of few words and slow in speech, he spoke always with moderation and justice, and many a heart turned to him then, as to a natural leader. His voice was always raised to support a just measure or to condemn a rash project, and through all he never faltered in his country's cause. We of the Massachusetts Bay were as warm in our regard for him as were his fellow delegates from the Province of Virginia, although we did not then foresee the station to which a wise Providence would call him in a few short months. Not that wise men were without premonitions of the inevitable result of the strong measures which had been adopted, but, as it will be ever, men predicted without the thought of the early fulfilment of their prophecies. When the sword, that now was by a hair suspended, fell swiftly, the feeling was, on all sides, that it was sudden and all too soon! Yet events were marching on, and great were the changes in those fifty-two days; the young country was growing apace, like a new-born child. I remember my father's words when, after the adjournment of Congress, we rode out of Philadelphia in the last days of October.

"We must fight," he said simply, after a pause in which we had been looking at the forest and the river with many thoughts in our minds, and not all of them of Nature's beauty; "the ministry will never forgive us for the truths we have uttered."

"Ay, that may be," I assented, not without sadness;

"but we are but a handful of undisciplined people against the armies of the crown. Our prospect of success seems small."

My father turned to me with a noble composure that was a rebuke to my momentary faintness of heart.

"Our cause is righteous," he said gravely; "the issue is with Almighty God."

And this was the spirit of the colonists.

We had already received grave tidings from Massachusetts. On the first of September Governor Gage had issued writs for a general election to be held at Salem, but so great was the popular agitation that he countermanded it by proclamation. The people of the colony, disregarding the order, carried the election and voted themselves a Provincial Congress. John Hancock was chosen president, and the assembly convened at Concord, some twenty miles from the great guns which Mr. Gage had placed on Boston Neck, and that were at once an insult to the people of Massachusetts Bay and an excuse for their determined action. The first proceeding of the Congress was a protest against the governor's violation of the chartered rights of the colony and the menace to the lives and possessions of the good people of Boston.

We were much delayed upon our homeward journey, and were forced also to make a detour to avoid Boston, now full of Tories and crowded with the British troops, which were not tolerated elsewhere in the colony. The Provincial Congress had sanctioned the organization of the militia, and the countryside was arming, quietly but with no less determination. Wherever we tarried, even for an hour, the rustics flocked about us for tidings of the great assembly at Philadelphia, and my father was well nigh worn out explaining and exhorting with these

simple folk, who had no arms but the pitchfork and the old musket with which their fathers fought the Iroquois and the Mohawk. We were a full month on the road, and entered Salem in November ; the first sight of home bringing back to me the thought of that angry parting and of Joyce, and my soul cried out against the fate that parted us.

CHAPTER VIII.

I AM A CAPTAIN OF MILITIA.

STIRRING times leave small season for repining, and I returned to find enough of work for one man's hands to do. The Provincial Congress had appointed a Committee of Safety, which was to superintend the organization of the militia on a war footing, and Ephraim Minot's prophecy was soon to be fulfilled. I was called upon at once to recruit a regiment in Essex County, and with a heavy heart responded to the summons. Not that the profession of arms was distasteful to me, but I seemed to see a chasm widening every day and hour between my love and me. Her brother was with the army in Boston, and old Sir Anthony would have been there also but for his infirmities, gout having laid hold of him with little mercy. I, on the other hand, was buckling on my sword to fight for the Province of Massachusetts Bay.

My company, soon fully formed, was something of a curiosity,—for the most part, rustics, in singular apparel, yet expert marksmen, for they had lived much with their fowling-pieces in their hands and they possessed in a large degree the one quality most required, rugged determination, and were therefore willing pupils in the school of war. Myself a novice, it was no light task to organize these yeomen and train them to discipline. My father, a man of peace, could aid me but

little with his counsels, and many a weary hour of practice made me but feel the greater blunderer. We used to drill upon the moors beyond Gallows Hill, and the snow was trampled down in a square by our manœuvres, yet my soldiers had a hopeless disregard for my authority, and but strange conceptions of military tactics. In my despair came at last a helper. It was one wintry evening, in the first part of December, and darkness had set in at five o'clock. My soldiers escorted me home, and my father bade them enter the great dining-room, now little used, but once the scene of gay festivities. It was a part of the old house. Captain Miles Standish had dined here, and here Cotton Mather came one day to strive with and persuade my grandfather, old Judge Allen, to condemn to burning a Salem witch. It was a long, low room, with small windows, barred once against an Indian foray, when this was the only room of the log house ; the great chimney filled all the end of it, and there was only one little door opposite, and one, yet smaller, opening into the kitchen. Over the main entrance hung the breastplate and steel bonnet of my great-granduncle, Josiah Allen, who marched with Standish into the wilderness, and was at last scalped by an Iroquois, when he was walking unarmed but a short distance from his home : thus does fate find us unprepared.

My father and Aunt Dorcas had set out a feast for my rustics, and they partook of it with appetites made keen by their sharp exercise. The scene was strange enough : these honest yeomen, in their homespun clothing, standing about the table and proving themselves valiant trenchermen, while at the head was my father, entertaining them with grave courtesy and that kindness which sprung from his large heart, for never saw I yet

a lack of courtesy without a want of heart. Suddenly the door at the farther end opened and a tall figure entered. The hum of talk ceased for the moment, while we all looked at the gaunt stranger, in his high boots and shabby small clothes, his long green coat outlined on the seams with a light powder of dry snow. His red hair and short-waisted coat awoke my dormant recollection, and I responded gravely to his formal salutation.

"So you have come at last, Mr. Minot?" I said quietly, as if my memory had never played me the trick of allowing the thought of him to escape.

"Just came back from Boston," Ephraim replied, "and stepped over to enlist."

"Father," I said gravely, "this is Mr. Ephraim Minot, of Essex County, who fought with General Braddock and with Mr. Washington against the Indians."

Every eye turned curiously to follow the strange figure in the short-waisted coat, as he walked up and shook my father's hand.

"Glad to see you, judge," he said with great composure; "you were with the Assembly that refused to transact business while the town of Boston was in the hands of soldiers; you had the sympathy of the country folks, sir, and now I'm going to fight beside your son here."

"The evil day has not yet actually dawned when we must draw the sword against the mother country, Mr. Minot," replied my father, "but I thank you for your approval, and I am glad to see you here to-night."

"I always heard say," struck in one of my militiamen, abruptly, "that the folks with Braddock ran away."

Ephraim turned deliberately, and eyed the speaker with quiet scorn. Then he walked up to the rustic

and stood facing him, his hands, as usual, thrust into his pockets and his elbows squared.

"I was looking for the wart on your nose," he remarked suddenly, "and I be darned if it ain't there! You 're Jacob Trueman, and you were with us on that day, I remember it well! To be sure, gentlemen, this is my old friend Jacob. On the day of the great fight, when the first naked devil began to whoop and yell, Jacob disappeared, and when we found him, after it was over, he had no wound on the front of him, nor on the back, for that matter; but an arrow was stuck clean through the tails of his coat,—hit him slanting as he ran."

A shout of laughter rose at the expense of the hapless Trueman, who stood there with a burning face; but Ephraim never moved a muscle, and his small blue eyes were dull and pale.

From that hour his ascendency in the little company was assured. The men, with the exception of Trueman, regarded him as a hero; and, to my amazement, I found him an excellent drill-master. He was more in touch with his fellow soldiers than ever I had been, and could enlist their sympathy and hold their attention when I was but a dull and awkward teacher. In that strange coat, with an old black beaver, looped up in front and resting on the back of his red head, he would drill and train the little corps with untiring zeal, and a quick eye to each man's ability. I watched him, day by day, with an undiminished interest, for here was a natural military genius in a strange disguise. He had formed an attachment too for me, and was destined later to show a dogged faithfulness in his devotion. So it was that a lieutenant was furnished me without an effort on my part, and in a few weeks I had reason to regard my re-

cruits with complaisance, although their appearance was still odd enough in their motley garments, and with their old muskets of unequal size and age. I had the consolation that other companies were no better off; it was not until the next year that we had uniformed militia at Salem. Then there arose one marvellous fine company clad in short green gold-trimmed coats, and wearing black gaiters, and having ruffles about their wrists, their caps of black beaver with a white ostrich feather in each. But these gay gentlemen remained not long organized. Mayhap their clothes were too fine. I will make no comment on the white feather, though it caused much merriment; yet they were brave fellows, for all that, and commanded by one Captain Sprague. But although we had no such finery, few could equal my men in drill, and none excel them in marksmanship. Ephraim, being a sharpshooter, kept them at target practice, though they stood in little need thereof.

War was my business, but did ever Love neglect his chosen victim? I found occupation, but never forgetfulness. Every day my eyes turned to the Marblehead ferry, yet my stubborn pride forbade a journey thither. I knew from the talk of my aunt that the Talbots were yet there, all save Dick. Sir Anthony was shut up a prisoner with gout, and at such seasons he was a terror to the household. Through the winter's dreariest months I fought my passion, though making no effort to force my heart from dwelling on what I chose to call the memory of my love; and the face of Joyce smiled upon me in my dreams. It may be that I would have sooner relented if it had not been for rumors that the good folk at Marblehead were frequently offended by the presence of an officer of his Majesty's service; not Dick, but Mr. Beresford, who gossip said was like to

wed with Joyce Talbot. In my heart I never believed that she would turn so lightly to another, but I the more delighted in tormenting myself with my imagined wrongs. If she could be so soon false, I told myself, she never had been true ; yet her blue gray eyes, like a summer sky half clouded, haunted me both day and night. I knew my nature to be stubborn, but I had never known how deeply it could hold the roots of its affections and refuse to give them up. Yet every week I drilled my yeomen with Ephraim's aid, and set my teeth, vowing that the little Royalist should never have the opportunity to scorn a patriot and a soldier ; but, alas for me ! the hours were dull indeed.

One day, in February, when the snow lay white upon the land, and the forest trees, bare of foliage, were sheathed in a beautiful garb of ice, sparkling like crystals in the sun, I was walking alone toward Town Landing, when I met my father, coming in the same direction. We walked together for a little space in silence, and then it was he who spoke.

“John,” he began, with one of his rare sweet smiles which lighted his brown eyes so pleasantly, “I have been talking with Joyce.”

I turned a startled glance upon him. It was long since one of us had spoken with a Talbot,—five months at least,—and I knew that Sir Anthony was bitter against us.

“She was here in Salem two hours ago,” my father continued. “I met her on Turner's Lane near the ferry, where the carriage stood waiting for her. She had only her woman with her, having come upon some errand, and was as shy of me as any startled fawn ; yet after a while we talked together freely, and she walked up and down with me in the lane. My son, the little

maid loves you still, and I doubt not that her father makes the house unhappy with his evil temper, driving them all before him like a flock of sheep."

Now my heart had leaped up at his words, but I kept still a grave countenance and bent my eyes upon the ground.

"It was she who dismissed me," I said proudly, "of her own free will, for Joyce is not timid like Lady Talbot. She can cajole Sir Anthony as no one else would dare."

"Ay, that may be," replied my father, quietly, "and yet it may be not all of her own will. A young maid is hard to understand, and sensitive as any flower that folds its petals at a careless touch. We must remember too her training, and how dimly she can understand our point of view. Sir Anthony is a Tory of the Tories; to him a Whig is a compound of the Puritan and the devil,—both intolerable. I could gather something of her mind from the grave questions that she put to me in all good faith. She asked me if it would not be a sin to fight against the king, and if we—she intended all the colonists—would dare to draw the sword." The judge smiled sadly. "Poor child! to her such action is an enormity."

"Did she listen to you with patience?" I inquired, picturing these two in their grave argument.

"With patience, but scarcely with full comprehension," he replied gently. "Her mind is keen enough, but prejudice blinds the eyes. We parted however with good-will on either side, and she kissed her hand to me as the carriage drove away."

"She ever bore you a sincere affection," I said with half a pang of jealousy.

He smiled tenderly as he replied, "And I ever loved the little maid."

The next day being the Sabbath, I had my horse saddled in the afternoon, and crossing the ferry rode to Marblehead. I would even see my love once more, I thought, and have the matter settled once for all. If she loved me nothing should part us, not even the king himself if he stood between. Thus bravely did I think of it, and urged my horse forward on the frozen ground, which rang like stone beneath his iron hoofs. There was a bit of road approaching the town that lay straight across the moors and in sight of the spire of Saint Michael's. It was at this open spot that I saw two figures before me, walking by the roadside. Something in the man's bearing that suggested the lover drew my notice to them from the first ; but so absorbed were they in each other that neither saw me, nor heeded my approach. It needed no long scrutiny to recognize them ; the man was Beresford, the woman — Joyce. Only when I passed, did she turn a startled face and our eyes met. My horse went a few paces more before I turned his head sharply and, half drawing rein, made her a grave salute and rode by them slowly. Afterwards, touching spurs to my poor beast, I galloped back to the ferry, a sharp sting at my heart and my pride on fire.

CHAPTER IX.

DICK.

AFTER seeing my love forgetful of me, and so lightly won to look upon another's suit with favor, I hardened my heart against her, letting all my doubts of her have mastery, and so thrust the little faithful star of hope into outer darkness. The sky was no more blue to me, nor did the sun sparkle upon the broad waves of the bay ; the cloud in my heart obscured the brightness of the world without. In the weeks that followed, I was a soldier only, and the king had no more violent opponent than I was then ; his Majesty's uniform was hateful to my eye, and I became a most determined Whig. I locked the secret of my discovery in my own heart, telling no one, and I think that my father marvelled greatly that his talk with me of Joyce had brought so poor results.

While I was still sore from the wound inflicted, I was destined to yet another trial, and from a Talbot too. One dull afternoon I had been out with my militiamen and was walking home alone. I had climbed the steep ascent to the summit of Gallows Hill, which is a small sharp eminence, its surface broken with the edges of gray bowlders, with the open moors on one hand and on the other, Salem. On the barren height I paused a moment and looked out over the white landscape with only the brown of the naked woodland to break the sheen of frozen snow. Bleak and rugged is the spot, and

swept by the salt wind, and I found small comfort in the prospect. Turning my face toward the town, I descended slowly, and at the foot of the hill came suddenly on a British officer, the smart scarlet of his uniform and the erectness of his figure challenging attention. It was Dick Talbot, and the sight of his face startled me. Like Joyce, he had inherited his mother's beauty, but he had also his father's temper. He had the same wavy light brown hair and fair complexion, but his eyes were more boldly blue than those of Joyce, and he lacked her beauty of expression; yet was he a fine young fellow, and had the jaunty air of a dandy. I had always a warm place in my heart for Dick, for his sister's sake, and I greeted him as a friend still, in spite of the differences between the families; but he drew himself up with insolent hauteur and eyed me coldly enough.

"Nay, Mr. Allen," he said with a boy's bravado, "I have no hand to give, save to the king's good subjects. The hour has come when we must know the true and the false."

"Have it your own way, Dick," said I, with forbearance, "but I forget not my friends so easily. A short memory runs in your family, though, I believe."

His cheek burned, for he had a choleric temper.

"I do not understand you," he flashed out hotly; "no one shall speak lightly of me or mine. I thought you a man of peace,—no soldier,—but what is that you wear at your side, sir?"

It was now my turn to flush, for Ephraim had insisted that I should wear my great-grandsire's sword, famous at Naseby, and as I was fresh from drill it hung at my side.

"It is a season when men must wear their weapons and learn to use them too," I replied with more heat than wisdom.

Dick's lip curled scornfully, and he assumed a mocking manner.

"I have heard," he said bitterly, "but I did not credit it, that you were in command of a company of ploughmen and haymakers arrayed against the king."

"A company of honest yeomen," I answered, "not arrayed against his Majesty, but ready to resist the Ministerial army in its unjust and unlawful aggressions."

"'Pon my soul," Dick exclaimed, "I did not think to hear such hypocrisy save from some long-eared Puritan! The 'Ministerial army'! A damnable invention to deceive the people! The king's army, since we hold the king's commission to whip his rebels from here into the wilderness."

"Be not too hasty," I replied, controlling my own rising passion; "it is easier said than done, as some may find it to their cost. We men of Massachusetts Colony are minded to resist the oppressor with steadfast purpose, and such resistance has prevailed before."

"You are a traitor, sir!" he cried in a headlong passion, his blue eyes on fire; "and it is you, and such as you, that sow rebellion in these Provinces."

"What will you do?" I answered tauntingly, for I was full of angry folly; "we are free men, and you cannot gag our utterance nor choke our demands of justice."

"We can whip you to obedience," he said between his teeth. "Draw," he added fiercely; "unless you be a coward as well as a traitor, we can fight this to the issue."

His sword flew from its scabbard,—these young gallants of the royal service loved an appeal to the duel; but even in the midst of my own blind folly and anger, I saw the look of Joyce on his face, and no power could prevail against that dear resemblance.

“Put up your sword,” I said coldly; “I have no quarrel with Richard Talbot.”

He was furious, and could ill brook the thought of being balked in his purpose. He tried to lash me to madness.

“Then are you indeed a Yankee coward!” he cried scornfully, “or it may be that you have not learned to use the sword of your damned Puritan ancestor.”

“Have done, Richard,” I said proudly, “and let me pass. I would not harm a hair of your head. The insults you pour upon me are unworthy of you.”

His better nature was half shamed, and he gave place a little, so I passed him.

“When will you fight me?” he called after me, and I turned upon him gravely.

“Never,” I said firmly; “you are the brother of Joyce Talbot.”

“Now, by heaven!” he cried out with fresh passion, “her — you shall not have! Joyce should wed the blacksmith in the royal army before she married a traitor!”

“Nay,” I said with sudden proud composure, “control your anger, boy. Your sister is not a chattel in your hands, and your lips should learn to honor her too much for such comparison. If she loved me, no opposition of yours should bar the way.”

He laughed harshly, his handsome boyish face distorted by his temper; yet a graceful picture in his scarlet coat and buff breeches, his high boots and polished spurs, his hat set with a rakish air upon his powdered peruke, his hand on his half-sheathed sword. Behind him, the snowy hill made a white background that threw his easy figure into sharp relief. He looked at me with fierce anger in his blue eyes.

“ High words, Mr. Allen,” he said mockingly, “ but my sister has no love for a traitor ! ”

And my heart being sore yet with the thought of Joyce, I held my peace and went my way without retort. Doubtless the boy had told the truth, and my love was mine no longer. Oh the bitterness of it ! You who do not know what it may be to lose one out of your life who being in it was the better part, can neither know the sorrow nor the joy of it. It is better to know what love is than to live in a dead selfishness without sacrifice or pain or gladness, which come all together, and so keenly when we love, as we should, honestly and with a true heart purely, as God intended that a true man — and woman — should.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE.

ON the twenty-sixth of February, being Sunday and the people at meeting, a detachment of the Ministerial army landed at Marblehead. Some cannon and gun-carriages were stored at Salem, and Governor Gage designed to seize these, as he had seized other war material wheresoever he could find it. Yet was his purpose of secrecy defeated by the vigilance of the patriots, for they were determined to resist his aggressions. Indeed, the chief anxiety of the selectmen and the Committees of Safety was that the passions of the people would be excited to some overt act that would rather prejudice than aid our cause. So eager was the watchfulness of patriotism that scarce had the troops landed at Marblehead ere the tidings were brought to us at Salem, by Major Pedrick, and the town was in a tumult. There was but one thought, and that was to resist the royal army; and no consideration was given to our state, so totally unequal to meet the foe. Had we of the colonies thought of the great odds that did exist, we should never have had the heart or courage to meet our enemies. It is the impetuosity of a popular uprising that sustains it.

I recollect the change that came upon that quiet town on the Sabbath day, which had been still, as for a Puritan meeting; the congregations were dismissed and poured out of the churches, and the bells were rung,

while drums beat and signal-guns sounded. The women gathered, excited and alarmed, upon the doorsteps, while the men turned to the stern work that was before them ; some ran to the bridge over the South River, on Mill Street, and began to destroy it, to obstruct the march of the English troops, while others set their faces at once toward the old North Bridge. Behind it lay the cannon, and here the issue must be disputed to the end. It was the work of a few moments to hoist the draw in the great bridge, and then the Yankees gathered upon the northern side and waited, with dogged determination, for the enemy. The militiamen were here, my own company partially represented, and others also, not more, however, than fifty strong, but reinforced by the townspeople, and under the command of Colonel Pickering, with whom were also Captains Felt and Ward. In that moment of excitement the wiser heads amongst us, foreseeing grave trouble if the people were uncurbed, pleaded for patience. My father, being held in high esteem, addressed a few pertinent words to us, urging forbearance unless we were assailed, since unprovoked violence would but injure our just cause and imperil our homes and families. He was listened to with patience, and it seemed as if his wise remonstrance touched their hearts, but it was a time of sharp suspense ; men looked into each other's faces grimly and with a purpose which wavered not. Then came the tidings that the redcoats were in sight, coming up through South Fields with flaunting colors. Major Pedrick, of Marblehead, had told us that the British were commanded by Colonel Leslie, and my father knew him, by reputation, as a man of some forbearance and justice, so that we entertained a hope of a peaceful issue, although the temper of the people was so dangerous. We at the North Bridge had a brief space for prepa-

ration, for the enemy was forced to halt at Mill Street to repair the bridge, and would doubtless have delayed longer and lost time but for a Tory lawyer, one Samuel Porter, of Ipswich, who, being like some small men of his trade, — a busybody, — ran to tell the British that the cannon were in North Salem. Colonel Leslie immediately proceeded, and, after a brief pause at the courthouse, advanced upon us. There was a glint of steel, a blaze of scarlet, and the main body of regulars appeared before us, compact, unwavering, gayly indifferent to the townspeople, whom they called “poor rustics.” At the sight of that martial array a stern murmur rose amongst us, and each man grasped his weapon, whether it was a musket or a pitchfork, with sullen resolution. They, on their side, halted and viewed our position with some surprise. There could be no doubt of our hostility ; the hoisted draw and the sullen array across the river were sufficient warning. Two large open boats lay on the other side, and their owners were endeavoring to scuttle them before they could be seized ; and this Colonel Leslie’s quick eye discovered, as events proved, at once. He called now upon the good people of Salem to lower the drawbridge for his Majesty’s soldiers to pass over, declaring that we had no right to obstruct the king’s highway.

“Nay,” responded one of the patriots, “this is a private way ; it belongs to North Fields,” he referred to an old dispute about the private ownership of the bridge, which Colonel Leslie did not understand, but it sufficed ; “you have no authority to demand a passage here.”

Whereupon the royalist colonel told us that he would order his men to fire, if we resisted his lawful authority.

“Fire and be damned !” replied Captain Joshua Ward of our militia, a stout and fiery Whig ; and his retort drew

forth a round of applause from the sober church-going folk behind him. There is a time when an oath keeps a man from a worse deed.

Seeing the sullen obstinacy of his opponents, and no doubt aware that a breach of the peace would precipitate a hideous struggle, Colonel Leslie seemed to waver between force and negotiation, and, it may be, loved not the thought of sending his regulars against these half-armed, undisciplined people. Yet his forbearance served only to incite the Whigs to greater opposition; the weaker side, as always, gaining courage as the stronger hesitated. However, almost immediately, the colonel gave the order for his troops to advance and cross in the two boats, in detachments, as they might. But, before the regulars could reach the vessels, their owners had leaped into them to finish the task of scuttling. Foremost in this work was a tall, lank figure in a short-waisted green coat.

“You lobster backs had better stay up to Boston,” Ephraim shouted, waving his long arms in defiance, as he stood up in the gondola.

“Seize the boats in the king’s name!” cried a British sergeant, running down to the shore and grasping the gunwale close to Minot.

“Darn the king!” replied Ephraim, bringing an oar down sharply on the soldier’s hand; “the Port Bill is working two ways here, young man, and you can let go there, or one of us two will get hurt.”

The redcoat responded with his bayonet; but Ephraim, being agile as a wildcat, leaped aside and dealt another effective blow with his oar, which sent the soldier floundering into the water, while his opponent remained unruffled. A tumult arose at this; other soldiers, following the sergeant’s example, engaged in a scuffle with the

stragglers on that side of the river, endeavoring to secure the boats, and their bayonets drew blood. A young man from Marblehead, one Robert Wormsted, an expert fencer, engaged in a quarrel with several redcoats at once, and, with no better weapon than his stout cane, disarmed six of them. It was a pretty sight to see him use his good right arm, and verily I think the British admired him as much as we did. All these things were but the play of a few breathless moments, the prelude of more serious work, for Colonel Leslie had lost patience. He ordered his men to face and fire just as the voice of the young pastor of the North Church made itself heard above the uproar. He stood forth, upon our side of the bridge, and called and beckoned to the colonel, who, taking him for a herald of negotiation, stayed his men who were on the point of obeying his sanguinary order. There was a sudden pause, and we all heard the clergyman's appeal, made in a clear, unfaltering tone.

"You cannot commit this violation against innocent men here, on this holy day," he said, "without sinning against God and humanity. Let me entreat you to return."

"And who are you, young sir?" Leslie asked, impressed, I think, by the speaker's manner.

"I am Thomas Barnard," was the quiet reply, "a minister of the gospel; and my mission is peace."

And he went on to set forth with simple eloquence the wickedness of strife and bloodshed in such a cause. Doubtless his argument would have failed but for Leslie's own moderation; however, that wise man eagerly embraced the opportunity to stem the tide of the rebellion and signified his willingness to negotiate. My father, with Mr. Barnard and the more quiet of the townsmen, responded readily, and the scuffle on the further bank

ceased while they consulted. But the people were impatient of delay ; blood had been drawn, and though the wounds were but scratches, the pride of the patriots was roused and there were many eager to engage in an unequal strife. On the other hand, the regulars were no less anxious to avenge the spirited resistance which, in their eyes, was the insolence of rebels. Happily, there was to be no meeting between these unequal foes ; after much sharp talking, Colonel Leslie yielded to Mr. Barnard's persuasion, and, to avoid bloodshed, submitted to our conditions, humiliating though they must have been. He pledged his word of honor to advance but thirty rods beyond the bridge, and then to countermarch, without touching the cannon he had come so far to seek. After much pleading and remonstrance from the wiser men among us, the people consented, and forming in a line, before which Leslie must march, they allowed the drawbridge to be lowered in sullen silence.

Thus Salem failed to fire the first shot for the independence of Massachusetts Bay. But the Yankees and the soldiers measured one another ; great was the red-coat's contempt for the rustic ; he saw not the resolute heart beating beneath the shabby coat, nor the stern purpose of the simple soul. The bone and sinew of a country are behind the plough and in the hayfield ; it is not rich apparel that makes the steadfast spirit. It was Cromwell, that great captain, who said that he would rather have a russet-coated soldier who knew and loved what he fought for, "than that which you call a gentleman, and is nothing else." It is ever so ; the cause that is in ragged guise wins not the world's respect, yet a hero is rarely clad in purple and fine linen. The sword of the Lord and of Gideon is more often in the poor man's hand, and He who is the God of Hosts

regards the cause of the righteous and the oppressed rather than the might of the rulers of this world, and the princes thereof.

Quietly, but with stern displeasure, did the towns-people regard the redcoats. They came across the bridge and marched and countermarched before our lines, grimly humiliated, doubtless, because they were forced to leave us unmolested and in triumphant possession of the guns ; no word was said, although a spark would have kindled the fire. They departed just in time, for as the last column marched out of Salem, a company of militia came in from Danvers and the country was rising on every side. The forbearance of Colonel Leslie and the eloquence of Mr. Barnard had averted a bloody conflict, but we felt that it could not now be long before the end would come. Men dispersed gravely to their homes ; the sword had entered the land, and which of us could foretell the outcome ? Peace wears the sweetest aspect when she spreads her wings to leave us, and War frowns most fiercely when upon our threshold. We felt, too, now more keenly the sufferings of Boston, which lay in a state of siege, its poor supported by the charity of the colonies and its rich soon likely to be poor, since business was paralyzed and not even a load of hay might be ferried to its wharves. Men-of-war lay in its harbor ready to seize the humblest boat which attempted to bring aid to the suffering town, and Boston Neck bristled with fortifications, while troops paraded in the streets in open defiance of the people and the laws. The charter of the province was a dead letter, and the governor was even forced to rule with military support, since his deputies and collectors were despised by the people. The patriots were gathering arms and ammunition into the country, heedless of the cry of "rebellion" that the

Tories raised, and thus the spring advanced and on both sides there was a watchful defiance, while we armed ourselves and waited for the hour that was now at hand.

The month of March passed away without an open conflict, but the two parties were preparing for the last extremity. The temper of the provinces grew daily more stubborn ; yet Parliament waited to see the colonists prostrate in submission ! The eloquence of Chatham awoke no wisdom in their counsels. The British officers in Boston even boasted that the spirit of the patriots was broken ; thus do fools close their eyes to an unwelcome truth and rush upon their fate.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CALL TO ARMS.

APRIL came to us at last, with skies of milder blue, and the clouds no longer carried snow-drifts in their bosoms. The sea, too, showed less purple in its billows, reflecting instead the blue above, in deeper hues, and beating more gently on the rugged cliffs. The moorlands, clad so long in snow, were touched now upon the sunny slopes with a tender green that blended softly with the sober tints of winter, and the same new life showed here and there in the bare brown woods where the earlier trees were budding. There, too, on sheltered banks, and about the feet of the great oak-trees, bloomed already the blue squirrel cups, and in the midst of dead fallen leaves lay the sweet pink blossoms of the ground laurel which I have since heard called arbutus. All nature was thrilling with new life; the young buds on the fruit-trees were swelling, and the earth, no longer stiff and hard with ice, yielded to the plough in rich black furrows. I recollect that Aunt Dorcas had already sowed her sweet peas and was having her garden beds set in order for the early seed-time.

When the great day came, we were less apprehensive than usual. Trouble, long anticipated, grows to be a phantom of imagination, and its threatening aspect assumes a pleasant unreality. We had bidden guests to dinner on the nineteenth of April, and passed a cheerful afternoon. One of our visitors, but lately re-

turned from England, told us of the talk in London of King George's animosity toward America,—the same gossip that we had heard in Philadelphia, but we were still loath to believe it, though it was no new tale, but one threadbare with the patriots. The night was serene, still, and moonlight, and no one dreamed of the preparations on foot in Boston. We went to our rest early, for Salem kept sober hours and eschewed dissipation. We slept gently, too, with no premonitions of danger. At daybreak there were rumors that signal-fires had been burning in the country at midnight, some good people even claiming to have heard the alarm guns; but little heed was given to these stories until a horseman came down Essex Street at a full gallop, and the bells began to toll. It was the courier from Boston bearing the fateful tidings: the Ministerial army was in motion and had advanced on Concord, where arms and ammunitions, belonging to the province, had been stored. The town was swarming like a beehive suddenly disturbed, and my father was at once the center of an eager concourse of the older men, who looked to him for counsel. There was no delay, though afterwards we were so unjustly charged with supineness because we came too late for the action; but verily, we made what haste we could. The country had been summoned, and the minute-men came in from every side. Colonel Pickering at once called out the militia, and we began our preparations for the hasty march. Few words were spoken; it was rather the time to act, and some brief stern orders were given. There was but little confusion. So long had we looked for this hour that men fell at once into their appointed places. It was my portion to carry a message to Marblehead, and return with the companies from there, Colonel Pickering having but

three hundred men available at Salem. Mounting my horse, I crossed the ferry and rode on my errand alone. My heart swelled with passion and regret. I well nigh forgot my mission. Before me shone, like two stars, the blue eyes of my love, who was mine no more. I, who came a soldier, on a warlike errand, dreamed only of Joyce and the old days together; so it is that love beguiles us ever.

When I rode into Marblehead, I found the town alive with armed men, and the companies already formed. Strange soldiers they seemed too, in their motley array, yet bore themselves like brave men and true. The best of us had no uniforms. I remember that I wore that day a gray riding-suit with sword knots of blue, and a flat beaver hat with three rolls, but I bore no badge or emblem of any kind. Stern were the faces of the men about me, bronzed by wind and sea, and resolute to do or die. Bravely did they serve in those long years of trial when we purchased with blood our freedom and yours who have come after us. When temptation comes to barter it, remember how dearly it was won.

Brief was the consultation that I held with the commanders of the militia and, the companies being ready, we turned our faces toward Salem without delay. We had been gathered by the town-hall, and as we started on our march, women and children followed us, so that every house was empty. To them war was an unknown evil, and they were rather eager at the thought of their dear ones going to uphold the right. Poor souls! how many an aching heart was there before three moons had waned; how many an eye, bright that day, was dim with tears! We came on past Saint Michael's, marching slowly through the crooked streets because the

crowd had hemmed us in. I was riding in front with the officers, if we might call them by that name, and as we turned the corner of a narrow lane, I heard a dog bark short and joyfully, and knew the sound at once. A little from the wayside, in a sheltered spot, half hidden by the great trunk of an ancient elm, stood Joyce, with Laddie at her side. Cloaked and hooded as she was, I should have known the figure even if the dog had not betrayed her. I turned my horse aside to let the crowd pass by me; and they did unheeding, for what was I at such a time as that? I could not be sure that she would linger until I could speak with her; but fate was kind to me. When the last straggler had passed, she still stood behind her screen, ashamed, I think, to fly from the enemy, for Joyce had a valiant spirit. I dared not hope that she stayed there for my sake, yet my heart throbbed high as I sprang up the slope and stood before her, while Laddie leaped about my feet for joy. Because I felt so much I had no words. My tongue has ever been a poor servant in my necessity, and for the moment I could only look in silence on her lovely face. Her hood, tied underneath her chin, cast a shadow over her brow, and in her eyes, which were more gray than blue that morning. I thought her pale, but fair as some sweet white rose.

“Laddie is rejoiced to see me,” I said softly, “but you are silent, Joyce; have you no word of greeting for me?”

I saw her lips quiver, and she clasped her hands nervously together.

“Why are you here?” she cried in a low voice, and I think she did not dream how harshly the question sounded from her lips. “What are those men about to do?”

Her coldness froze the warmer impulse in my heart ; she had then no thought for me.

“ You have heard the alarum, Joyce,” I said quietly ; “ these men will answer the call to arms to defend the liberties of Massachusetts Bay.”

“ They will fight ! ” she exclaimed, a soft, bright color coming into her pale cheeks ; “ with whom, sir ? ”

The question was peremptory, and she turned upon me like a judge upon a culprit. I knew the storm that I should rouse, and endeavored to put it in the softest light.

“ There are arms and ammunition at Concord,” I said patiently, as to a child, “ belonging to the colony, and we assume that Mr. Gage would seize these stores as he has seized others, and the people of Massachusetts are resolved to resist the bold oppression. A detachment of the Ministerial army left Boston last night, to proceed secretly upon their errand ; but it is said that blood has already been shed, and the minute-men are summoned to the field.”

“ These men are going to Boston to fight the king’s soldiers ? ” she said in a clear voice ; “ then they are rebels, and should be shot ! ”

I started and looked at her, amazed and pained, taking her harsh words to myself.

“ That, then, is the fate that you would assign to me ? ” I asked, and my own voice sounded strange to me.

She gave me one defiant glance, and then I think she saw the pain in my eyes, for she suddenly broke down, and running to me clasped my arm in both her pretty hands, tears shining in her eyes.

“ You are not going,” she cried softly ; “ you must not — shall not go ! It is wrong — it is wicked. John, stay — for my sake ! ”

Now, she knew how weak my heart was to resist her, and she was using all a woman's wiles. And I — who had been starving for the sight of her sweet face — felt only a wild thrill of happiness and hope renewed ; saw only her blue eyes misty with tears, and forgot all the world for one dear moment — to my cost ! I caught her hands and held them close in mine.

“ Joyce,” I whispered passionately, “ do you mean it ? Is it possible that you still love me a little ? I heard that you were soon to wed Francis Beresford — is it false ? ”

“ You know that it is false ! ” she exclaimed with a touch of her old petulance ; “ why speak of it now ? ”

I drew a deep breath of relief. “ Because it is near my heart,” I replied in a low voice, looking long and fondly at her lovely, agitated face, and then with a mighty effort I remembered that my duty called me. “ I must go now, Joyce,” I said gently ; “ do not let us part in anger.”

She drew back, and her eyes flashed. “ Ah,” she cried bitterly, “ you do not care for me. I have humiliated my pride to plead with you and you are deaf to my entreaties.”

“ Heaven is my witness,” I replied earnestly, “ that I love you with all my soul ! I have hungered for the sight of you through all these weary months ; to see you, to touch you again, is happiness.”

I laid her hand against my cheek with passionate fondness. She was quivering from head to foot with some emotion, and seemed to struggle with herself.

“ If you love me, you will not go ! ” she cried, the tears running down her cheeks.

Now Joyce's tears I could not bear, and to think that I had caused them cut me to the heart. We were alone, the place was deserted, and, regardless of her

anger, I caught her in my arms and tried to kiss away her tears, and she yielded, half clinging to me.

“You will not go?” she whispered, laying her soft wet cheek against mine.

“In heaven’s name, Joyce,” I cried bitterly, “do not tempt me! Do not make such an issue — I must do my duty.”

She freed herself with a quick passionate gesture.

“You do not love me,” she declared; “you would not leave me, if you did, to play the traitor to your king.”

“I am no traitor,” I replied with equal passion, for I was ever but too hasty, “I am no slave, but a free-born American. You learn that ugly name, perhaps, from Mr. Beresford.”

She bit her lip angrily. My jealousy had flashed out at an unhappy moment.

“He, at least, is loyal, sir,” she declared hotly.

“Loyal enough, mayhap, to forsake his duty,” I retorted bitterly, stung by her reproach.

“Such a charge behind a man’s back is unworthy of you,” she replied with coldness.

I looked at her with all my heart on fire with a lover’s jealousy.

“I see that I am but an unworthy rebel beside him!” I said bitterly.

“Then learn a lesson in loyalty from him!” she replied as quickly, her blue eyes aflame.

“Nay,” I answered sternly, “you must needs love the better man. You know me as I am, a plain man who will do his duty, and if you have ceased to care for me, I must even learn to bear it.”

“It seems a small matter to you!” she said bitterly.

“Oh, Joyce!” I exclaimed with almost a groan.

She averted her face and would not look at me, and my heart sank like lead. Away off I heard the shouts of the departing men, and my horse plunged restively.

“Joyce,” I said in a low voice, which faltered as I spoke, “I must go. My duty calls me to fight and perhaps to die for the freedom of my native land. God knows that I am trying to do what is right, as I see it, and He is my judge. Bid me farewell, sweetheart, do not turn from me in coldness—not now! Do not let me take this memory of you away in my heart. Oh, Joyce, it grieves my soul to leave you so!”

The exclamation was wrung from me, for her manner stung me to the quick. But she would not forgive me, and her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were dark with anger.

“These are words!” she said bitterly, turning an indignant face toward me; “you cannot truly care, or you would not rush so blindly upon your fate.”

“It is you who misjudge me,” I replied; “love would not so misunderstand me. That Englishman has warped your judgment. Farewell, Joyce, may all good angels guard you.”

Receiving no response, I turned sadly and walked toward my horse. Laddie, seeing that I was going, sprang upon me with every evidence of affection. Touched by the dog’s loyalty, I stopped to caress him.

“Good-bye, Laddie,” I said; “you, at least, are faithful to old friends.”

The sound of loud cheering and derisive shouts came suddenly from the direction taken by the townsfolk, and I knew that I could linger no longer. I sprang into the saddle, and, gathering the reins in my hand, paused a moment to gaze reproachfully at the slender figure under the elm.

"We may never meet again," I said in a choked voice; "farewell!"

Then she looked at me, and her face was white, but her eyes sparkled and she held her head high.

"I am for the king, sir," she said, and turned her back upon me.

I turned my horse's head toward the road that the militia had taken, and, dashing my hat down low over my eyes, galloped off. My emotion had risen in my throat and was choking me, and all the scene swam before my dim vision. I went to do my duty, but at that moment I would rather have felt her soft arms about my neck than to have won a kingdom! A woman — and I could not reason with her, but I loved her and the world was blank without her. A young man's folly, some may call it, but it seems to me that a life without such folly is but a hard and barren thing. And though I say it, with no thought to excuse my own weakness, I have never seen a brave man who had not, too, a tender heart which held some blossom of beauty and of life eternal. In the cleft of the sternest rock the wild-flower blooms. Not that I was either more brave or stern than others, but I was not alone in my affection or my weakness. I rode on blindly, with a load upon my spirit, and only the strange disturbance that greeted my ear more sharply as I advanced, aroused me. There were jeering calls and laughter, and I urged my horse forward, for some intuition warned me of what I might expect.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR ANTHONY'S DEFIANCE.

THE road taken by the militia passed directly in front of the Talbot house, and ere I turned the corner that concealed it from view, I had divined the cause of the disturbance. In a few moments my suspicions were confirmed ; the next turn brought me in sight of the old mansion, and the scene that was being enacted before it. The self-constituted officers had ridden on ahead, and were not conscious of the delay of the rear guard ; a small company, increased by the idle townspeople, stood before the house listening to an oration from Sir Anthony. The nature of his discourse was but too evident from the temper of his audience. His servants were gathered in groups in the corners of the front garden, looking on with frightened faces, and the newly organized militia had paused upon the march to listen. Sir Anthony stood on the portico, and he had arrayed himself in an old military coat of scarlet, for he had held the king's commission, and it was evident that he was suffering from one of his attacks of gout, for his swollen foot was thrust into an old slipper. His face was well nigh purple with rage, and the hand that grasped his gold-headed cane quivered as with palsy, while he shook the other fist in the faces of his auditors.

I checked my horse and advanced slowly, being sorely perplexed ; my appearance would but increase Sir Anthony's fury, and I could not be certain of my influence

with the little crowd, as yet more diverted than angered by the old Tory's violence. While I hesitated upon my own course, I could now hear all that passed, and see the expressions on both sides, although myself unnoticed.

“Traitors !” Sir Anthony shouted, “rascals—scum of the earth ! Disperse, go to your homes before you are all hung as rebels !”

“Hear — hear !” cried his auditors, with a good-natured jeer; “old Anthony is addressing the patriots.”

“Born rascals, all of ye !” replied Sir Anthony, shaking his cane at them, “what are you doing? You will not pay the king's taxes—no, no! you repudiate a debt to cancel it! Honest men—thieves, every mother's son of ye !”

At this, some vagabond threw a handful of mud at the old royalist, and missing him it spattered on the steps. He pointed his cane at it in scorn.

“A fit weapon !” he exclaimed; “from mud ye sprang, and to mud ye will return.”

Heretofore his auditors had been good-natured, but at last he had roused some natural ire; the foremost made a rush at the fence, and two or three small stones were thrown. That was all, for I rode into the midst of the crowd and began to urge them to go on. But Sir Anthony, far from daunted, stood there shaking his cane in their faces.

“Come on !” he cried exultantly, “come on ! One gouty old man can whip you all !”

For the moment, it seemed that I might not prevail against the tumult that he had provoked; his insults were but the climax of a long defiance of his fellow townsmen, and these, being of the rougher class, would fain have administered a lesson and were little disposed

to relinquish their purpose. But I pleaded and urged them to proceed, reminding them of the grave cause for expedition, and so succeeded at last in shaming some, and, those of the better sort making off after their comrades, the peril was averted. But Sir Anthony was far from pleased at this diversion in his favor ; he longed to do battle for his cause and resented my interference.

“Turncoat !” he shouted at me mockingly, “turncoat Allen, let them come on—I can fight them—I want to fight them !”

I turned a deaf ear to his reproaches, and gave all my energies to urging the idle stragglers on. I had no wish to make the breach between Joyce and me yet wider, and I knew too well Sir Anthony’s temper and my own. But I prevailed more easily with the people than with him ; he had no mind to let me escape so happily.

“A young traitor,” he cried out in a loud voice, “but a hopeful pattern of your father ! Judge Allen, indeed — the king’s magistrate ; rather, say I, the king’s rebel !”

I was directly in front of the house, urging the last stragglers away, and his bitter gibe was audible to all. For myself, I could bear much ; but my father was not for such abuse as this, and I felt my face burn, but controlled my rising passion, remembering who Sir Anthony was.

“For shame, old man !” I said, turning sternly upon him ; “think rather upon the troubles that have come upon this unhappy country, and defile not the name of an upright and honorable man.”

“I am not yet so old that I may not chastise a traitor,” shouted Sir Anthony, shaking his cane at me ; “come down off your horse and defend yourself like a man.”

“I will not quarrel with your white hairs,” I replied with forced composure; “you are sacred from my sword, Sir Anthony, therefore forbear to hurl your gibes at my father;” and with these words I followed the departing stragglers, determined to hear no more, lest my patience should be tried too far, and I should speak in anger words that I should evermore regret, for was he not the father of my love? It seemed strange too, I thought, that he and Dick should both have challenged me to combat, and yet had we more cause to love each other, for old acquaintance’ sake, than to quarrel. But it is ever thus. War brings a sword that sets brother against brother; in those bitter years to come, many a house being divided against itself fell, and many an aching heart was severed from kindred and from friends.

I rode out of Marblehead with a far heavier spirit than when I entered it. I was in two minds about the manner of my treatment from Joyce; her conduct had been at cross purposes. She had shown me some affection, and I remembered long that one brief happy moment when she clung to me, I felt still the touch of her soft cheek on mine, yet in another instant she had been angry, petulant, repellent, her own wayward self. But there was small comfort for me in that reflection. At such a moment surely love should have prevailed, and yet, I reasoned, did she realize how grave was the crisis? A woman’s heart is hard to understand, and hers was ever a delightful mystery to me; I was not learned in woman’s wiles, but she could read me through and through, and so torment me in her lively moods and call me dull; yet came to me always, in the end, with protests that she loved me as I was, and would not have me changed. But that was over now—all was over—belike, I thought; the happy, thoughtless days by the

sea or in the orchard, when the apple blossoms dropped their petals like a rosy snow about us, and the perfume of the clover made the soft air sweet while the robins called to each other overhead. It was past, like our childhood ; the future — ah, which of us would be the happier for beholding it ?

CHAPTER XIII.

WITH THE MINUTE-MEN.

As we proceeded upon our march, we heard constant confirmation of the rumors that the Ministerial army had fired upon our countrymen, yet many of us could scarcely credit so grim a tale. That blood had been shed at last, seemed improbable. The country was thoroughly aroused, and all the way rustics fell into line to reinforce us, some bringing rusty muskets and others pitchforks, but all animated with a steadfast purpose. The Danvers men preceded us, having cut across the country; and they had a sharp conflict with the regulars at Menotomy, while we came up an hour too late to cut off the troops in their retreat to Charlestown Neck, where the guns of their ships of war defended them from the people's vengeance. Though we pressed forward with all haste, marching fifteen miles in four hours, we were too late to join the battle, and were sharply and unjustly censured, since surely mortal men could do no more. So indignant were our own townsmen, at the blame cast upon us, that the town meeting in August laid the matter before the General Court, and we were finally exonerated, but not until many a heart was sore at the injustice. Unhappily, it was sunset ere we came to the Mystic River, and already the broken detachment of Lord Percy had retreated in great confusion through Charlestown, while Cambridge and Dorchester swarmed with the minute-men. The Ministerial army, goaded by the

aggressive attitude of the Americans, had committed many sad depredations. I, with a small party, crossed over at Penny Ferry, and joined the troops now gathered under General Heath, a veteran of the French wars. On all sides I heard sad tales of the day's work and of the murder of the patriots at Lexington. Eight had fallen ; poor Robert Monroe, the standard-bearer of his company when Louisburg was captured, died on his own threshold at his wife's feet. A woman too, with her infant in her arms, had been slain in Menotomy, and a fierce fire of hatred flamed in American hearts that night.

The day had been cold, with a high wind blowing ; but the sun went down serenely, and the tranquil waters of the Charles reflected the rosy clouds floating in the western sky, and one by one the stars shone out and the moon rose. Nature was peaceful, but the change had come ; the first shots had been fired and peace was no more. We lay upon our arms, anticipating an attack, since Mr. Gage had declared that Cambridge should answer for it, if its inhabitants went out in arms against the king. But Mr. Gage's bark, as we came to know later, was far worse than his bite. Among the Whigs there was deep feeling ; all were infuriated against the Ministerial army ; not yet did men cast the blame upon his Majesty, rather did they prefer to believe that he had listened to evil counsels and been misled by distorted reports of his subjects in the colonies. We had not then learned to call him the "stubborn Dutchman," as we did before the end. We sent our own account of the sad conflict between the regulars and the minutemen at Lexington, by a sure hand, to our agent in London, that the true report of our affairs might reach the public of Great Britain, since we could hope for only distorted tales from the royalists of Boston.

The first shot fired at Lexington had stirred the country on every side ; not only did the Province of Massachusetts Bay respond nobly to the call for men, but every colony awoke to sympathy. New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Rhode Island soon despatched their reinforcements to the Provincial Army, and General Ward commanded the militia of Massachusetts. We were not entirely unprepared for the grave crisis ; wise men had foreseen it and supplies had been gathered, both in ammunition and in food ; but it was difficult to discipline and hold together so large a body of men, called suddenly into service and all anxious to set their own affairs in order. We were without commissions, too, and scarcely knew where to look for orders. In addition, a great panic prevailed at Charlestown among all classes, since the British warships threatened it ; the Nautilus was at Boston, and the Somerset lay in the ferry ways before Charlestown, and we had learned that the town was in danger of a cannonade. All the inhabitants were fleeing from it, and general consternation prevailed. On the twenty-second of April the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts Bay assembled at Concord, and my father came up from Salem by the way of Cambridge to attend the assembly, resting over night at Wetherby's Tavern in Menotomy, where I went, leaving the camp that day to be with him, since I needed his counsel. He and Dr. Warren, of the Committee of Safety, sat late talking of the pressing needs of the cause and the necessity of organizing the minute-men into a regular army, and so it was that I had but little time with my father wherein to talk of our own affairs. Now that I was to be a soldier, much fell upon him which I had shared before ; but he was full of a deep enthusiasm for the struggle, and though he loved me, as I loved him, I think that he

regarded me, much as Abraham regarded Isaac, as a sacrifice. He would rather, I knew, have seen me fall at the front of the battle than to have found me wavering in my allegiance to my country. Yet was he full of tenderness for my shortcomings: it was he who always gathered any tidings of Joyce that might affect my happiness. I think that he never believed that she had changed; to him she was ever the blue-eyed little girl that he had known from infancy.

After Dr. Warren left us, we walked out together and viewed the lines of our troops. The army lay extended from Dorchester to Charlestown, in a semicircle, and my father shook his head at the long stretch which could be so poorly guarded, especially by an unorganized force. The lines that we visited were composed of the few companies lying in the Charlestown road toward Menotomy, and a few more lay over at Phipps' Farm. The day before, Colonel William Prescott had been in command here but had been since ordered to march his regiment to Roxbury to join General Thomas. We had the veterans of the French wars with us, General Israel Putnam and General Stark, and others besides, but there was a great need of more commissioned officers and those on duty were sorely overworked.

“A great cause and a just one,” my father said as we walked back slowly to our lodgings; “yet there is like to be many a defeat, I fear, ere these raw recruits are seasoned to service, and Mr. Gage has a disciplined force at his command.”

“Yet they fled before the patriots but yesterday,” I said cheerfully.

“True,” he replied quietly, “and great has been the result in encouraging these new soldiers; but the first flush of war is not the long and dreary duty and the

sharp conflict under fire. I do not doubt the courage or the loyalty of these my countrymen, but here is sore need for a commander-in-chief who shall be brave enough and wise enough to lead this army to a glorious victory."

"I pity most the inhabitants of Boston," I said thoughtfully; "upon them will fall the heaviest vengeance of the governor, and they are suffering in so many ways. Already the Tories there have enlisted in the royal service, and they are, I hear, more bitter against their patriotic fellow townsmen than the British themselves."

"It is ever so," my father remarked, "a civil war is the most bitter. When brother rises against brother, there is no mercy shown on either side. We must even endeavor to devise some way to relieve the poor folk in the town."

"The Tories are anxious too, I hear, to get into Boston, from the country," I went on, "since their situation is scarcely more happy amongst us than that of the patriots in Boston."

My father looked at me and smiled.

"You have heard, then," he said quietly, "that Sir Anthony Talbot is desirous of coming from Marblehead with his household and effects? He would even shake the dust of Essex County off his feet. Dick, I heard, was with Lord Percy yesterday."

"I heard it too," I replied gravely, "and with sorrow, yet I could expect no less; and as for Sir Anthony, he is breathing blood and fire;" and I told him briefly of the scene at Marblehead.

"Sir Anthony to the life," my father responded, smiling; "he, at least, has the virtue of a deep devotion to his own convictions. You went on a serious errand that day," he added suddenly, and I detected the amusement in his voice; "of course, you saw nothing of Joyce?"

Now, I knew my father loved well to torment me, and I winced a little at his tone, but we were bound by too close ties of sympathy for the shadow of resentment, and I bore his question with patience.

“Nay,” I said calmly, “I saw Miss Talbot, and spoke with her.”

“And the lovers’ quarrel is so ended?” asked my father, laughing softly.

“Not so, sir,” I answered gravely; “she will none of me.”

There was a pause, and I knew that he was perplexed; presently he threw his arm about my shoulders and walked with me so, leaning a little on me, and I knew his heart, tender as a woman’s, felt my loss and sorrowed for his jest. So it was with us ever; the bond between us was too close for any need of words; sympathy of the soul has its own language, and they who love best speak the least; a touch, a glance, and all is said. Yet still he did not believe that the breach might be final, for when we had reached the tavern and were parting for the night, he pressed my hand and smiled upon me, his brown eyes full of feeling and great kindness.

“Youth takes its troubles too seriously,” he said in his pleasant, gentle way; “the little maid has a wayward spirit, but her heart was ever true as steel.”

And I was half shamed that he had so great faith in her, while I was full of doubt and jealousy. That night, too, I remembered a little song that I had heard her sing. It was on one bright day, in the spring-time, when we walked together on the moors and all the ground was like a snow-flecked field with the bright-eyed daisies, the air sweet with new-mown hay, while the sunshine made her eyes sparkle with the blue of the

skies above us. Walking before me in the way, she sang in her sweet voice, clear as any bird's, a little old song of Shakespeare's, to a tune of her own making, new and tender from her rosy lips, and dear because she sang it to me, though in a mood rather to provoke than please me. That night, so near the army, outside of a beleaguered city, the words came back to me and I heard her voice singing,—

“Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.”

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SUN.

THE state of Boston grew daily, indeed hourly, more unhappy ; the Tories stirring up the wrath of the British, for, as my father had said, our bitterest foes were of our kindred and acquaintance. General Gage was inclined more to mercy and to liberality toward the Yankees than their own countrymen. Beleaguered as he was with our army, the governor no doubt feared an attack from within the town also, and was the more anxious to be rid, on any terms, of the Whigs ; thus it was the Tories only who made the conditions hard at the last. On Sunday, the third day from the battle of Lexington, the selectmen of Boston and the governor came to an agreement, after much argument. The inhabitants of the distressed town were to store their arms at Faneuil Hall, under the charge of the selectmen, and all such persons desiring to leave, might do so, having only to comply with the regulations and obtain a passport. The patriots were, at first, allowed to take all their effects, though at the last this was denied or only partly permitted, but at no time were any arms or ammunition allowed to pass, nor could any one go out of Boston save between sunrise and sunset. So great was the trepidation, so general the devotion to our cause, that thousands applied at once for passes, and the roads from the town were thronged with fugitives and their household goods and stores. It was this general flight which in the end alarmed the Tories

and the British, causing that breach of faith which cast such odium upon the latter. At the first the agreement was executed in full, and the Congress of Massachusetts Bay responded with a like measure in favor of the Tories scattered in the province. Officers were stationed at Mr. Greaton's house at Roxbury, and at the Sign of the Sun on Charlestown Neck to furnish permits to Tories passing through our lines to Boston.

Having been commissioned a lieutenant in the Essex regiment, I was one of those chosen to dispense the passes and examine all persons asking for them; my station being at the Sign of the Sun. Ephraim was in almost constant attendance upon me, more I think from habit than any recognition of my military authority, for he had no conception of the obedience and respect due to his superiors; obeying rather from inclination and when he saw the necessity for it than because it was a matter of discipline. That old green coat and the old black beaver upon the back of his red head were characteristic of his indifference, yet he had a natural genius for military matters, and was a man of intrepid courage, deliberate and cool. The appearance of our army was happily no indication of its worth; a strange aspect we presented, and it was not marvellous that the Ministerial troops looked upon us as the rabble of the peasantry. Men came fresh from the plow or from the helm of their fishing-smacks, and carried old fowling-pieces, scythes, pitchforks, any weapon that was at hand. Yet there were veterans of the French wars; many a hero wore a coat as old and faded as Ephraim's, serving as a butt for the jokes of the regulars, until they learned, by bitter experience, to respect the determination of these simple patriots. It was the cause of the people; the people came to do battle for it, and in this was its

only strength. At this time reinforcements came rapidly, and with them great confusion ; each colony sent officers, and it was difficult to find either head or heart to the great body, and there were endless disputes and quarrels. Much trouble ensued, too, in provisioning the troops ; Mr. Commissary Pigeon had charge of the supplies for Massachusetts Bay and New Hampshire, but there was confusion in regard to the other colonies. It was a sad medley, but happily there was a common cause ; that alone held the strange army, or rabble—for it was scarcely more—together. General Ward was recognized as the commander-in-chief, and was obeyed with some courtesy, but the want of organization was destined to be our besetting sin and misfortune. We had already, by the first of May, begun to build fortifications, although we had no expectation that Mr. Gage would sally out of his stronghold. If he had done so, he would have met a stern reception ; the patriots were but too eager to avenge the men who died at Lexington.

Meanwhile the Tories moved into Boston with as great an eagerness as the Whigs quitted it, and we were busily employed giving out the passes and watching the parties going into the town and receiving those coming out. One bright day in May, I was, as usual, stationed at the Sign of the Sun, having been all the morning busily engaged in directing various matters under my charge. Toward noon there was a pause in the bustle, and I stood without the tavern watching a party of travellers whom we had just dispatched to the town. The air was balmy, and the waters of the Mystic rippled gently ; the golden dandelions turned bright faces upward from the sward, and in the fields was the white bloom of the elder-flowers. A day to touch the heart with joy, yet at that moment pick and spade were

working upon the fortifications, and, way off, the drum was beating the call to arms in all the colonies.

The midday hour had brought some idlers about the tavern door, simple rustics, summoned from the plow to bear the brunt of war ; goodly men to look upon, sinewy and tall, with sun-bronzed faces, and with the natural upright bearing of the soldier, yet with no token of their new employment. Clad in coats of many colors, some sound and whole, some already tattered, with weapons of every size and pattern, their eyes had that bright level glance that is at once cheerful and reassuring. In the midst of these, seated upon the doorstep of the tavern, was Ephraim, his green coat seeming more vivid with the spring tints for a background, and his old musket lying across his knees. His head rested against the wall, and his hat lay on the step beside him ; he was singing gayly a new patriot song, but lately published in the “ *Essex Gazette*. ” His voice was good, if a trifle thin and high, and the rustics listened with admiration and applause to the warlike strains, one or two among them joining in the closing lines of every verse, — a not unpleasing chorus. The full, hearty notes rang with an echo in the stillness of noon tide, and one by one the inmates of the house and the innkeeper came to the door and windows to listen.

While they sang, I looked beyond them, down the road toward Penny Ferry, and saw, slowly approaching, two carriages, each drawn by four stout horses, and behind them a country wain ; all three being well laden with boxes and other gear, showing that some household was broken up, and a part of its effects coming to town. I stood and waited, knowing that here were Tories, and that my services would soon be needed. Sang Ephraim, —

“‘ Our Charter-Rights we claim,
 Granted in ancient times,
 Since our Forefathers came
 First to these western climes :
 Nor will their sons degenerate,
 They freedom love — oppression hate :

“‘ If Gage should strike the blow,
 We must for Freedom fight,
 Undaunted courage show,
 While we defend our right ;
 In spite of the oppressive band
 Maintain the freedom of the Land.’’¹

As the last note of Minot’s song fell on our ears, the foremost of the vehicles that I had seen approaching drew up before the Sign of the Sun. I had recognized the liveries at the first glance, and was therefore not surprised when Sir Anthony’s flushed face appeared at the window. But he had no eyes for me ; having had the benefit of Ephraim’s music, he shook his cane at him.

“ Maintain fiddlestick ! ” shouted this irrepressible old Tory, “ it is such vagabonds as you who plunge the country into rabble rule. Go back to your plow, fellow, you are not fit to face a drummer-boy in the king’s army.”

There was a murmur of surprise and anger from the group at the tavern door, but Ephraim was unruffled, merely gazing calmly at his adversary.

“ Nay,” he said mildly, “ the redcoats are out of breath from running ; they can’t fight us yet.”

The bystanders encouraged this sally, and Sir Anthony fumed, while Lady Talbot, who sat with him, tried to soothe him. He was suffering with gout once more, and had his foot upon the seat before him ; it may be that the pain increased his wrath. His wife, a long-suffer-

¹ Essex Gazette, Oct. 25, 1774.

ing and gentle woman, laid a restraining hand upon his arm, but he was deaf to her entreaties.

“A swarm of pestilential peasants,” we heard him say to her; “do you think that I will let them insult me? Damn it, madam, no !”

Then he turned once more to the rustics.

“Ye are all fools or knaves,” he said with passion, “and are but sowing as ye shall reap ! What does this petty resistance accomplish against the majesty of the British government? You will be crushed like mud-wasps at the last ; and those who counsel this madness are the more wicked, since they know that they but lead you to destruction. Take heed, ere it be too late !”

This harangue was received with laughter, and Ephraim as before was spokesman.

“Ask Lord Percy how the mud-wasps sting,” he said with a drawl in his voice ; “it may be a better comparison than you thought it. I would not go to Boston, either,” he added thoughtfully, “if I were you, for it will presently be an unpleasant abiding-place, — too hot for comfort. Yet what say you, comrades? Perhaps it will be well for the Tories to get used to hot places. I mean nothing personal, old gentleman,” he added mildly ; “I was ever a forgiving disposition, from a child.”

“You are an insolent dog,” replied Sir Anthony, staring at him in impotent fury.

It was then that I interfered ; at their arrival I had at once busied myself in making out their passports, knowing that there would soon be a collision, since Sir Anthony could never hold his tongue. I proceeded now with my associate, also an officer, to give the party passes, and inspect their goods and chattels. At the

sight of me, my old friend broke out once more with furious reproaches, which I heeded not, pretending that I did not know that he addressed me. I spared him, not only for his own sake, but because I saw the pained and frightened face of Lady Talbot. I knew, too, that there were other ears to listen to my words, and so commanded my temper. From the first, I had been aware that Joyce sat in the second carriage with her woman, and only my pride kept me from approaching it and forbade a glance in that direction, but I felt her eyes upon me, and knew that she saw me armed and commissioned in the cause that she despised. Yet when it fell out to be my portion to examine the vehicles in turn, that we might know who passed into the town upon our permits, I went gravely to discharge my duty. Coming to the carriage door, she and I looked each other in the face once more. How defiant, too, was the glance she gave me! She sat there, erect and proud, her white kerchief folded on her bosom, and her frock of the soft tint of a dove's wing; a pink rose nestled under the brim of her bonnet, and the broad pink ribbons were tied into a bow beneath her little chin. Her cheeks were flushed with anger, as I thought, and her lips were firmly closed. I greeted her with formal courtesy, she responding with as grand an air as any queen. Standing so before her, with her scornful glance upon me, I blushed and stammered like a foolish boy.

"I trust that you are well, Miss Talbot," I said, because all other words failed me at the moment.

"Nay," she replied, "it makes me ill to see an old friend and playfellow in so evil a business."

At this, my pride took fire. "I but do my duty," I exclaimed, "and it is my sorrow that we are no longer of one mind."

“‘We !’” she cried haughtily. “You mistake, sir, the limit of old acquaintance. Once, indeed, you and I thought alike, but now — ” She paused and I saw her lips quiver, and my heart relented. “Now,” she went on, “we may be friends no longer, since you choose so evil, so wicked a cause, against your king and mine.”

“Against his ministers,” I interrupted eagerly ; “the king is sacred yet, but we will no longer bear the oppression of his ministers. Believe me, Joyce, you are misinformed ; we are true subjects of the crown, but freemen will not abide such laws as they have made ; we could not, and be worthy of our blood. The king must hear our righteous cause.”

“And is it thus,” she said, pointing to my sword, “that you would speak to him ?”

“We must even defend our chartered liberties with our blood,” I replied warmly ; “but we are loyal men.”

“Nay, sir,” she said coldly, “you are a rebel, and no less !”

I drew back sharply ; this was too much, and I saluted her gravely and turned away. Sir Anthony was still storming, and my fellow officer hastened to despatch them, to be rid of the old Tory’s furious tongue. I had discharged my duty, and let them start upon their way, speaking no more to my sweetheart, trying indeed to look another way ; yet as the carriage passed before the tavern door, she turned her head and our eyes met again. Then it was that I saw that hers were dim with tears, and she made a sudden faint-hearted gesture, as though she waved her hand in token of farewell.

I stood there with a bitter heart ; verily she had her revenge, since I found little happiness in the state of being a rebel, as it pleased her to call me.

CHAPTER XV.

MY RIVAL.

A SEASON of suspense ensued after Lexington; both sides anticipated an attack, yet was neither strong enough to take the initiative. Our army was soon greatly decimated; the minute-men, who came at first so readily, were not regularly enlisted, and expected to serve but a few weeks and then return to their own firesides. Under these conditions the force at Roxbury became so small that General Thomas marched his seven hundred men around and around the hill in sight of Boston, to deceive the enemy with a show of strength, and we resorted to many like expedients. Yet, surrounded as he was with so weak a foe, Mr. Gage remained in his stronghold, stirring not a finger, when one good blow would have told so bitterly against us. Verily, Providence was with us, and thus the young country prevailed against its enemies, although those years of blood and trial were as the journey through the Wilderness. Great was the contrast between the two armies. The patriots lay outside of Boston, poorly armed and for the most part poorly clad; watching with eternal vigilance to defend their homes from the cruel depredations of the Ministerial troops. So few and scattered were the commanders that some of them scarcely slept, and when they snatched a moment, rested on their arms. For my own part, many days and nights I could not shift

my clothes or sleep, but went my rounds at all hours, and had eight or nine miles to traverse each time, suffering much from weariness of body and sadness of heart, since all my thoughts were in Boston, where there was much gayety and indifference. The Ministerial army, being well and warmly housed, and likely to be soon reinforced by such numbers as would make them in their own eyes invincible, were light of heart, and Mr. Gage set the example by entertainments at Province House. Masks and dances were of constant occurrence, and the British began to insult the more quiet of the inhabitants by open disregard of their sober and religious customs; there was much license among the officers, many of whom were notorious for loose living, gamblers and drunkards, which was an offence to the Puritan spirit of the people, though the worst was yet to come with General Burgoyne, who turned the Old South Meeting-house into a riding-school and carried his mistress with him upon that campaign which ended in the surrender of his army to Gates. Before Burgoyne and Mr. Howe arrived, with General Clinton, some hot skirmishes took place, with no great loss on either side, and favorable to the Americans, which gave us sorely needed encouragement, but there was no serious engagement. Our small victories, however, gave us a number of British captives, and an exchange of prisoners was arranged, which took place on the sixth of June at Charlestown. There it was that I met Dick Talbot again, on different terms from those of our last interview. Now we were openly arrayed on opposite sides, and he, I think, was half ashamed of his boyish violence, and met me with a better grace, although he found opportunity enough to torment me to his satisfaction — But I must even tell the story as it happened.

It was noon when the Americans set out for Charlestown with some show of military force. Dr. Warren and General Putnam drove in a phaeton, while several other officers rode on horseback, and I was with these, being then detailed for special duties under Putnam. We were escorted by the Wethersfield regiment, and marching slowly through Charlestown halted at the ferry about one o'clock. The militia presented an unusually fine appearance, and acted with discipline and precision, so that we had no cause to be ashamed of our organization. The man-of-war, the *Lively*, lay in the ferry ways, and at a given signal her boat was lowered, coming off with Major Moncrief and a party of royal officers, among whom I recognized both Dick Talbot and Mr. Beresford. Their uniforms were of the freshest scarlet, and the sunlight sparkled on gold braid and burnished sword-hilts, while their heads were powdered, and their whole appearance and bearing that of dandies rather than rugged soldiers. It was said that General Burgoyne was severe in his requirements, and that no private in his army could neglect his personal equipment; that he made non-commissioned officers and soldiers crop their hair alike upon their foreheads. We Yankees, who were so poor in clothing and in arms, looked with contempt upon these regulations, which seemed rather for the court than for the camp. The provincial officers, upon that day, were plainly garbed, with no insignia of rank, so the contrast was the sharper between the two parties. Major Moncrief and General Putnam were old friends, and their greeting was so affectionate and cordial that it shamed the others from any coldness; and as I met Dick without sign of offence, he was constrained to return my greeting with courtesy. His handsome boyish face was flushed with embarrassment, but

I forgave him all his faults for the sake of the likeness that he bore to Joyce, and knowing, too, that he had but inherited his birthright in the fiery, overbearing temper of the Talbots. That which most offended me was the evident intimacy and affection which he bestowed upon Beresford, and I took this opportunity to measure my rival. That he was a man likely to find favor in a woman's eyes, I could not deny; he was made for a soldier, and bore himself with grace and a conscious air of his own merits. He was handsome, too, with the clear white skin of the English; his eyes were blue, while mine were brown; my hair also was a bright shade of brown or chestnut, while his was flaxen as a child's where a lock escaped the powdering; and he wore his uniform with a jaunty air. He was a trifle taller than I, and more easy, for I was slow and deliberate both in movement and in speech, and often left that which was nearest my heart unspoken because of my hesitation. He was the man to win the graces of the other sex, and I had heard it rumored that he was but too often a successful suitor; that he danced well, sang well, and wrote verses, an accomplishment then much esteemed by the young gallants. I found little comfort therefore in the observation of my rival, and it ruffled my temper to see him walk away with his arm linked in Dick's, affectionately intimate.

The whole party adjourned to the house of Dr. Foster, a Whig, where an entertainment had been provided for the royalists, and we ate and drank together with much amiability and with no suspicion of ill-feeling. The cordiality of the two parties was not even ruffled by the formalities of the exchange of prisoners which presently ensued; it was difficult to realize that these men were likely soon to meet, sword in hand, on the field of

battle. It is such scenes as these that are perplexing to the raw recruit who cannot comprehend the courtesies of civilized warfare. Our royalist prisoners, too, acknowledged warmly the good treatment that they had received, and some of those who were wounded and had been kindly nursed even shed tears of gratitude; but I observed that the patriots whom the British surrendered in return had no such acknowledgments to make. Some of these were prisoners of war, taken at Lexington and elsewhere on that day, and others were Boston Whigs who had offended by too warm an affection for their country's cause. The formalities of the exchange and the entertainment detained us several hours, so that it was nearly six o'clock in the evening when we proceeded once more to the ferry where the barge from the *Lively* was waiting for the royalists. In the ferry-ways lay the grim vessels, the *Somerset* and the *Lively*, and the batteries across the channel bristled with cannon, while behind us, in Charlestown and beyond, were our lines, with pickets posted at every outlet of the town. The "piping time of peace" was no more, and now the bugle sounded in the stillness, its shrill notes waking an echo across the waters.

It was when we stood beside the barge of the *Lively*, where our superior officers parted with good will and kindness, that I forced my reluctant tongue to obey me and ask Dick if Joyce was well and happy. Beresford had already left us, and stood waiting at the boat, and at my question I saw a flash of malicious enjoyment in young Talbot's eyes and half regretted my inquiry.

"Ay," he said, smiling, "my sister is both well and happy, as she should be, in the midst of loyal people and protected by the royal troops. Marblehead had become a nest of pirates and was no place for them, especially

my father, since he cannot endure with patience this new heresy."

"Happily I have learned to bear with toleration the abuse of our cause," I replied dryly, "or you and I might once more quarrel over words. I fear me, however, that the good town yonder may presently be no very comfortable abiding-place, but let your mother and your sister bear in mind that they have an old acquaintance across the ferry, and shall lack no friendship."

His lip curled scornfully, and he treated my reply with the disdain that the royalist felt for our rustic array.

"I trust that the king's soldiers may be clever enough to vanquish pitchforks, friend Allen," he retorted, laughing lightly. "Your rustics cannot always find a stone wall to fight behind, and I do not anticipate any great battle when his Majesty's forces are in motion. The capture of a horse or a cow elates you too much."

"Nay," I said calmly, "we are content to bide our time with patience; a righteous cause must at the last prevail."

"You were ever pious, Allen," Dick replied gayly, "but your long-faced Yankees know better how to pray than to fight. But fare ye well until we meet again."

Major Moncrief had parted with General Putnam, and we had but a moment left for speech.

"Remember me to your sister," I said quietly, looking Talbot gravely in the eye.

"I will bear your message," he rejoined with a defiant glance, "but Joyce has but little patience with you rebels. Yonder is my brother-in-law which is to be," he added, smiling, as he indicated Beresford, who was already in the barge.

“This is news to me,” I said haughtily, “since Miss Talbot herself denied the rumor to me.”

“Nevertheless, you will presently see that it is true,” he answered sharply, and left me with a gesture of farewell, having to leap into the boat, which was already putting off.

Now, it was true that I did not believe in Dick’s assertion, being assured that he but made it to torment and defy me; yet when I saw the barge departing with those two, Beresford and her brother, side by side in the stern, it cost me a sharp pang of jealousy and pain. Might it not well be as he said? What hope had I, a rebel in her eyes, ay, a traitor, to win her? I set my teeth, and turned my back upon the town that held her, and swore that I would forget her and the love I bore her — but, as you know, I did not keep my oath.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MIDNIGHT VIGIL.

IT was but a few days after the exchange of prisoners that Mr. Gage issued a proclamation insulting and arrogant in tone. It declared martial law, after formally citing the rebellious conduct of the multitudes and offering pardon only to those "rebels and traitors" who at once laid down their arms. Samuel Adams and John Hancock were excepted, because their offences, so ran the proclamation, were of "too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." The colonists bitterly resented this attack upon their most trusted leaders, and the governor's conduct served to kindle the flames of war.

The country was deeply agitated, and the cause of the Massachusetts Bay was awakening the sympathy of all her sister colonies. The Congress at Philadelphia, two days after Mr. Gage's proclamation, formally adopted our army, calling it the Continental Army. On that day, too, Colonel George Washington was unanimously elected commander-in-chief of the colonial forces. His nomination caused some surprise amongst us; for we had felt confident that a New England man would be chosen, since all the trouble centered now in Massachusetts. Some had looked to General Ward, and it was even rumored that Mr. Hancock expected the appointment, but all who knew the high character of Mr. Washington were well content with the choice. My

father and many others had desired it, and we who were at the camp longed greatly for the presence of a commander who would reconcile all differences and direct the entire army. The colonies were unhappily inclined to act with too great an independence of each other, and our only harmony was our common cause against a common foe.

By the middle of June there were many contradictory rumors of the enemy's designs, but one thing seemed certain ; they purposed to seize and occupy both Charlestown Heights and Dorchester Heights, and it was apparent that we must take measures to defeat this effort, since to permit them to occupy such commanding positions would mean certain disaster to our forces. My father's prominence assured me a place in the confidence of the commanders, and I was sometimes present at their councils, though my military rank did not entitle me to a consideration. My name won me admittance, and thus I was not as ignorant of the designs of our officers as were others, and I understood the meaning of the orders when they came. Hitherto we had made but small attempts at fortification, although breastworks had been thrown up in Cambridge, where our main body lay, and another breastwork near Prospect Hill, but we were poorly supplied with artillery. The troops of Massachusetts Bay were at Cambridge and Roxbury, and I was with those at the former place. We were quartered in the buildings of Harvard College, in the church, and in tents. The greater part of the Connecticut troops were at Inman's Farm, but a part of Little's regiment was at the tavern at Menotomy. We had also a strong detachment at Lechmere's Point ; troops lay too at Chelsea, Medford, and Charlestown Neck. But we were raw recruits at best, while Mr. Gage had already

received strong reinforcements of veterans and tried officers to pit against us.

On the sixteenth of June an order was issued which surprised and confused many. The regiments of Frye, Bridge, and Prescott were commanded to parade with their intrenchment tools at six o'clock in the evening. No explanation was vouchsafed, and but a few divined the purpose of the call. It was with much curiosity and some perplexity that the men assembled at the appointed hour. The full number did not respond, and the troops of the Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut mustered scarcely twelve hundred strong. They were directed to bring provisions for twenty-four hours, — an order which was not strictly obeyed, — and the neglect, due more to inexperience than wilful disobedience, caused much suffering. We marched out in good order, and paraded on the Common before General Ward's house at Cambridge. It was a little before sunset, and the great elms cast long shadows on the ground, and the low notes of the robin and the thrush thrilled sweetly from the hedgerows and the orchards.

We had been, doubtless, too much elated with our successes on the day of Lexington and at Noddle's Island, and there was talk of driving the redcoats out of Boston, so that we, who were called together on the Common, were full of hope and anticipation of future success. Men who had never been upon the field of battle knew not yet its terrors, and those who were to be least gallant in action were bravest in their talk.

We were detained some time at Cambridge, and finally President Langdon of Harvard College offered a fervent prayer, invoking the blessing of Heaven upon our enterprise, before we set out on our march. It was about nine o'clock when more than a thousand resolute men

turned their faces toward Charlestown Neck. There was no moon, and in the darkness our numbers seemed the greater; only the lights shone from the windows of General Ward's house, the rays slanting obliquely to the ground and making small spots of illumination in the night. We were enjoined to maintain strict silence, and there was no sound but the tramp of the slow-moving companies falling in line, and the creak of the wagons that followed, carrying the tools. As we set forth, two sergeants preceded us with dark lanterns; then came the tall erect form of Colonel Prescott, who commanded the detachment. He was a veteran of the French wars, and, possessing one of the rare uniforms in the camp, he wore it upon this occasion. It was blue, the coat single-breasted with facings, and he had also a three-cornered hat and a top wig. This outfit and his fine presence made him a notable figure, and he was soon to show us of what stuff he was made.

Silently we marched, and the lights of Cambridge faded behind us as we passed on upon the road to Charlestown. At the Neck we halted, for here the orders were to be communicated to the men and we stood waiting; the waters of the Charles on one side and the Mystic on the other, black and quiet. Here Major Brooks and General Putnam came up, and the object of the expedition was disclosed to all, being received with enthusiasm. We were to occupy and intrench Bunker Hill, a height which overlooked the town of Boston and which the British had threatened to seize. Captain Nutting was now despatched to the lower end of Charlestown to act as a guard, while the rest of the detachment proceeded with all speed and caution to Bunker Hill. Here there was a consultation of officers and some dispute. The orders were to fortify this hill,

but we inclined to, and finally decided upon, the height nearer Boston, called then Charlestown or Green's Hill, but since, by common consent, named, after Breed's Pasture, Breed's Hill; there we took up our position, intending also to fortify Bunker Hill to cover a retreat. There was no further delay; as soon as we reached the eminence our packs were thrown aside, the guns stacked, and privates and officers labored side by side upon the fortifications. Colonel Gridley, the engineer, mapped out the plan, and by twelve o'clock all hands were at work save those who were despatched for sentry duty, which portion fell to my lot. Colonel Prescott sent Captain Maxwell and a party to patrol the shore by the old ferry and watch the enemy, so close at hand, both upon land and water. A chain of sentinels lined the opposite shore at Boston, and the ships of war lay around the peninsula of Charlestown. The Falcon was at Moulton's Point, the Lively across the water by the shipyard; the Somerset at the ferry, and the others close by; and there were also floating batteries. It seemed scarcely possible that we could escape their vigilance, and great precaution was the more necessary.

Captain Maxwell's party, to which I belonged, proceeded quietly down the hill toward the ferry-ways. The warm darkness sheltered us, and we made no sound upon the turf, but we could hear the thud of pick and spade behind us, and to our anxious ears the sounds seemed tremendous. Above, the dark sky was gemmed with stars, and before us the black waters of the channel flowed serenely calm. I remember that the wild roses and the barberries were blooming on the hillside, and the long grass was heavy with moisture beneath our feet. Across the ferry the lights of Boston twinkled, and lights shone, too, upon the shipping, warning us where lay the men-of-war. On

our right glimmered here and there a faint-hearted light in the doomed village of Charlestown, now almost depopulated because of the dread of the guns of the Ministerial army, and soon to receive so dreadful a visitation. When we reached the shore, we paused to listen, and heard, with a thrill of thankfulness, the sentry's drowsy cry, "All 's well!" It came floating across the tide from the Boston shore, and from the ships sounded the same low response, "All 's well!" How strangely doth fate infatuate its victims! Here were repose and indifference, while a sleepless foe labored upon the height to bring destruction. Thus is it but too often, when death waits for us beside the threshold and our unwary feet stumble at the door.

We dared not hazard speech with one another, and in silence patrolled the shore through the long watches of the night. A silence of man, but not of nature; many a soft sound thrilled in the darkness; the gentle sigh of the waves rippling on the beach, the murmur of insect life upon the hillside, the low cry of a startled waterfowl from the marshes, the distant baying of some watchful hound. Far out upon the bay, night had stretched its sable wings, while overhead watched the midnight stars. And again the sentinels answered, "All 's well!"

Strange and sad were my reflections, although my blood stirred at the thought of the approaching conflict, of this action that would seal the fate of the colony. There had been some hesitation, on the part of our sister colonies, to adopt our open measures, but another day would doubtless establish a state of war in Massachusetts Bay, and there would be no longer any half-way measures. It was a bold, a desperate step then to us; we must win our cause or perish. To be taken by the enemy meant not a soldier's fate, — traitors they called us, and all such

would surely hang ; and the thought of so shameful a death sent the cold blood to many a brave heart. Yet withal, my mind dwelt less on these things than on the quiet town of Boston, since there was one who held my heart. Ay, the thought of her was with me all the night. How fared she? Had she danced a few hours since at the ball at Province House? It might be, and with Beresford, while her rebel lover trod the farther shore, watching the sentinels that guarded her, watching that his comrades might erect their fortifications to threaten the town. "Nay, sir," were her last words to me, "you are a rebel and no less!" Doubtless she would so call me when the morning light revealed the bristling height.

Meanwhile the intrenchments grew apace. Near day-break Colonel Prescott came down to the river, and finding the enemy quiet, recalled us to the height. The earthworks were now raised six feet or so, and the work was still going on. The soldiers were weary with their endeavors, and we all aided with pick and spade ; rank being little considered among these volunteers. So diligent were we that the fortifications were in fair condition when the white dawn came, in a keen line, between sky and sea. Then, with a sullen roar, the thunder of artillery began. The watch upon the Lively had discerned our intrenchments with the first daylight, and immediately the good ship slipped her moorings, opening fire upon the height, and cannon-balls tore the ground about us. This firing presently ceased, but only to be renewed by a cannonade from Copp's Hill and from all the men-of-war, the latter moving into position to rake the hill and its approaches. Happily, our works in a great measure protected us, else would our raw recruits have faltered under so new and fearful an on-

slaught ; it was, as General Putnam had said, that if our legs were sheltered, we would fight, since the American thought not of his head, in action, but greatly of his legs. When one poor fellow was killed, some left the intrenchments and returned no more, and great horror was expressed at his sudden burial. General Prescott, seeing how his lifeless body dispirited the men, had ordered an immediate interment, and the good people, accustomed to solemn funerals, were profoundly disturbed, the chaplain saying a hasty prayer in spite of our commander's impatience. For a brief space the courage of the militia was so shaken that Prescott leaped upon the parapet and walked there, regardless of the flying balls, and his intrepidity aroused their drooping spirits so that they began to be less fearful, and presently were again composed. Their resolution, too, was quickened by the delay of the enemy, who came not to attack us until noon ; but the heat was oppressive and the men were weary, and having neglected to bring sufficient provisions suffered much, and it was long before Colonel Prescott would consent to send for reinforcements. Those who had labored through the night should have the glory of the victory, he said ; but the men were spent, and in but poor condition to endure the battle ; our ammunition, too, needed to be increased.

A little before noon, the enemy began to stir in Boston ; dragoons galloped through the streets and artillery carriages were in motion. We watched, with eager and anxious interest, many a stout heart quivering at the anticipation of a first battle, while our ears were deafened by the roar of cannon, as the ships moved into position to protect the landing on the peninsula. We saw the splendid array of military trap-

pings as the Ministerial army marched down to the Long Wharf and North Battery, where the embarkation took place, and under cover of their guns the barges moved toward Charlestown. The scarlet uniforms, like a blaze of fire, filled the boats, and the sun flashed back from burnished arms and polished cannon. Never advanced an army with greater pomp or more indifference to a rustic foe, and upon the hill our weary troops looked down and waited, with anxious hearts but an unwavering purpose to uphold the cause.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONFLICT.

THE Ministerial army landed without opposition at Moulton's Point, but there halted as if to survey our works. Already, wrought to a state of intense excitement, we looked down upon their glittering array with mingled feelings. A battle was inevitable, and how would these raw recruits endure the charge of troops that had served with conspicuous gallantry in Europe? I do confess that as I stood there, measuring our weakness and their strength, my heart was filled with forebodings. Defeat would probably mean the destruction of Cambridge, and would cripple our cause: our sister colonies, who were not yet committed to open hostilities, would fall away from the losing side, and the Massachusetts Bay would be left to bear the full force of the enemy's vengeance. Such being the case, it remained for us to fight with such desperate courage as to redeem the situation. Many murmured because no reinforcements came for a long while, and it appeared as if we had been deserted, left to our fate. Scarcely any provisions reached us, either, and the passage at the Neck was so enfiladed by the enemy's cannon that it seemed well nigh impossible to relieve the height. Happily, however, Dr. Warren, now called General Warren, since he had been so commissioned by Congress, and General Putnam came to us at this moment of suspense, and

brought tidings of reinforcements, which cheered the drooping spirits of the men.

I stood at the redoubt, looking down upon the regulars, who were eating their dinners in full view of the hungry Americans, and at my elbow was Ephraim Minot. His ardor was not overshadowed by the moment, and he constantly cheered and enlivened the men about him. He leaned upon the earthworks and gazed calmly upon the redcoats, a twinkle in his small light eyes.

“This is adding insult to injury, as General Gage would say,” he remarked in his drawling tone; “it is enough to pelt us with their balls without eating their dinner before us. Here am I, as good a man as any Britisher there, and I have but the memory of beans, and they’ve been sticking in my chest a fortnight.”

“We may be presently where it does n’t much matter,” responded a sober-faced rustic beside him.

“Nay,” said Ephraim, giving him a scornful glance, “it may make you happier to die with an empty stomach, but such is not my case. I’d like a sandwich to help me over the river.”

“We’ve very little powder,” began the lugubrious stranger.

“You don’t eat powder, do ye?” exclaimed Ephraim, sharply.

“We have n’t enough to fight them with,” the other went on, unheeding; “and see, there come more redcoats from the Long Wharf.”

He pointed, as he spoke, to the barges, once more loaded with troops, that were leaving Boston. Evidently Mr. Howe regarded our position as strong enough to demand a strong attacking party.

“More red devils,” remarked Ephraim, serenely; “the

gay uniforms will be shining marks for our muskets, and we are ordered to reserve our fire until we can pick them off."

"Or they pick us off," responded the melancholy minute-man, as he looked to his weapon.

"Cheer up, my lad," said Minot; and leaning on his musket he began to sing softly one of the new patriot ditties, and the men about us brightened at the sound of his voice. There, waiting for the enemy, he sang this song gayly to the end, —

"Hark ! 't is Freedom that calls, come, Patriots, awake !
To arms, my brave Boys, and away ;
'T is Honor, 't is Virtue, 't is Liberty calls,
And upbraids the too tedious Delay.
What Pleasure we find in pursuing our Foes,
Thro' Blood and thro' Carnage we 'll fly ;
Then follow, we 'll soon overtake them, Huzza !
The Tyrants are seized on, they die.

"Triumphant returning, with Freedom secured,
Like Men we 'll be joyful and gay, —
With our Wives and our Friends we will sport, love and
drink,
And lose the Fatigues of the Day.
'T is Freedom alone gives a Relish to Mirth,
But Oppression all Happiness sours ;
It will smooth Life's dull Passage, 't will slope the Descent,
And strew the Way over with Flowers." ¹

Before Ephraim had ceased singing, there was a more cheerful expression on many a grave face ; and we had need now to be encouraged, since the attack was imminent.

We were but poorly off for artillery, and had responded but feebly to the cannonade of our foes ; later,

¹ From the "New England Chronicle," May 18, 1775.

one officer of our artillery company deserted his post at the hour of danger, for which he was afterwards cashiered. Poorly armed, with a short supply of powder, and scarcely a handful of bayonets amongst us; exhausted by the fatigues of our long vigil; hungry and overcome with the burning heat of the midday sun, we waited to receive an enemy, fresh, disciplined, and fully equipped, whose cannon swept the little peninsula with shot and shell. Surely, the Lord of Hosts fought with the young colonies, else would we never have prevailed ! But as David's sling of stones prevailed against Goliath, because his cause was a just cause, so did our weakness overcome the might of the oppressor. Thus will it be ever; the power of an unrighteous enemy will fall at last before the truth. Our defeat upon that day was but the beginning of our victory.

A fearful and deafening discharge of artillery covered the advance of the enemy. They had formed in two divisions; the right wing moving upon the fence at the foot of Bunker Hill, where Colonel Prescott had stationed troops to prevent them from turning our flank. The left wing advanced to storm the redoubt, where we waited in breathless suspense. A splendid spectacle was that noble array; brave men they were, and resolutely, gayly they marched. The long lines of bayonets flashed in the sunlight, and their scarlet coats were gay as for a festival. Before them, with intrepid gallantry, came on their officers, waving their bright blades aloft to encourage their men. Alas ! how many fell, marks for the keen riflemen above them ! "Wait until you see the whites of their eyes," was our order; and when a few soldiers disobeyed and fired as the enemy advanced, we who were in command, following Colonel Prescott's example, sprang upon the para-

pet and kicked their guns aside. Not a grain of powder could be wasted at an hour such as this. The redcoats fired upon us as they came ; but their aim was untrue, and not a man fell. In that fearful moment, looking down upon them, I saw the boyish face of Richard Talbot, and my heart sank within me. He was charging at the head of his company, his graceful figure a conspicuous mark, and his whole bearing gallant and right noble. I touched the arm of Ephraim, who was waiting with his finger on the trigger.

“ You see him,” I said huskily, pointing out the boy ; and Minot nodded gravely. “ Spare the lad if you can,” I added sadly, “ save him, if you can.”

“ I would not harm him,” Ephraim answered soberly ; “ he has a soldier’s heart, but there is a slim chance for a redcoat this day.”

“ I know it ! ” I exclaimed ; “ but the poor lad — the brave lad — it will break her heart if he falls,” I went on to myself, and for the time forgot to feel a tremor at this my first battle, though the shot rained like hail.

Then came the fearful moment when we fired. Each man was a marksman, and every ball sped on a deadly errand ; the royalists fell on all sides, but they were veterans, and our fire was returned. A second volley strewed the ground before us with the dead and dying, the cries of the wounded rending the air. Eagerly I watched, and yet that gallant young figure was erect ; and now, too, a retreat was ordered by their commander, General Pigot. A wild shout of exultation burst from the Americans ; our hearts thrilled madly at this first victory, it seemed as if the day were ours. Yet even at this auspicious moment, when their right wing also had fallen back before the patriots at the foot of the hill, Charlestown was set on fire, both from the shells and by

the enemy's marines, and the doomed village burst forth in flames, the black smoke rising like a tempest cloud against the peerless blue of the June skies. The fire rushed along the streets and leaped upon the roofs and spires, adding yet another horror to that tremendous scene. And now the redcoats rallied and returned to the charge, although they walked over the bodies of their fallen comrades, — trod on them as they would upon logs, thus does war harden the hearts of men. This second attack was directed upon the party at the fence, and right gallantly were our enemies repulsed. It was a wild scene ; the flames from Charlestown darting in the air, while the black smoke rolled away, revealing the glittering ranks of the enemy. Splendid was their charge, and the figure of General Howe was conspicuous in their midst, urging them to yet greater efforts ; but the merciless fire of the Americans covered the ground with the dead and dying. We upon the heights waited and watched ; the roar of artillery and the shouts of the combatants deafened our ears. Gallantly, desperately the royalists rallied and charged, and our men suffered too from the terrible rain of shot. At last the British wavered, broke, fell back, and the wild cheers of victory burst from the Yankees. Our hearts beat high with hope ; the regulars were not invincible. There was yet the possibility of victory, but unhappily our powder was well nigh exhausted. In the interval before the final attack Colonel Prescott went the rounds among the men with praise for their good conduct. Poor fellows, exhausted with labor and hard fighting, they merited and needed encouragement. We who knew how low was the supply of powder, looked with anxious eyes upon the enemy ; we were even forced to use cannon cartridges to load our muskets, and one company of artillery

had deserted, so that General Putnam himself served the guns and begged for help to drag the cannon into position. Thus, exhausted and poorly armed, we waited and saw the British rallying for a final assault. They had now brought their guns to bear upon the breast-works, and the hot fire drove us into the redoubt. They made but a demonstration at the rail fence ; their object was to storm the redoubt, and we knew that our hour had come. Gallantly they advanced, though our bullets had so fearfully depleted their ranks. Our fire was re-served until the last, yet it slackened but too soon, from lack of ammunition, and divining our situation they rushed to the charge, their bayonets flashing in our eyes. On three sides the bullets rained a leaden tempest, and the deep roar of the artillery shook the ground beneath us, while the shrieks of the wounded rent our hearts. Wildly, splendidly, the redcoats charged with the bayonet ; the first man, a gallant youth, who leaped upon the redoubt was killed by one of our bullets, but they came on, unheeding, like a mighty torrent, and we who stood to cover the retreat that Colonel Prescott ordered, fought them hand to hand. Thank Heaven that such a scene as that is rare ; so hot a fire, they said, was not at Minden. Three brave men fell beside me, and a bullet pierced my coat ; my ammunition was exhausted, but I fought with the butt end of my musket, while Ephraim, who still kept near me, sprang upon a redcoat, wrenched his weapon from his hand, and slew him with his own bullet. Even at that fearful moment I looked for Dick Talbot, but saw him not, and at last gave way, retreating with Colonel Prescott, who was almost the last to leave the redoubt. A scene of awful carnage, the dead and dying lying thick about us, and I fell, stumbling upon a body, for the ground was slippery with blood.

Without Ephraim I should have been slain, for as I rose a royalist sprang at me with his bayonet, and in a moment would have despatched me but for my faithful follower's strong arm. Minot struck him from behind and felled him, and helping me to my feet, fought beside me until we reached the main body. We heard the triumphant cheers of the British as they took possession of the redoubt, but it had cost them dear. The gallant force of patriots at the rail fence stood their ground, nobly covering our departure. We were now in full retreat, but at the brow of Bunker Hill brave General Putnam rode along the lines, striving in vain to rally the troops to make one desperate stand. Here it was that I aided in drawing off the one fieldpiece that was saved, and here a few of us stood with Putnam and the gallant Pomeroy, until the bayonets of the enemy were upon us; but at last we were compelled to retire, crossing the Neck under the fire of the British ships, but one of our cannon being left to cover our retreat.

Shattered and worn, with smoke and flame in the rear, and the fire of shot and shell raining upon them, the Americans crossed over, and that dreadful day was lost,—lost and won. We who bore the heat and travail received rather blame than praise, yet on that day the United Provinces were, in spirit, victorious and England's sovereignty was no more. But the colony was thrown into mourning by the death of the gallant Warren, who fell upon the height, and whose loss could not be repaired. He was a brave and loyal gentleman, and had cheerfully given his life for his country, and his memory is yet sacred in the hearts of those who knew him and esteemed his pure and noble character.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONTINENTAL CAMP.

NIGHT came upon the scene of that fierce battle, but it was scarcely less full of terror than the day. The sky was fearfully illumined with the fires of Charlestown, burning yet; the keen flames cutting the darkness like fiery knives, and the dense cloud of smoke obscuring even the stars overhead. The conflagration lighted the waters of the Charles and of the Mystic, on either hand, revealing the town and the field of battle, strewn with dead and dying. Away from this deadly brightness, the country behind Boston lay by contrast in the thick night, no gleam of light revealing the patriot army. The thundering roar of the British guns shook the air, the cannonade continuing even until the afternoon of the next day, which was the Sabbath, and Mr. Howe and his troops rested upon their arms on Bunker Hill. Our soldiers lay not far distant; the New Hampshire troops camping that night on Winter Hill, while General Putnam halted a detachment upon Prospect Hill, called more often Mount Pisgah; it was a strong position, and both these hills were fortified and held by our army.

There was deep disappointment in our camp at the loss of the battle, and General Ward expected no less than that the Ministerial army would march on Cambridge to destroy our entire force and seize the magazine. On Sunday the Committee of Safety sent out circulars

summoning the militia on every side to strengthen our arms. It was long before we learned that a like trepidation prevailed in Boston, where the British expected an assault, ay, thought that we should lay the town in ashes to avenge our loss. Thus each party feared the other, and so both were spared to recover from their losses. We were not the only sufferers, though bitter was the resentment at the burning of Charlestown, but the streets of Boston were filled with the procession bringing in their dead, the flower of their army having been sacrificed. On the very night of the battle they began to fortify Bunker Hill and strengthen their defences, which betrayed, at least, the fact that they no longer scorned their enemies, rustics though we were ; it was not until a shower fell, on the afternoon of the Sabbath, that their artillery ceased its deafening roar. The black smoke, still rising from the ruins of Charlestown, told the story of the four hundred buildings lying in ashes. Much property had been lost in the fire ; many Bostonians had secreted goods there which perished, though some valuables escaped not only the fire but the pillage of the British, and were recovered in the end.

The battle was over, but the effects of it were but begun. War existed now between the colonies and the mother country, and half-way measures were forever at an end. Patriotism and sympathy fired every true American, and the colonists were more eager to embrace the cause of Massachusetts Bay. Yet our position was hazardous enough ; we had but a weak force to meet the power of the Ministry, and to lose was entire ruin, since in truth we were as men with halters about our necks. More than this, to fail would be to fasten the chains of slavery on our people ; once victorious, the

Ministry would crush opposition with an iron hand ; the colonies would not only fail to win their rights, but would lose such liberties as still remained to them. Therefore it was with desperation that we intrenched our army and waited for the issue of the conflict. Fortifications were strengthened at Cambridge and at Roxbury, the camp being constantly disturbed by rumors of a British sally, and our works were shelled after some of our Indians killed four of the regulars. It was the Indians of the Stockbridge tribe, enlisted with the minute-men, who constantly picked off the enemy's sentries, being skilled with their arrows, and the British were slow to learn their stealthy tricks of warfare. Late in June there was a skirmish at Boston Neck, the regulars coming out at daybreak to attack our outposts near the George Tavern, but after some sharp firing we drove them back to their own lines. Skirmishing continued at intervals, but the enemy sallied not in strength, lying in Boston, where we heard that they made light of their defeats and idled away the time in masks and balls, turning Faneuil Hall into a theater. We, on our side, gained in numbers but not in discipline, and waited now for the commander-in-chief, who was upon the way to the camp. On his journey from Philadelphia, he was everywhere received with state and ceremony, even at New York, although they welcomed also the royal governor,—so strange was the condition of public affairs. At Springfield Mr. Washington was met by the Committee of the Provincial Congress, and from there he came on to Cambridge, where already a great concourse of people had gathered to witness so unusual a spectacle as the parade of our forces to receive him.

It was the third of July when his Excellency took formal command. I remember looking with anxious

eyes at our lines and feeling sharply disappointed at their poor appearance. The men themselves were hardy, muscular fellows, and for the most part bore themselves right gallantly, but the lack of military organization and discipline was visible enough. There was little hope that the array would make a favorable impression upon the new chief, and we, who felt the responsibility, were nervous and ill at ease. I know that I noticed, with some envy, the good order and soldierly appearance of the Rhode Island troops under Brigadier-General Nathaniel Greene ; he was an excellent commander, and it was his division that won the commendation of his Excellency. We were surrounded by crowds of country folk, chiefly women and children related to the militia-men, and the variegated colors of their frocks added a gay touch to the scene.

At last came a fine cavalcade of officers and citizens of high repute, escorting the commander-in-chief. They rode slowly along before our lines, receiving an ovation, for we were all eager to see and welcome a commander who was held in so great esteem. It was a dignified company, but it was not difficult to discover the imposing figure in the midst. Mr. Washington was, as I have said, a tall man and massively made, his countenance having a serene dignity ; his blue eyes lacked fire except on the rare occasions when his temper was roused, which last was, to say the truth, a whirlwind, as many of us learned to our cost. That day he was dressed with his usual care and taste ; his hair neatly powdered and tied back with black ribbons, his coat blue, with buff facings, and rich epaulettes upon his shoulders. His breeches and waistcoat were also buff, and on his hat, which was looped up in front, was a black cockade, which became the fashion with the officers. An outburst of cheers

greeted him as he rode forward alone and wheeling his horse beneath a great elm, which stood before our ranks, held his naked sword aloft and formally assumed command. His fine appearance appealed to every soldier's heart, and wild was the enthusiasm ; here was a commander whom we could receive with confidence and pride. With him that day was also General Charles Lee, the same whom I had seen at the coffee-house in Philadelphia, and who was reputed so great a soldier. He lacked the dignity and fine appearance of Washington, however, and suffered by the contrast.

After the ceremony was over, his Excellency proceeded at once to visit all the posts, and I was of the party detailed to act as his escort. With scrupulous care he made his rounds, examining our lines and those of the enemy, and doubtless his heart sank at the contrast between these new soldiers and that disciplined army. He drew rein on Mount Pisgah, and gazed long on the beautiful scene before him, beautiful despite the black ruins of Charlestown. Here the eye looked out upon Massachusetts Bay, the town of Boston, and the surrounding country. But half a mile distant were the pickets of the foe, while Bunker Hill was white with their tents, and their scarlet uniforms showed thick as drops of blood. Above our old redoubt floated the British standard, and their new intrenchments bristled with cannon, while on the other side, toward Roxbury, lay another strong force of regulars, and their men-of-war were stationed in the rivers. About our camp, too, were intrenchments ; orchards and fields were opened together, while horses and cattle grazed in the mowing lands and in the cornfields. Doubtless the task of moulding our raw forces into an army seemed stupendous, and I think that Washington bore a heavy heart that

day, but with zeal and unfaltering courage he took up the burden.

My father had come with him from Philadelphia, where he had been to the Congress, and we had a few days together even at that busy time, — a rare happiness to me, since we were tenderly attached to each other. He brought me tidings, too, of the proceedings at Philadelphia, and of the jealousy aroused in some quarters at the choice of a Virginian to command the forces. He told me, also, of the uneasiness felt at Colonel Guy Johnston's intrigues with the Six Nations, whom he was urging to take up the hatchet for the king. The patriots intended to make an attempt on Canada, and trouble with the Indians would enhance the difficulties of this enterprise. In the month of May one Ethan Allen, at the head of a small body of troops from Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the New Hampshire Grants, had surprised and seized the king's forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, securing many cannon. After this he and General Arnold urged the importance of an expedition into Canada ; they claimed now that the Canadians, being more French than English, were disaffected to the government, and that they and the Indians would welcome a patriot force. Thus the Revolution grew apace and gained in strength, and the cares of the commander-in-chief increased with each succeeding hour.

My father tarried not long with me ; duty called him to Watertown, where the Congress of Massachusetts Bay was sitting ; but during his brief stay he was much with General Washington, who respected his high worth. Being my father's son, I was commended to favor, and received ever kind and courteous treatment from his Excellency, being often of his personal escort when he went his tedious rounds. His zeal was untiring, and he

and General Lee labored night and day to bring these raw recruits to order and create an army. Sharp discipline was inaugurated, and an effort made to teach these rustics the distinction between a private and an officer, which they were very slow to learn, being born independent and many having the disposition of Ephraim, which defied all rules and regulations. The camp had been lax and full of irregularities, but now all offenders were tied up and given thirty lashes or more, and the nature of the place was greatly changed. There was much discontent at the new order of things, since his Excellency was a stern judge, sparing no one. It was a common sight to see a man in the stocks, and there were many public whippings. Some called him too severe to small offenders, but doubtless he felt that discipline must be maintained. At first, too, he made some errors because he did not understand the New England character and he was, by nature, domineering in temper, though a most courteous gentleman.

The work of intrenchment went on apace. Washington had seen at a glance the weakness of our extended lines, and labored to strengthen them at every point. His earnestness inspired the men to such exertions that our works soon reached the Mystic; gardens and orchards were gone, and the land blossomed with guns. Our camp was still a strange place, each man building his tent or hut to his own liking; and odd and various were the shapes and patterns of these little dwellings, sprung like toadstools over the peaceful meadows. There were tents of sail-cloth, huts of board, and some of stones and turf, and many were curiously wrought with wreaths and withes, their owners being skilled in woodcraft, with a natural love for the rustic scenes of their home. General Nathaniel Greene greatly

pleased his Excellency by the discipline of his troops and the neatness and order of their encampment, being modelled after the British; but for the greater part we were, I think, a sad disappointment to our leader, who looked, no doubt, for a larger and finer force. We mustered then only about fourteen thousand strong, and lay extended from Roxbury to the Mystic. There was a great stir made, however, when reinforcements came from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. Some of these were bush-fighters, and soon won our admiration as marksmen, being wondrous skilful with their weapons.

We were in sharp peril, too, because of our lack of ammunition; at one time we were almost without powder, and would have been at the mercy of the enemy, if attacked. There was also scarcity of provisions and illness in the camp; we had indeed to contend with all the evils of a large and poorly organized force of recruits who as yet knew not even the regulations that would preserve their own health in their exposed and unusual quarters.

Prisoners taken from our ranks and confined in Boston were suffering great indignities, being thrown into common jail as felons, despite the spirited remonstrance of General Washington. Mr. Gage treated our commander as a rebel, also, which gave rise to a sharp correspondence; but all this but pointed out our fate if we should fall into the hands of the royalists, and the breach widened every day between us. Yet the camps of Bunker and Prospect Hills lay in sight of each other, and much stealthy intercourse went on between the lines where were old acquaintances, and thus tidings crept through the encampments. Ephraim, having more than one friend in Boston, brought me much

information ; it was from him that I heard of the gay scenes within the town, where balls and plays continued. It was from this source, too, that I was later to learn something of the Talbots ; it was Ephraim who diligently inquired and ascertained the safety of Richard, who came out of the battle of Bunker Hill unscathed.

The summer wore on, and the sultry August sun shone hot upon us, yet no decisive blow was struck and a feint, made by the patriots to draw the British from Boston, failed. In the night the Yankees seized and fortified a height in musket-shot of the enemy's lines on Boston Neck ; but though they fired upon the works, they did not venture from their fastness, and the two armies lay watching each other, much as cats watch before a rat-hole.

CHAPTER XIX.

EPHRAIM'S PRISONER.

IN August the camp at Cambridge was visited by an embassy from the Indian tribes of Canada. At that time the expedition against the northern provinces was under consideration, General Schuyler and General Montgomery being its prospective leaders; therefore our savage visitors were received with great courtesy and respect. The sachems were from the Caughnawaga and Saint Francis tribes, the first being from the banks of the Saint Lawrence, near Montreal, the last from above Quebec. General Washington was well acquainted with the customs and characters of the redmen, having dealt with them in the wilderness and during the French wars, and he invited them to dine at headquarters with his staff. He had brought his black slaves from Virginia, and lived in a dignified and handsome style in the large house assigned for his use. He constantly bade guests to dinner, and members of the provincial Congress and persons of consequence were almost daily at his board. His friendship for my father gave me free access to his presence, and I was frequently honored with invitations, and dined there on the day that he entertained the sachems. The scene was worthy of an artist's pencil: the long room with its neatly sanded floor, the open windows affording glimpses of sun-lighted turf and the spreading branches of the elm and poplar; close to the window-sills bloomed the great double hollyhocks, the

heavy-headed stalks nodding in at us. The long table was spread with homely viands, and Hollands and Madeira and rum were on the sideboard; his Excellency was a liberal provider, though his own diet was simple and plain enough. I remember that after Trenton the Hessian officers, his prisoners, who dined with him, commented on his abstemious meal of fruit at a board well provided for his guests; the full-fed Germans could not understand his habits. He sat at the head of his table, ever dignified and courteous, but never talkative; he was a deliberate man, both in thought and speech. On this occasion he was scrupulously attired, in full uniform, his blue coat faced with buff, like his waistcoat, and at his neck were ruffles of fine lace. The officers present wore also buff and blue, while the judges and the lawyers were more soberly clad, and had on great white wigs, tied back for the most part in black queue-bags, the same wigs that were in later years much ridiculed by Baroness de Riedesel, the wife of the Hessian general. In the midst of this company sat the sachems, their faces painted in long streaks of rainbow colors, and their coarse black hair dressed with eagle feathers; about their necks were chains of wampum, and their blankets were of the gayest dyes. They behaved with great decorum, being men of rank in their tribes, and having a native majesty of mien which sat well upon them. They were simple, too, like children in their curiosity and their respect for men of noted courage. It has always seemed to me that the Indian, a free man—as God made him—brave, upright, and sincere, is worthy of all esteem. They have been ever, unhappily, too ready pupils of the white man, and have learned but evil lessons from him. Being cheated they have learned to cheat, and have developed other evil

traits too numerous to name. I know that on that day they won many good opinions, though they were an embarrassment to his Excellency. They were ready to take up the hatchet in our cause, and, as the schemes against Canada were not yet ripe, they were too previous, and it was necessary to deal with them with caution.

After the dinner was over, the matter was much discussed amongst us; we knew that the sachems would presently hold a council fire, and it seemed impossible to avoid definite measures. There had been some stir in camp all day, though the British were quiet enough in Boston; but our men were ever expectant of a surprise, especially at the two points, Roxbury and the outposts by the Mystic. The troops of Massachusetts Bay were still stationed at Cambridge, and here I had my quarters. At first I had taken lodgings, but now camped beside the lines. My tent was of sailcloth, curiously ornamented with rustic trimmings by Ephraim, who was a woodsman and delighted in all the arts of his craft. I remember that it was pitched in the confines of an apple-orchard, below the Common, near the road that led past Inman's woods to Charlestown Neck. I was a little apart from the lines, and so had some moments of quiet. Behind my tent lay the orchard, the trees now laden with green fruit; before it the old fence was broken down, and a sloping meadow stretched out in undulating lines, the long grass sprinkled with the golden buttercups, the pink clover, and the silky white heads of the seeded dandelions, and there the little yellow butterflies held carnival. Beyond these, I could see the waters of the Charles.

It was after nightfall, when I had returned from my rounds, that I sat reading by the light in my tent. The weather was sultry; not a leaf stirred, and I could hear

the crickets' shrill outcry in the fields, and now and again the call of our sentries. My thoughts wandered from my book ; before my mind arose the face of Joyce. I knew that Boston was now sorely pressed, and that provisions were running short, and I dreaded the thought that distress might touch her, or the shadow of it. How could she, so delicately reared, endure the hardships and privations of a beleaguered town beset by war without and pestilence within, since smallpox had already made its appearance in Boston? I sat there meditating upon it. I must contrive some means to send her help in the hour of need. Messages got through the lines in spite of all vigilance, and surely I could find some way to reach her. Her scornful treatment of the rebel had not destroyed the rebel's love for her ; her blue eyes looked at me still as I had seen them, more than once, beautiful in their tenderness, and clear as the soft blue skies above me, where shone now the evening star. I went to the door of my tent and looked out over the wide meadow, sweet with clover blossoming, to the river shining in the dusk like a broad ribbon of silver.

While I stood there, thinking of the sword that was drawn between kindred and friends and of the hard fate that made my duty and my love strangers to each other, I heard the sound of feet approaching through the orchard, the snapping of the twigs they trod upon, but no word spoken. Listening and expectant, I waited and saw two dark figures coming through the dusk ; one I could not fail to recognize because of its length and swinging gait, the other came with more reluctance. It was Ephraim's voice that accosted me before they reached the tent.

"Are you there, Mr. Allen," he asked in his usual composed manner, "and are you alone?"

I responded in the affirmative, and the two came up together; then it was that I saw that Ephraim had his companion by the arm with one hand, and in the other held gingerly a naked sword. No suspicion of the truth came to me; knowing the man as I did, I thought that he had caught some delinquent and was bringing him to judgment.

“Whom have you there?” I asked, trying to see their faces in the darkness.

“A prisoner of the United Provinces,” Ephraim replied solemnly, “a prisoner of war.”

“Do you mean a soldier of the Ministerial army?” I inquired sharply, with surprise.

“No, sir, a soldier of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain and of the Colonies of North America,” replied a haughty voice that made me start.

It was Dick Talbot’s.

“’Sh!” ejaculated Ephraim, “softly, young man, other ears may hear you, and they do not love a lobster back in these parts.”

“You are a knave and a fool to boot!” replied Dick, with his usual temper.

“Nay,” said Ephraim, mildly, “not too great a fool to catch you.”

Here I interrupted the colloquy by bidding Dick enter my tent while Ephraim stood guard at the door. Then, turning, I looked at my prisoner in the light of the lamp, still burning on the table. To my surprise, he wore a dark coat and showed no evidence of his profession save his sword belt and empty scabbard, for it was his sword that I had seen in Ephraim’s hand. For the moment I knew not what to believe. The first thought that flashed upon me, that he had come a spy upon our lines, I put away with contemptuous unbelief;

it was not like him. Meanwhile he confronted me in sullen silence ; his hat, a plain black beaver, looped up on three sides, set low over his eyes, and his young face was flushed with indignation and mortified pride.

“ If you came here voluntarily, Dick,” I said, “ I should be happy to bid you welcome, but as it is, I do indeed regret to see you.”

“ Not more than I regret to be here,” he retorted shortly ; “ but I am at your mercy now — what will you do with me ? ”

He voiced the question that was uppermost in my own mind and for which I found no answer.

“ What unhappy errand brought you within our lines ? ” I asked gravely.

He gave me a quick defiant look, and folding his arms upon his breast stood there with close-locked lips.

“ I had no thought of asking an unworthy question,” I said quietly ; “ but you are a soldier, and know the laws of the camp.”

“ Ay,” he responded coldly, “ I ask no quarter ; you can deliver me at once, a prisoner of war.”

“ Were you taken in a skirmish ? ” I inquired calmly.

“ No,” he retorted, frowning ; “ that long-legged devil yonder leaped upon me on the river bank more like a cat than a human, shrieking something about ‘ Medfield ’ in my ears, and because I blundered with your confounded password, he bore me down and stripped me of my arms.”

Now “ Dedham ” was the parole that day and “ Medfield ” the countersign, so that Dick had stumbled on our pickets, and it was fortunate that it was Ephraim and not a stranger, yet the case was bad enough.

“ Where is your uniform ? ” I asked quietly, with a significant glance at his dark clothes.

"Why trifle with me, Allen?" he replied peevishly. "I am in your power, but I will not answer a Puritan catechism. Give me up at once, and let there be an end between us."

"Alas, Dick," I said sadly, "take you no thought of the consequences? You would be hung as a spy!"

He stood a moment staring at me with dilated eyes, his face growing gray as ashes; then he staggered to a seat upon my army chest, and covered his face with his hands, uttering no word. Then I knew that he was innocent, and marvelled greatly that he had been so blind. For a while we were both silent, he sitting with his head upon his hands and I standing by the table with a heavy heart, as Heaven knows. But a moment since, I had been dreaming of Joyce, longing for some tidings from her, and now here was her brother, bearing so strong a likeness to her, and he was my prisoner. I must do my duty, and cruel was the prospect of it. I stood half stupefied with trouble, my eyes mechanically studying every detail of his graceful figure, from his bright hair, from which he had brushed the white powder, to his dark coat and small clothes and high riding-boots. He had slender hands, almost like a woman's, and I noted with a pang a likeness, even in those, to her hands, which I loved so well. It seemed an hour before he raised his head and I saw the drawn look on his face.

"I am no spy," he declared in a low voice, "but who will believe me?"

"Few but myself, I fear me, Dick," I answered kindly, with an aching heart.

"At least," he said, "they can treat me like a gentleman. I care not if they shoot me as a prisoner of war, but a spy!"

"I cannot see how they can treat you as aught but a spy," I replied in a low voice. "Mr. Gage would so treat me — ay, worse, he would make me a common felon, if I fell thus into his hands."

"You are a rebel," rejoined Dick, flatly, with the full strength of his convictions.

I felt my face burn, and bit my lip to check the angry retort upon it, for was he not at my mercy?

"We will not take up the question now," I said gravely. "He who loses is a rebel, he who wins a patriot, — it is the interpretation of fortune only; I am content to abide the issue. It is my unhappiness to be your captor now."

"Nay," replied Dick, grimly, "take not the glory from that drawling Yankee yonder. He took me fairly, though by surprise."

"I wish that he had been less ready to do his duty for that once," I retorted with a sigh. "Alas, Dick, what can we do?"

He looked at me with scorn. "You are a rebel," he said bitterly, "and know the authorities in this hornet's nest; you can therefore very easily be rid of me at the cost of a little rope, since you are pleased to call me a spy."

I groaned aloud, in the bitterness of my soul.

"Alas!" I said, "that biting, gibing Talbot tongue! You cannot forgive me, even at this moment. Yet you are an American by birth, as I am, Dick, and have no right to scorn your country's cause."

He vouchsafed no reply, but sat there with folded arms and disdainful eyes, although his face was white. And I, in misery and bewilderment, turned from him and went out and spoke with Ephraim. He told briefly of the capture, which was accidental; he had been on

picket duty, but was relieved and on his way to the river for a drink, when coming suddenly from behind a hedgerow he stumbled upon a stranger. His suspicion awakened, he had seized him with his usual agility and disarmed him in the struggle, snatching Dick's pistol before he could fire it,—a fortunate occurrence, since the shot would have brought the sentry. Ephraim had brought his prisoner to me in ignorance of his identity, only recognizing him as the young officer of the Bunker Hill battle, when he saw his face at the tent door. No one else knew of the capture, and I drew a breath of relief, since I would now have leisure for a few moments' thought. I bade Ephraim guard the prisoner, and left them, walking on across the meadow toward the river with an aching heart. My duty walked before me plain and rigid, and I battled with the Tempter in great agony of soul.

CHAPTER XX.

A PURITAN CONSCIENCE.

I WALKED down through the meadows to the river bank, answering the challenge of a sentry on my way. The friendly shadows of the night lay all about me, and looking back, I saw the flickering lights of the camp, like eyes in the darkness, watching lest I should fall away. Down by the water the frogs and crickets made a ceaseless undertone of sound, as they will late in the summer. All these trifling things I noted, with a painful consciousness of my surroundings, but my spirit was in travail, and brought forth only that grim child, Despair. To my mind, there could be but one course, and that was hideous. I felt as if Dick's blood was on my hands already, that I bore upon my forehead the brand of Cain. Yet my conscience would not permit the betrayal of my trust, though, as Heaven knows, in the darkness I prayed for deliverance with a breaking heart. "No one knows that he is in thy hands," pleaded the Tempter, "no one but the man who loves thee; therefore loose him and let him go." But I set my teeth, and walked to and fro beside the Charles, struggling against the fearful temptation until the drops of cold sweat stood on my forehead. My honor and my father's were at stake, and that higher duty which I owed my country; if I thus betrayed them all, I was worthy myself to die a traitor's death. Should the love of woman be my ruin? My duty, in itself, was simple;

my part but small in the tragedy that must ensue. I had only to deliver him, a prisoner, to my superior officer, and all was done. No more ; but I would be his murderer, in my own eyes and in hers, and in the darkness I saw her face, her dear face, as it had looked that last day at Marblehead, pale as a white rose, and with tears shining in her eyes. And if I did this thing — my duty — could I stand before her, red-handed with her brother's blood? Yet I had drawn the sword for Massachusetts Bay, I bore the commission of the United Provinces of North America, I was a soldier sworn to serve with honor and with honesty, and I might not break my oath. I could not doubt that Richard Talbot meditated some injury to our cause, that he was trying to pass our lines to stir up mischief among the Tories yet remaining out of Boston ; it might even be that he bore important despatches, or was bent upon an intrigue with Colonel Guy Johnson and the Six Nations. That so determined a royalist intended anything less than deadly evil to the Continental army was but a childish dream. Therefore to conceal him or to let him escape was the more deadly sin. It would not only blast my own honor, but it would cast a black blot upon my father, that stainless patriot, and upon my blood, which was honest, and had flowed in the veins of him who fought on Marston Moor. In that hour the iron in my soul stood me in good stead, and I resisted the world, the flesh, and the devil. "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you," saith the Scripture ; and thus have I found it ever, when I strove with all the force of my nature to overcome its weakness. There could be no question of my duty, but, for the love of woman, I lingered faint-hearted upon the way. Nor was it alone my love for Joyce ; in that hour I knew that I loved the lad for his own sake, despite his haughty,

fiery ways, and I would rather have placed the halter about my own neck than his. "Oh, evil Destiny that led him to my tent!" I thought in anguish, "how could any mortal man make this sacrifice?" Then I remembered the patriarch on Mount Moriah, and prayed that I might be delivered from this supreme test of my allegiance. Yet all the while delay brought me no help, no ram was caught here in the thicket for a burnt offering, and my conscience told me sharply that the hour was at hand.

I cast myself face downward on the long grass, and lay there, praying with my lips, but my heart too full for any thought, while before me arose the visions of the past. I saw Dick as a lad, younger than I by many years, with rosy, dimpled cheeks, and short, bright curls, his blue eyes then so like the eyes of Joyce. I saw him as I had seen him often, barefoot upon the beach, playing with seashells or digging in the sands; I saw him again, a larger, stronger boy, riding bareback upon his horse, a daring, graceful rider, with a heart as light as his temper was hot. Then I saw a file of soldiers, a tree with a halter thrown across its limb, the chaplain reading a prayer before it, the prisoner with his arms bound behind him, and I, his accuser, his captor! And the prisoner had the eyes, the hair, the face of Joyce, and his blood would be upon me. In my agony I shuddered and groaned aloud, but the vision would not leave me; yet all the while I knew that I was a soldier and must do my duty. I could not betray my cause or stain my honor; I must do this thing. I was not so poor a coward as to shirk at this supreme hour of trial; there was no possible evasion, no compromise; on one side were my duty, my honor, my honesty; on the other, was the betrayal of my trust and my cause. There could

be no choice ; I might shrink before the ordeal, but I was no less a man, and must abide by my resolution and the course that I had chosen freely, with no illusions to blind my eyes. If it was my lot to suffer, doubtless I should find the strength to bear it. I never thought of an appeal for mercy ; I knew his Excellency was a hard man in matters of discipline and military government. Had I not seen the soldiers in the stocks for petty offences ? Had I not seen many a back bleed under the whip ? I did not deceive myself for a moment ; there would be no hope at headquarters.

There in the soft, sweet darkness, with the wet grass pressed against my burning face, I struggled with the Tempter and I conquered. I rose at last, determined to do my whole duty and no less, to do it with the help of Heaven, though it broke my heart. I turned my face toward the camp, but moved like a man in a dream ; I felt that it was my own act that must sever me forever from my love, that I went to break her heart as surely as my own, and would henceforth be a monster in her eyes. But an honest man can have no choice ; the path of honor is as straight and narrow as the path of life, and I came of stern blood that would more readily die than betray a trust.

Slow as I walked I came near to my tent, but too soon, and pausing in the meadow, stood and viewed it with an aching heart. A small spot to hold so great a sorrow, so small that the gnarled branches of an old apple-tree half hid the side of it from view, but I could see the light streaming from the door, and making a narrow bar of brightness on the turf before it. Ephraim had left his post, and was doubtless with the prisoner, for he loved to talk and question, and would scarcely spare even this haughty young royalist. I could not bear to

see that scene, and it cost me a mighty effort to cross the little space and stand at the door ; but one glance within showed me that the place was deserted, and Dick's sword lay bare upon the table, the lamplight flashing on the polished blade. My first sensation was one of relief, and then a quick anxiety followed upon its heels. Doubtless the tent had been visited by one of the other officers, and Dick had gone with him to headquarters. No longer dazed with trouble but aroused to action, I went on at once toward the Common, inquiring of the first sentry that I met if Ephraim had passed that way. Receiving a negative reply, I pushed my inquiries at Cambridge, but everywhere met only a baffling want of information. So perplexed was I by this, that it was above an hour before I was satisfied that Dick had not been taken to headquarters and that he and Ephraim had vanished.

I went back at last, alone, to my quarters, and found them yet vacant and undisturbed, although the sentry passed at intervals upon his round. My first care was to conceal Dick's sword, and then, extinguishing the light, I went forth again and sought Minot and his prisoner through the lines. Here too was I baffled ; neither of them had been seen, and Ephraim's well-known figure could not escape notice in any part of the camp. I went the whole length of the lines, but with no better result, and was forced at last to return to my starting-point and abide the issue. I threw myself upon the ground beneath the apple-tree that grew by the tent door, and lay there in the darkness looking upward at the countless stars. I could not read the riddle of Ephraim's conduct, but knew well that he would never let his prisoner evade him ; and there had been no scuffle in my tent, not even the book that I had laid face down-

ward on the table was disturbed. Suspense is bitter, far more bitter than the deadly assurance of our own misery, and I endured it through the night, for Ephraim came not, and my sleepless eyes saw darkness fold its wings before the soft, slow dawning of another day.

CHAPTER XXI.

I SURRENDER MY SWORD.

WHEN prayers were read that morning, I sought for Ephraim ; thinking surely that he would be at his accustomed post, but once more was disappointed. His familiar face was absent from the ranks, and I listened to our worthy chaplain with but an inattentive mind, my thoughts being with those two, so strangely vanished. It was a problem- difficult to solve, and I was slow to grasp its full significance.

It being my duty to report for orders at headquarters, it was full noontide before I was free to pursue my inquiry, which again was profitless ; therefore, at the first opportunity, I set out toward our pickets on the Mystic in quest of information.

My road lay through Inman's woods to Mount Pisgah, and I went on foot. My errand, being an anxious one, was over-irksome, and I walked but slowly, twice passing orderlies riding post-haste to Cambridge from General Greene, who commanded at the Hill ; but no one travelled in my direction, and I came alone to the woodland, and had proceeded but a little way among the trees, before I saw a figure coming toward me that could not be mistaken. It was Ephraim, his boots fallen a little lower on their journey to his ankles, his drab breeches and green coat in their familiar shape, and his hat as ever set awry. He was walking calmly, one hand thrust, as usual, in his pocket, the other bal-

ancing his musket on his shoulder, and his expression composed enough to dash my most profound suspicions. At the sight of me, he broke out in song, waking the echoes with his lusty notes, —

“ ‘ Boston, be not dismayed,
Tho’ tyrants now oppress ;
Tho’ fleets and troops invade,
You soon will have redress :
The resolutions of the brave
Will injured Massachusetts save.’ ”¹

Thus far he sang, but no more, for I came up with him, and stayed his music with an authoritative gesture, being justly angered at his want of deference to my rank as his superior, and his indifference to my natural anxiety.

“ Minot,” I said sharply, “ where is my prisoner ? ”

Ephraim stood composed, and rubbed his chin thoughtfully as he looked at me.

“ I thought he was my prisoner,” he remarked slowly ; “ leastways, it seemed so.”

“ Mine,” I replied testily, “ since I am your superior officer and you surrendered him to me.”

“ Oh, that’s the way of it, is it ? ” he said with imper-
turbable serenity. “ I have n’t got into your new-fangled
notions here yet. But it’s no use quarrelling about it,
Mr. Allen, for he is n’t anybody’s prisoner now, that I
know of.”

“ What do you mean ? ” I cried ; “ what have you done
with the lad ? ”

A sudden sharp fear of a spy’s fate beset me, and how
might I know what this strange creature had done ?

Ephraim lowered his gun from his shoulder, and set-
ting it upon the ground, leaned upon it, unruffled by my
impatience.

¹ “ *Essex Gazette.* ”

“ Well,” he said calmly, “ it appeared to me that he was too young to be out of Boston. I thought it over, and I concluded that likely as not he meant some mischief, and he is a handsome lad and a brave one ; I saw him fight at Breed’s Hill. Another thing, you know that our colonel up there,” jerking his thumb toward Cambridge, “ is a severe man, and a rope about a fellow’s neck is n’t comfortable — ” Here he paused, and taking off his hat, wiped his forehead leisurely, avoiding my glance.

“ In Heaven’s name,” I exclaimed passionately, “ what have you done ? ”

“ I ’ll tell you presently, Mr. Allen,” he replied with dignity. “ I thought of all this, and knew you liked the boy. Well, sir, to make a long story short, I took him through our pickets as slick as an eel, and passed him over to the lobster backs at the Neck.”

For a moment I looked at him in silence, utterly confounded, and he returned my gaze undisturbed save for a twinkle in his small blue eyes, which flickered for an instant and then left them blank.

“ Do you know that such an act is a breach of discipline, of honor, of loyalty ? ” I said hoarsely, my brain whirling with contending emotions ; “ that it is my duty to arrest you ? ”

“ Is that so ? ” returned the culprit, undismayed ; “ it ’s strange now, the fuss that ’s made over a small thing — just an act of charity. I don’t know as I think it ’s Christian to be so vindictive against our enemies. Scripture says we ought to love them ; that ’s what the parson ’s busy teaching us every day, but we keep on pumping lead into the midst of them. Practising and preaching never did agree.”

I looked at him with a feeling of despair ; here was an

incorrigible American citizen, and he regarded not my authority, or the powers that were installed at Cambridge. Perplexed and troubled as I was, I already half divined the motive of his deed, and it touched my heart with a glow of tender gratitude.

“Ephraim,” I said sternly, “you did this for my sake, because you knew that I was interested in the prisoner.”

“Maybe I did,” he replied calmly, “and maybe I did n’t. I’m not saying anything about it. The lad is safe in Boston, and he promised me to come no more into our camp except in the open, like a soldier. He’s a fine lad, Mr. Allen, but with the devil of a temper and the tongue of a shrew — more than a man. I told him that if he’d lived in old days, and been a woman, they’d have ducked him for a town scold, and so they would.”

“You have committed a serious fault,” I said, unheeding, “and I know not how to act, and feel, too, that the blame is wholly mine. You must come with me to my quarters, and remain there while I see the proper authorities and get you out of this difficulty, as best I can.”

“Don’t be uneasy about me,” he replied, shouldering his musket again and walking at my side with placid indifference. “I never found it wise to be looking about too sharp for trouble.”

“I fear that you will find it without the seeking,” I rejoined dryly, and walked on rapidly, with a full heart.

I foresaw the grave and far-reaching consequences, yet all the while a deep joy stirred within me. Dick was free, and though I must suffer, it would be rather for his sake and hers than through any crime against them. And I would suffer gladly, Heaven knows, for her rather than have tears dim her blue-gray eyes. We walked back, without more talk, to Cambridge. Ephraim,

calm and good-humored, was whistling the tune of the White Cockade, to which the farmers marched at Concord. Meanwhile I steeled my heart to meet the trial yet to come. The Tempter cried aloud within me to hide this deed; to let the darkness and good fortune that had favored it remain a shield. But at least I was an honest man, although it seemed a weak one and a blunderer, yet no greater treachery should stain my conscience or my name. I left Minot at the lines, near the Common, and went on at a rapid pace to headquarters.

I dared not pause lest some new weakness should betray me and I should falter by the way. In moments of suspense or pain, the smallest trifle fastens on the memory, and the scene of our trial is stamped upon the heart and brain; thus I remember every detail of that hour as plainly as though it had been yesterday. How hot it was, when I crossed the Common; the trees gave no shade in this exposed spot, and I remember the red face of the orderly who stood before the general's door and saluted as I approached it; there was but a brief delay before I was admitted, and I found his Excellency with General Putnam and another officer. The three sat at a table in the room used for an office, and they were in uniform, General Washington himself having just returned from his rounds; he was leaning back in a large armchair, and some papers lay upon his knee. The trio turned inquiring glances on me as I entered, and no doubt the gravity of my countenance aroused their curiosity. I saluted them with composure, and tried to speak simply in answer to Washington's question.

"You have tidings for us, Mr. Allen?" he said courteously.

"Only such as concern my own negligence, your

Excellency," I replied quietly. "Yesterday evening a soldier brought a British prisoner, an officer of the Ministerial army, to my quarters; through my culpable carelessness he escaped and returned to Boston."

General Putnam uttered an exclamation of anger and amazement, but the strong composure of General Washington's face made it inscrutable.

"I am astonished, sir," he said gravely, his stern blue eyes searching mine, "that any officer of this army, and last of all your father's son, should have committed so grave a fault, if I may call it by so light a name. But your candor in coming at once to me gives hope that it was an error, that you may find some more tangible excuse than now appears. The act itself is too nearly allied to a betrayal of trust for me to believe you capable of it."

"Yet such is the case," I replied simply, though my face burned with shame; "I can make no reasonable excuse."

"The man is mad," said Putnam, with impatience; "he talks of treachery as if it were but a schoolboy's offence."

His Excellency silenced him with a gesture, and looking at me earnestly, addressed me in tones of deep displeasure; his unruffled calm making his anger far more imposing than the quick passion in the faces of his two companions.

"Young man," he said deliberately, "you do not seem to understand the full extent of your unhappy negligence. A British prisoner taken within our lines, doubtless a spy, and you permitted him to escape? I cannot understand such a breach of duty; you must explain it or suffer the consequences."

"I cannot plead any extenuation of my unhappy con-

duct, your Excellency," I replied sadly. "I regret it the more deeply because of the reflection upon my father's spotless name, but he is innocent. I deplore my own negligence, and I am willing to suffer my just punishment. My sword is at your disposal ;" and I unbuckled it and laid it on the table, and stood back with folded arms, my eyes upon the ground, though I saw it not, for a mist obscured my sight. Neither did I hear what passed between the general and his officers, for they spoke apart, and when he addressed me again, I awoke as from an evil dream and heard his voice, strangely stern and cold.

"I regret it deeply, Mr. Allen," he said slowly, looking all the while in a searching manner at my face, "but I must place you under arrest, until this matter is investigated."

I bowed gravely without replying, for my utterance was choked. An agony of shame overwhelmed me, and I felt myself a culprit, disgraced forever in my own eyes and unworthy of my father's name. What followed is confused. I know only that the officer in attendance, Colonel Gardner, went with me to a house near the college, where I was placed in charge of yet another officer to await the inquiry that would be made at once, so they told me. I was under arrest, but treated with courtesy, and presently found myself alone in an upper chamber, where I was left to my meditations, which were miserable enough and a sufficient punishment. I had but the one consolation that I had done my duty, as I knew it, and without betraying Ephraim, whose greatest fault was his attachment to my person, which had induced him to save Dick Talbot and to spare me the dreadful necessity of giving up the lad to military justice. Now that all was over, the struggle ended, a dull relief came

to my overtaxed brain and heart, and I, who had not slept all through the summer night, sank down in a chair by the table, and crossing my arms upon it, laid my head down on them, and slept like a child, without a dream, as we sleep sometimes when despair has brought its cold certainty to end our feverish suspense.

CHAPTER XXII.

EPHRAIM'S VICTORY.

WHEN I awoke from my deep sleep, it was late in the afternoon and the sun slanting in the western windows had flooded the room with light and heat. From where I sat, I commanded a view of the Common, and could see the small squads of soldiers gathered here and there, conversing together. In the distance a drum was beating. There was no breeze stirring, and the white flag of the Massachusetts Bay hung in heavy folds upon its staff above the tents beyond the Common. I looked at it with sad eyes,— the white flag with the green pine-tree and its motto, “Appeal to Heaven.” It was sacred to me, yet here was I under arrest, charged with disloyalty — nay, perhaps, a blacker crime — against the province and the cause. I had need of reflection, for I was likely soon to be in a yet more sorry plight. Doubtless I should be tried by court-martial ; for less offences, they tried our sentries,— if they but spoke with the guards of the enemy, they were cited before the military tribunal,— and my conduct was far more reprehensible. Awaking from forgetfulness, my troubles rushed upon me with redoubled force, and the change from yesterday to to-day seemed too miserable to be reality. Then I had been well considered by my comrades, even regarded as an authority by the men from Essex County, who knew and loved my father ; now I was a prisoner in fact, if not in rigid confinement, and I saw no way to escape

honorably the penalty of my own weakness, for it was that which had betrayed me. But the sharpest sting of all was the injury to my father, whom I loved so well. That his son should be tried by court-martial on such a charge would be a blow too hard for him to bear with fortitude, and being so near to him in sympathy and affection, I knew also his pride in his only son, the bearer of his own untarnished name. That my conduct must seem to him ingratitude, was bitter indeed; I knew so well his unfaltering, simple nature, his unflinching truthfulness, his loyalty, that it was not difficult to know the light in which he would regard my confession. The blood of the old Puritan that stirred within him supplied that one hard element in his fine character that would make him unrelenting in his judgment of a breach of honor or of duty.

It was a black hour, and I bore it with what patience I could summon, putting aside my weakness, and ordering my heart to endure its trial. Time dragged with leaden feet, and I sat there watching the shadows lengthen as the sun sank in the western sky. Near my window on a lower roof some pigeons had alighted, and the pretty creatures strutted about there in the sunshine, cooing softly to each other; white were they, with gray and brown upon their wings, and circles of purple about their throats, which now and then showed warmer tints when a ray of light slanted full upon them. Then before me came the thought of Joyce, and I wondered how it fared with her in Boston,—if she was gay there, surrounded by admirers. The officers had doubtless leisure enough to pay their court to her, since we heard stories of the plays going on at Faneuil Hall, though the town was sore pressed and suffering from lack of provisions. How thought she of her rebel lover? With indifference,

perhaps, and certainly with scorn, so that if the tidings of my present plight should reach her, she would regard it only as a just requital of my disloyalty to the king. She would say that he who served an evil cause must look for an ill reward ; that as I had sown, so would I reap. I could see her as she would look in speaking thus, so well I knew her ways, and the quick flash in those changeful eyes of hers. Yet I was suffering for her sake, since, had I done my duty, Ephraim would never have had the opportunity for my undoing ; but I was thankful still that the lad had escaped a spy's fate. The thought of making Minot a scapegoat for my sins did not enter my mind for a moment ; I knew too well where lay the fault to charge it on another, and far be it from me to betray any man to save myself from the consequence of my own errors and sins. Let each man bear his burden, say I, and bear it with a clean heart, not seeking to lay it on another's shoulders ; which is the way of cowards and knaves, but not of true men. Yet my situation was very grievous. I had a young man's hopes and high ambitions, and I seemed to see their utter ruin and destruction ; I, who had hoped to stand upon the roll of honor, was likely now to be dismissed from the army, or receive a yet heavier sentence, since my loyalty would be but too sharply questioned. I was then too ignorant of military laws to know what fate might await me, and the uncertainty increased my uneasiness. Lost in sad reflections, I sat motionless and listless while the slow hours passed away and the sun set and twilight came. It was unusually quiet ; only the distant sounds from the camp reached me, or the voices of occasional groups upon the Common. I was glad that there was no sign of activity, since that would have been the drop to make my cup overflow.

At last it grew dim in my room, but I did not stir to light the candles, the darkness suiting best my heavy mood. In spite of my depression, however, every sense was sharpened, and I was quick to hear heavy steps upon the stairs, and presently a bright light showed at the crack below the door where the threshold was sunken. In a moment the door was opened, and an orderly brought in some candles; behind him came no less a person than General Putnam. I rose from my chair with more haste than ease, and overturned it with my usual awkwardness; but the general took no notice of my confusion, waiting only until we were alone to address me; then he turned his genial face full toward me and gave me a keen but not unkindly glance.

"Mr. Allen," he said in his frank way, "why did you not tell all the truth this afternoon?"

I started, feeling the blood in my cheeks.

"But, general," I protested, "I did speak the truth — and to my own detriment."

"Ay," he said bluntly, "and but few would have thrust their own heads in the halter, therefore we are the more inclined to treat your case with lenity. But you did not speak the whole truth, sir, and we deserved no less at your hands."

"I told you all that concerned my honor," I replied proudly, "or was likely to be an injury to the cause."

"I see," he answered dryly; "a boy's chivalry. You elected to suffer for another, but the sacrifice is happily averted. We know the whole story, Mr. Allen; that strange person, Ephraim Minot, has told us the entire truth, as I take it, sparing no one, but in a way exonerating you."

"Then he has not told the truth," I declared warmly,

understanding in a moment the simple rustic's generous action, "for it was for my sake he did it."

"Here is a curious riddle," exclaimed Putnam, with some of his usual impatience; "why should the fate of this British officer be of consequence to you? I know your father, and I take you for an honest man, Mr. Allen; I trust I am not mistaken."

"It seems but useless for me to protest my honesty in the face of my own conduct," I replied sadly; "but I intended no injury to the army."

"I believe that, sir," the old man said heartily. "Now make a clean breast of it, Mr. Allen; what was the motive of this strange entanglement?"

"There was no motive, only my weakness, General Putnam," I answered with an effort, yet touched by his frank confidence in me. "The young officer was a friend of my boyhood, younger than I, little more than a lad, and he protested that he was no spy. I believed him, but I knew that no one else would credit his protested innocence, knew also — to my shame be it told — that his errand must be hostile to our cause since he is of a determined Tory family. Yet withal I could not bear the thought of betraying, of giving him up to military law. While I faltered, intending to do my duty, Ephraim, prompted by love for me and pity for the young fellow, took him away. But for Minot there is the excuse that he does not recognize or understand discipline, and acts as his kind and honest heart dictates, meaning no harm. For me there is no such apology."

The general had listened in silence, his keen eyes upon my face.

"Why did you not tell this story to General Washington?" he asked sharply; "a half truth is nearly a whole falsehood, yet I see your conscience is a tender point."

"I desired to shield Minot," I said simply, "whose fault, I knew, was really mine."

For a while he did not reply, seeming to be lost in thought, and I waited with impatience for his next words; his kindness, which was unexpected, having raised new hopes within me. At last he took up his hat, which he had laid upon the table, and turned to the door, and my heart sank like lead; but he stopped at the threshold.

"Mr. Allen," he said briefly, "I am instructed by the commander-in-chief to inform you that you are at liberty to return to the lines, but will assume no active duties at the front until further orders."

I burst out with my incoherent thanks, protesting, though, that I was not willing that Ephraim should suffer in my place.

"The least said is soonest mended, sir," the general replied shortly. "Speak not of the matter, and be thankful that your father's spotless honor stands your greatest shield. Try to win such laurels that this cloud may be dispersed, since you are happy to escape thus lightly."

Again I thanked him and stood beside the threshold, embarrassed and uneasy. With his hand upon the door, he paused and glanced at me sharply, the light from the candles shining full upon my face.

"Is it his cousin or his sister that you love?" he asked abruptly.

For the instant his full meaning did not flash upon me, and then the blood flew to my temples, and I felt as awkward as a boy. But catching the gleam in the old man's bright eyes, I lifted my head proudly.

"His sister," I answered boldly.

He made no reply, but went out, and I heard him laughing softly as he descended the stairs. Yet I for-

gave him his jest, since I knew his heart to be as kind and generous as it was brave, and knew also, intuitively, that I owed much to his intercession, made doubtless for my father's sake, but none the less my chief cause of deliverance and meriting my deepest gratitude.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A TURN IN THE TIDE.

IN the end I heard the story of the episode from Ephraim himself. Suspecting my intention of confessing my share in the matter and of bearing the blame, he followed me at a distance, and seeing me go to headquarters was convinced of the accuracy of his own conclusions. Acting with his accustomed independence, he went to General Putnam and told him the whole story, garnished, doubtless, with various additions from his versatile brain, making me appear in a far better light than I deserved. Howbeit he prevailed with the kind-hearted general, who, in turn, interceded with his Excellency. Weighing the honesty of my intentions, and my father's name in my favor, they passed the matter over as lightly as they could, the fact that nothing was known at camp being another point in my behalf. But my chances of promotion, but lately so fair, were blasted, and I was left to work out my own salvation and redeem my fault, by devoted service,—a punishment light for the offence, but galling to my stubborn pride. As for Minot, the strange fellow so worked on General Putnam that he, too, escaped with a reprimand and twelve hours' imprisonment; he was also fined for disrespect to his superior officers, but this I paid from my own pocket, so that his chastisement was but nominal. So close were the relations between the contending

armies, that intercourse, often of an intimate and affectionate nature, was the bane of our commanders, and they understood the more easily my situation and Ephraim's act of kindness, but I felt that I had lost my place in Mr. Washington's regard. On parade and elsewhere he no longer glanced in my direction, and I was no more invited to his table ; stern and unflinching himself, he had but small mercy for weakness in others, and was willing, doubtless, to let me feel the full weight of his displeasure. I tasted in those days that followed the bitterness of mortification, which belittled too my motives ; my sin had not been great enough for condign punishment, but it had overshadowed my prospects of honor and repute. Nor was there any opportunity to redeem my error by some act of gallantry ; the two camps lay quiet save for skirmishes and firing at the outposts, and I was not allowed to go with the little party who seized and fortified Ploughed Hill. For me there was but dull routine, and time dragged wearily enough.

In October we were enlivened by the arrival of Mrs. Washington, which made much difference at the camp. She came with an escort of honor, and was cheerfully received, especially by the wives of the public men, who liked to be invited to headquarters. There was much parade and gayety to welcome her ; she driving into Cambridge in her own carriage, drawn by four horses, with black postilions, wearing liveries of scarlet and white, which caused some curious comment ; but it was the fashion then in the Province of Virginia, where the black slaves were far more plentiful than with us in New England. She entertained much at headquarters, and was the means of comforting many of the womenfolks who fretted at the change from the old-time gayety and state

in Boston, where they had been wont to dance at Province House, and now found the poverty and discipline of the patriot army but a poor exchange.

The Virginia riflemen, however, got into a quarrel in the camp which caused a ruffle one afternoon. They were strangely uniformed, like Indian trappers, their clothes being of brown holland, wearing a shirt with a double cape upon the shoulders, while on their breasts in large letters was their motto, "Liberty or Death." The sailors from Marblehead laughed at them, and from jest arose a quarrel; they came to blows, and there was a great tumult, for both parties were gallant men and mighty. His Excellency himself separated the fiercest combatants; riding up when the quarrel was at its height, he rushed into the mêlée and broke it up. Then it was that he again found cause to be displeased with me. A moment before, I had come upon the scene, and was in the thick of it, striving to quiet the brawlers; but I fear that he put a far different interpretation upon my presence, since the Marblehead men were my neighbors, and there was some jealousy between the colonies. He came upon us with one of those fierce outbursts, when he gave way to his temper and drove all before him like a tempest. He was terrible in anger, partly, I think, because it was in such sharp contrast with his usual unruffled mood. I have seen him at such moments in battle, or when an order was disobeyed, or a duty neglected in time of danger, and men shrank before him, stricken dumb with amazement and often with fear. At these times an unfavorable impression went far to prejudice him against an offender; and he turned on me coldly, when the affray was over, and dispatched me upon some errand with a sharp tone of command. I knew that another black mark was written against my

good name. It is ever so ; the first misfortune brings a train of others, and it is a bitter struggle to overcome the chastisement of an adverse destiny.

In August the redcoats had captured a supply of oxen and sheep, and there had been great rejoicing at their arrival at Boston, but it was only a drop in the bucket. Soon the condition of the inhabitants became so critical that Mr. Gage permitted the townspeople, who so desired, to depart. But he would allow them no silver or plate, and forbade them to take more than five pounds in money with them ; and many were perplexed, wishing to go, but dreading to leave their goods at the mercy of the soldiers. Some that came forth evaded the vigilance of the British, concealing silver and money in their household chattels, and the women even quilted it in their petticoats ; one good dame do I remember whose skirt was heavy about her feet from being lined with spoons and forks and other pieces of plate ; and she concealed it by a pretence of illness, being carried in her chair by her husband and a faithful servant. The Whigs who remained behind were much tormented, and on the lightest pretext thrown in the common jail, as felons ; all the patriot prisoners suffered great indignities, being treated as malefactors and threatened with the hangman's noose. Washington remonstrated and threatened retaliation, but to little purpose ; the Ministerialists acknowledged no rank save that derived from his Majesty, and they refused to treat the colonists as prisoners of war. Our worst enemies were still the Tories ; they were ever the most violent against us, and it was they who chiefly labored on the day that the Liberty Tree upon Boston Common was hewn down, — a petty act of malice, which harmed no one save a British soldier who was killed when the old tree fell.

The townspeople coming out brought these tales, and the Whigs within the town found also opportunities to send out information. I was ever eager in my efforts to obtain it, in the hope of some word from Joyce, and it was through Ephraim that I succeeded. The maid who attended Lady Talbot was related to a friend of Minot's, and thus I heard that the Talbots were living near Province House on Marlborough Street, and were held in much esteem. Sir Anthony, between gout and rage against the Yankees, was in an evil plight and had been ill all summer.

Knowing how short were the provisions in the town, salt pork and rum alone being plenty, I felt a keen anxiety for Joyce, and fell to scheming to find a way to send her some word of comfort, to offer her some alternative in the hour of extremity, for we were likely to distress the garrison yet more deeply before the end. There was no chance of reaching her except through Ephraim, and at first I hesitated to employ him on any errand which involved even innocent communication with the enemy. But my misgivings were presently relieved by his own announcement that he was in the habit of talking with a friend who came through the lines at Charlestown Neck. The man was a Boston Whig, and had friends and relatives among the minutemen of Massachusetts Bay, and was a link of communication with the city, — no uncommon thing, — bringing tidings of the plans of the British to our men. I soon found that it was through this fellow, Thomas Basset, that Ephraim had his tidings from Boston ; the two had known each other in old days, both having served with Braddock and being warmly attached, as old campaigners often are. At night, when Basset could evade the sentries, Ephraim stole over to Mount Pisgah and returned in the morning,

laden with tidings of the camp of the Philistines and of the doings in the town. Many houses were used as barracks, winter quarters for the men, and much property had been injured and destroyed. Basset spoke much of Mr. Howe's sharp discipline in matters of dress ; no soldier could appear on duty without smoothly clubbed and finely powdered hair ; their shirts must, too, be frilled and fair, and a slovenly worn leggin was a serious offence ; their scarlet coats were regulated and cut by rule, and each man was compelled to wear a uniform stock, his arms and accoutrements must be shining, and his hat neatly bound ; the marines wearing roses in the front of theirs. None could appear under arms with tobacco in their mouths, and for serious offences, such as plundering, — now becoming but too frequent, — the punishments were in equal measure ; hanging, and lashing with the cat-o'-nine-tails, even extended to the receivers of the stolen property, a soldier's wife having received one hundred lashes on her bare back at the cart's tail. These things and the lack of provisions made much discontent among the rank and file, and desertions became more frequent. All this showed to my mind the likely consequences of yet greater troubles ; the time might come when these men, held now by Howe's iron hand, would break their bonds, and murder and riot would run through the devoted town. Yet with all these distresses the Tories were thankful for the shelter of the British flag, dreading to face their indignant countrymen. Many Tories had enlisted to defend the Ministerial cause, and were called the Loyal American Associators, wearing a white sash upon the left arm, while the Loyal Irish Volunteers, also enlisted Tories, wore the white cockade. Many officers in the Continental army following General Washington had assumed

the black cockade, because he had worn it on the day he took command of the troops, and our new reinforcements would wear some semblance of a uniform, the buff and blue being our choice, but there was always a motley array.

Wrought upon by my anxiety and Basset's tales of trouble, I called upon Ephraim for assistance, telling him only that I desired to send a letter into Boston to an old acquaintance there, and he was ready enough to hand it to his friend, assuring me that Basset could be trusted with a concern of far greater weight. But I was mindful that Basset and my letter might be seized, and wrote nothing of what was in my heart; telling Joyce only that if she needed any service that I could render without violating my duty, or if she desired to quit the town, and I could be the means of bringing her through our lines in safety, she had but to command me. I could not forbear to add, even at the risk that other eyes should see, that though she had forgotten me, I was not made of so slight stuff. Having sealed the missive up, I gave it to Ephraim, and that night received assurance that it was on its way and the next morning would bring me an answer, if answer could be had. Though I strove hard to school my heart to cool composure and forbade myself any anticipation, yet I was as impatient for the morrow as any schoolboy for his holiday, and I could not forbear going with Ephraim upon his errand. I told myself that I desired to visit our lines along the Mystic; but such was not the purpose that awakened me so early that I was stirring when the drum beat at daybreak and was among the first that turned out to man the lines. At sunrise, according to custom, we were marched to prayers, and then heard the orders of the day, read at the head of each regiment.

It was not until these formal proceedings were over that I obtained permission to depart with Minot to Mount Pisgah. Free, at last, we sped upon our errand. We went by way of Inman's woods, Mount Pisgah, and Cobble Hill; below this last, the enemy's outposts were stationed at Charlestown Neck, and here it was that Thomas Basset usually came through the sentries, who were, I fancied, friendly to him. It was not in my mind to go down to the lines, though General Putnam was apprised of my errand. I intended rather to remain by our pickets, knowing that any exposure of our communications with a Boston Whig would put a halter about his neck, and that Ephraim could accomplish much where I should only blunder.

We walked rapidly and in silence, my mind being full of conjectures and half-formed hopes, while Minot was, no doubt, intent on his own schemes.

We passed our lines at Mount Pisgah, scarcely pausing to exchange greetings, and went on beyond our pickets, where I paused and let Minot go upon his errand. A light fog favored our purpose, and I waited unnoticed, though within gunshot of the enemy. Through the mist I saw their intrenchments and could hear a fife in the distance. But for that it was strangely quiet, and it seemed impossible that two hostile camps could lie so near and this calm prevail between. I think the rank and file had no great desire to fight us: it is ever thus; the enmity lies with those who make the quarrel, not with those who fight it. Thus I was convinced that the British sentries permitted Basset's expeditions; it was no uncommon thing for one of them to desert to our lines, and they doubtless knew that Basset was a go-between. He belonged too, as I afterwards learned, to that dare-devil class of men who

are ever running upon such perilous enterprises and strangely enough come off scot-free. I waited there, that morning, with an anxious heart, both from my anticipations and because I feared that Ephraim might run into danger for my sake. Having no knowledge of their plans, I did not dare to interfere lest I should be the cause of disaster, and it seemed long before I saw Ephraim returning, calm as usual, and whistling softly to himself. At first I thought he had no tidings, but presently he thrust a little letter in my hand, as we walked back together, and my heart gave a great throb as I recognized Joyce's handwriting upon the wrapper. I did not open it, but put it jealously away; her letters were not for common eyes, and it was not until we had reached Mount Pisgah, and Minot joined the soldiers there, that I found an opportunity to read it. I walked back alone, and when I reached Inman's woods, paused by a great hemlock and broke the seal and kissed her letter before I read it; mayhap, it was best so, for that was all the happiness, the rest being a sharp disappointment. She addressed me as a stranger; "Mr. Allen," she called me, and told me briefly, coldly, that she had no thought of joining the king's rebels at Cambridge. She thanked me for my kindness, but she would rather suffer in his Majesty's cause than taste great plenty in such evil company. As for being made of light stuff, she prayed me to remember that there were some who not only forgot old friends, but also their allegiance to their rightful sovereign, and her only hope was that the king's gracious mercy would spare all such a traitor's doom. Below, her name was signed in full, with a firm hand; and that was all, all that she would say to the rebel who was mad enough to love her still. I crushed the letter in my hand, with bitterness of heart, blaming

my folly for writing to one who so persistently resented my faithful attachment, who had no mind to spare my feelings, rather, as it seemed, delighting in striking them with a sharp lash. Yet through all I saw her, wilful, resentful, determined, but lovely, and bewitching still ; her dark blue eyes shining, and the color of the wild rose in her cheeks. So she had been as a child, so she would be ever, for no time could change her in my eyes. Nevertheless her letter stung me and awoke my pride anew. I resolved henceforth to remain aloof, to let her feel the need of kindness ere I offered it ; surely so wilful and petulant a spirit deserved some punishment. Doubtless her love for me was long since dead, and I had attached too grave an import to her momentary relenting when we parted at the Sign of the Sun. Then the thought of Beresford returned to torment me ; if she preferred to favor such a coxcomb, she must even have her will. I knew that women sometimes loved such idle fellows because it is such as these who have the leisure to pay them court and dally at their beck all day, while honest men have graver employments. These thoughts but increasing the bitterness of my heart, and feeding the flame of my disappointed passion, I found but little comfort and went back to my duties, sorely cast down and vexed. I found them, from that day, more irksome and cheerless than ever, since the light of hope was more and more obscured. Yet it awoke a spirit of resentment in my bosom, and I was eager for the combat and began to fret with the others at our inactivity. All the more venturesome spirits in the camp desired an attack on Boston, murmuring at our feeble efforts to return the enemy's fire. But we were still short of powder, and the time of enlistment of many of the regiments was nearly out, so that our forces were likely to be depleted rather

than increased. The winter, too, had set in now most severely; the rivers and the bay were frozen over, and the snow lay white upon the uplands, while the cold was biting and our men had begun to suffer from the need of fuel. With the prospect of the withdrawal of a large body of Connecticut militia, whose term of service had expired, we were in no condition to besiege the town. However, by the end of the month, fresh stores of ammunition came to us through the capture of the ordnance brig *Nancy*; she was taken by Captain Manly, the commander of one of our ships, and her stores were brought to us from Cape Ann,—muskets, flints, shot, and mortar beds. Great were the rejoicings, and the huge brass mortar was baptized “*Congress*,” by General Putnam, who used not water but rum for the christening, which was performed amid the deafening cheers of the men.

In spite of the weak state of our army, the Philistines remained quiet, though we looked daily, hourly for an attack. They even permitted us to commence the work of building a battery at Lechmere’s Point without firing a gun. The snow fell heavily at this time, and the cold was intense; but General Washington pushed on the work, and a causeway was built across the marsh to the point, and in the morning we broke ground near the water-side but half a mile from their man-of-war. The party was commanded by General Putnam, and I was with them, to my great joy, since my only resource was activity. The morning dawned foggy, and the vapors from the ice and snow rose to meet the cloud of mist. Quietly and swiftly the work went on, and it was not until the noonday sun dispelled the fog, that the enemy saw us laboring at the intrenchments; but no sooner were we discovered, than the guns of the man-of-war opened upon us, and also a battery at Barton’s Point. Our little

party was raked with shot and shell, and one young soldier, but a lad, who was a little way beyond our works was struck by a ball and stretched upon the snow. In a moment he rose and strove to struggle toward us, for the order had been given to retreat, it being useless to sacrifice the lives of the men. I was watching the young fellow, and saw him sink down once more with a pitiful expression of despair. The soldiers were gathering up their tools, and all about me was the confusion of retreat, while the balls rained on every hand. I took no thought of the greater risk ; I leaped over the earth and snow cast up by their picks, and running to the lad, lifted him in my arms, and struggled back across the slippery ground. The burden was heavy, and the shots whirled around us, while my feet sank deep in the snow ; but I brought him up, and joining the detachment bore the lad to a safe spot, when the others were more ready to aid him, and he was carried back to camp. General Putnam touched my shoulder as he passed me.

“A kind heart brings its own reward,” he said in his kindly way ; and I knew that he had seen my action, but I took no thought of it, for after all it was but my duty.

The next day an eighteen-pounder from Cobble Hill played on the vessel, and it was compelled to drop down below the ferry ; our works were then renewed and finished, despite the cannonade from the enemy’s batteries, and Lechmere’s Point, being thus strongly fortified, threatened Boston.

Not many days after this, I was bidden to an entertainment at headquarters, and went, not without reluctance. I had been so steadily overlooked in all expeditions that might have won me promotion, had been so coldly treated, that my pride was touched. I remember that I entered the room behind a group of

officers, and stood alone by the door unnoticed, as I thought. It was a gay scene; the apartment was thronged with people, members of the Provincial Congress, judges, lawyers, and everywhere the uniform of our officers. The wives and daughters of officials and of all the Whigs in the vicinity were present, and here was much fine dressing; gowns of flowered brocade, of gay satin, of rich silk, worn over great hoops, and some of them cut lower at the bosom than we country people thought modest. Their hair much powdered was dressed wonderfully high with flowers and feathers, and there was a great fluttering of ribbons and of fans. A gay scene, truly, in contrast with the poorly clad and poorly armed camp without, yet it was well to keep up a show of cheerfulness. Mrs. Washington was standing near me, attired in a white brocade, much flowered with great pink roses, the overskirt—as I think the women call it—being looped up at the sides with roses, and showing below a petticoat of satin brocaded thickly with gold figures and worn over huge hoops. It was short in front, and showed her high-heeled slippers, that had marvellous gold buckles. The bodice was more modestly cut than some, though her neck was very pretty, and she wore a kerchief of rare lace, so Mrs. Adams told me; it was she who afterwards called my attention to all these details, and asked me to notice the pink roses in Mrs. Washington's powdered hair, which she said were a wondrous match for those upon her gown. The great lady was so surrounded by distinguished guests that it was some little time before I could address her. At last she saw me and smiled a greeting as I advanced, the others falling back a little at the approach of a stranger.

“I am glad to see you here to-night,” she said with unusual cordiality.

“And I am glad to hear you say so, madam,” I returned with some feeling; “I feared that I was scarcely a welcome guest.”

“Nay,” she said, giving me her hand with her sweetest smile, “I am ever happy to welcome a brave man, Captain Allen.”

This was the first I heard of my captain’s commission. My simple act, in saving the lad’s life at Lechmere’s Point, so unworthy of record, had won forgiveness of my former errors, and the long-delayed promotion was mine at last.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SUSPENSE.

ON the first day of the New Year the Philistines sent us the king's speech, made at the opening of Parliament ; and a cruel address it was ! It came out by a flag, and was delivered in due form and with all ceremony ; and when the text of it was bruited about the camp, the soldiers were inflamed against it and against his Majesty. Yet it was not a strange thing that the king should call our struggle to maintain our liberties “a rebellious war ;” kings love not the truth too plainly spoken and enforced by cannon shot. But there was no touch of mercy in his language, and he showed that his hand was also against us. The determination, too, to hire Hessians and Cossacks to crush his own subjects, free Englishmen, was the unkindest blow of all. That a king should send hirelings to shed the blood of his people seemed all that was needed to sever the tie that bound us to our allegiance. The anger of the troops blazed out in an outburst of applause when our new flag was raised on Mount Pisgah that same day, with a salute of thirteen guns. The new banner had Saint George's and Saint Andrew's crosses combined in a blue field, bordered by thirteen stripes of red and white in honor of the thirteen provinces, now solemnly united in a league and covenant ; we had not yet the flag that became ours at last, but this was the first symbol of our union.

Already among the soldiers there was a desire for freedom ; they no longer cherished any regard for the king's authority. The arms were in their hands, and they had no wish to lay them down until our liberty was an accomplished fact and not an empty name. When a breach is once made, it is no easy matter to heal it again, and the anger of our people was kindled against his Majesty ; they held him responsible for the oppressive acts of Parliament and of his ministers. The feeling, too, that we had gone too far to retreat with honor or with safety was current amongst us ; if we surrendered now, we should be made to suffer for our rebellion against unjust laws, and instead of achieving our redress we should but rivet the chains upon our limbs and be rather slaves than freemen. Thus it was that we drifted slowly but surely on the tide that was to carry us to the open sea of our independence ; bought dearly with tears and blood, but remaining a glorious monument of our endeavors. Yet at this very season we had but just passed through a sharp ordeal, having been compelled to disband one army and organize another in gunshot of an enemy, and all the while short both of weapons and of ammunition. The Connecticut troops had threatened to mutiny at one time, being filled with discontent and determined to depart, even before their enlistment time was fully out ; their conduct disheartening his Excellency, but they were sharply rebuked by the loyal people of their own province, and fresh troops were sent us. In the interim, however, New Hampshire and the Massachusetts Bay behaved with noble fortitude and self-sacrifice ; their reinforcements filling up all vacant places, and the men coming with great cheerfulness and promptness at the first summons to the field. In the midst of these trials and tribulations the Congress of the United Col-

onies, sitting at Philadelphia, continued to urge General Washington to make an attack upon Boston, and to regard not the town or the property that might be thus utterly destroyed. That stanch patriot, President Hancock, seconded their resolution by his personal letter, although he had much estate there. "May God crown your attempt with success. I most heartily wish it," he wrote, "though I may be the greatest sufferer." It was this noble spirit of self-sacrifice, happily animating our best and bravest, that made the struggle possible.

In spite of all the urging of Congress and his own desires, General Washington yet forbore to make the attack because our strength was still inadequate, but he made a call upon the Provinces of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut, for additional troops to serve through February and March, being determined, as we learned later, to make the assault in the spring. It was in January that we alarmed the Philistines, however, by an attack on their outposts at Charlestown. I was with the party under the command of Major Knowlton, and we set fire to the few houses that remained on Main Street, took several prisoners, and came off with safety despite the enemy's guns on Bunker Hill. It seemed that we carried consternation into Boston, our attack alarming the pickets and breaking up an evening of enjoyment at Faneuil Hall, where the royalists were witnessing their farce, "The Blockade of Boston." It was like to prove a sorry jest to them, for they were truly sore pressed by our forces, and the town was a sad spectacle for such as loved the freedom of their native land. Many houses had been pulled down for fuel, and the churches were often desecrated; the Old North Church, from whence had shone the signal that aroused

the country for Lexington, had been used for firewood, and the Old South Meeting-house was Burgoyne's riding-school ; insolent soldiery swarmed in the streets, and it was only Mr. Howe's severity that held license in check. Yet they were gay withal, especially since the arrival of store-ships from Nova Scotia and the West Indies. After that, the demolition of houses and wharves was stayed, and the officers and men of fashion among the Tories made much sport of our rebellion, plays and masques went on night after night ; they even sent their playbills out to his Excellency and other officers, in derision of our sober conduct. Great was the contrast ; we were struggling with poverty and desperation against the tyrant, and it behooved us to be grave. We were forbidden all games of cards or of chance. "At this time of public distress," said the general orders, "men may find enough to do in the service of their God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." Thus, while one side invoked the aid of Heaven, the other seemed to invite the machinations of Satan.

The winter, which had set in with great severity, was now open, a great change having come in the last month, and the bay was free from ice. We were still short of powder and artillery, until Colonel Knox brought down cannon and howitzers from Crown Point and Ticonderoga, and we obtained ammunition from the king's stores in New York. By the end of February, preparations were made at last to attack the town, and Washington made requisitions for the militiamen ; meeting a cheery response, for the soldiers of all sorts and conditions were eager for the fray. The camp became the scene of much activity ; fascines and screwed hay were collected for the intrenchments, and batteaux and floating batteries

were gathered in the Charles River. We kept up a cannonade upon Boston to divert the enemy, but our real purpose was concealed. Many persons came to Cambridge to witness the scenes; among them being my father, who was the more welcome because I could tell him of my errors and my subsequent pardon with a lighter heart now that I was promoted to a position where I might do better service and prove my loyalty and zeal. I knew well that it was for his sake that I had been forgiven thus easily, and fancied he had already heard the story from another source, though he said not so, but merely asked me if I had any tidings from Joyce, and smiled a little at my answer even while he pressed my hand. I think that Joyce's perverse and haughty temper rather pleased than affronted him; he thought of her as but a child, and the memory of her pretty, wilful ways amused him still. But I had cause to think her more the woman, and my heart was stinging yet with her disdainful words.

It was one Monday night, the fourth of March, that Boston was cannonaded to cover our march upon Dorchester Heights; and while the British were occupied in protecting their own property, we advanced with our artillery, under the cover of darkness. We marched about four thousand strong, under General Thomas, with a train of carts loaded with intrenching tools and fascines, and we maintained the strictest silence, while the thunder of our cannon on the hills shook the air. It was eight o'clock when we reached the heights and paused a moment to look out upon the scene. At our feet lay Boston, all hurry and confusion, while the shells from our artillery on the Charlestown side burst high in the air above it, the red fire falling like flaming stars upon the town. Behind this stretched the quiet

country, the lights of our camps showing dimly in the white light of the moon. Upon our right the bay stretched out in quiet beauty, a shining touch on every crested wave. It was a scene at once terrific and beautiful, and our hearts were stirred with the profoundest emotions as we turned to our labor with devoted energy. When at last the moon set, and darkness came and went, our works were bristling upon the heights. The mists of early morning clearing away before the rising sun, revealed us to the astonished Philistines, who could scarce credit the evidence of their own senses, but regarded our intrenchments rather as the work of magic than of a raw militia.

Intense excitement, ay, more than that, eager anticipation, prevailed in our camp. It was the morning of the fifth of March, the anniversary of the Boston Massacre, and we desired to make the day yet more memorable by a defeat of the British forces; a battle seemed inevitable. We could see the stir in the town, the commotion on the fleet; our position had manifestly roused our contemptuous enemy. Our guns commanded not only Boston, but Castle William and the harbor, and it was not possible to ignore us, or to continue their diversions at the playhouse; here was a more serious occupation in readiness for them, and from the signs of disturbance it seemed that they had already accepted the challenge. As the day advanced, the heights about Boston were filled with spectators, drawn from all directions, in the anticipation of a repetition of Bunker Hill. General Washington came to the works and addressed words of encouragement to the soldiers, bidding them remember the massacre; he was answered by hearty cheers, for our men were in high spirits and craved a trial of our strength. We could see the preparations;

the regiments of redcoats marching down to the wharves, the dragoons galloping through the town, the trumpets sounding to horse, and all the panoply of war glittering before us, as it had upon that day in June. But a higher will than man's prevailed ; the wind rose and beat upon those transports, and in the furious surf no boat could land. We remained upon the heights, and watched them make effort after effort to reach us, but in vain. The March wind howled among the hills and swept the bay until its dark waters were lashed white in their fury. The great ships in the harbor rolled and tossed, the helpless playthings of the elements ; no boat could live in such a sea. Our enemies were forced to abandon their attempt, and another night we lay upon our arms, having strengthened our works with untiring zeal.

It was intended to attack Boston when the redcoats made their assault upon Dorchester Heights, and a body of troops waited at Cambridge for that purpose. On the morrow, surely, the conflict would come, and we were eager for it ; but the morrow dawned in a driving rain, and the wind still swept the water so that the enemy could make no attempt upon our works, and we waited once more in vain. But we knew that the end was at hand, for our guns commanded both town and harbor, and they must either dislodge us or be demolished ; there was no longer any possibility of an evasion. The thunder of our artillery from Charlestown and from Dorchester shook the houses of the devoted town, and shells were bursting on every side, while the British returned the fire from their intrenchments and from the shipping ; but it was not to be for long. On the eighth of the month they sent out a flag of truce with a letter from the citizens ; it bore no address, for

the Tories would not give General Washington his title, but it brought the tidings that General Howe was determined to evacuate Boston, and had promised them not to destroy their town if he was permitted to depart unmolested, and they begged a similar assurance from our commander. This letter, having no official significance and sent in so strange a fashion, was treated with the contempt it merited, and His Excellency continued to strengthen our position, planting batteries at Bird's Hill, and attempting to seize Nook's Hill, but that, being near Boston, was discovered, and a sharp cannonade from the enemy forced us to abandon it. But our guns continued a ceaseless roar, and it was now apparent that the town was in a state of terror and confusion; there was no longer any doubt that Mr. Howe intended to leave it, to the despair of the Tories.

We, upon the heights, watched and waited; we could see them throwing guns and gun-carriages off the wharves, and the horse transports dropped down below Castle William. It seemed that we were to have a bloodless victory, and there was a feeling of disappointment in our army; the men were thirsting to avenge their wrongs and to achieve a signal triumph, but fate ordered otherwise. Nevertheless, those days were full of deep anxiety, and I looked down upon the town with a heavy heart; we knew, for tidings came to us in secret, that the Tories were in sore distress lest they should be forsaken by their chosen protectors, and my thoughts dwelt constantly with those violent royalists the Talbots. What of them in this crisis? Would Dick be able to take them with him, and where would they go? I waited and made no sign; had not my kindly advances been rejected? If my services were required, they must seek

them ; but through all those long days I had no thought but of Joyce, knowing, as I did, that there might be riot and violence in the town ere the redcoats left it ; that even their own officers might fail to control them at the last.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN OLIVE BRANCH.

THE days passed, and yet the redcoats lingered, and there was much perplexity in our camp. His Excellency desired, if possible, to spare the devoted town, and therefore did not order a general assault, hoping to see the departure of the troops. The British, however, remained inactive, and we, being but indifferently informed of all that passed, were at a loss to interpret the delay. As time wore on, General Washington became convinced that Howe was temporizing, in the hope of reinforcements, and we were ordered to continue our works, advancing constantly nearer to the town. Preparations were made again to seize Nook's Hill, from whence we could throw our shells into their stronghold, and a detachment was held in readiness to march to New York, where it seemed likely that the enemy would endeavor to gain foothold of a more permanent character.

It was the night before we seized Nook's Hill, and a council of war was held at headquarters, where all these matters were discussed. I had been all day on duty on Dorchester Heights, and being indisposed had obtained leave to pass the night with my father, who had again come to Cambridge, and I had reached the door of his lodging when Ephraim Minot suddenly came up behind me and plucked my sleeve. Turning, I saw that he was not alone, but that a tall man stood behind him.

"I have a friend here to see you, Captain Allen," he said quietly; but something in his voice stirred my blood with a new excitement, and I bade them enter.

We went to my father's rooms, but found that he was absent, and so I had the better opportunity to see my visitors. I had failed to recognize Ephraim's companion, and was now both pleased and startled to find that he was the go-between, Thomas Bassett. He had made his way out of Boston in the midst of the disorders prevailing there, and, with Ephraim's aid, came safely through our lines. I questioned him eagerly about the state of the town, desiring rather to hear of Joyce, but delaying the important matter until the last, as we do when we have a purpose lying next our hearts. To my disappointment, the man knew little of General Howe's intentions, but he told a sorry tale of the condition of Boston. He said that the inhabitants were well-nigh at the mercy of the lawless soldiers, despite the orders of the commander to the contrary, and that both soldiers and sailors broke open and plundered private houses as well as stores. It seemed that Howe had commissioned one Crean Brush, a notorious Tory, to receive all valuable property and goods which might be of profit to us, and to seize all such goods that were withheld or concealed. Crean Brush, exceeding his orders, was breaking open stores and stripping them of their contents, plundering persons of all conditions; his example being imitated and exceeded by bands of lawless men, who thus found an apology for open robbery. The state of the inhabitants was most unhappy, and smallpox had been raging in the town; beset by enemies and friends alike, and smitten with plague, Boston lay a prey to every kind of violence. That Mr. Howe was really preparing for departure, there seemed to be

no reasonable doubt, and the Tories were thrown into yet greater terror at the prospect of being left at the mercy of their indignant countrymen. It was not until I had drawn all this from him that I asked directly for tidings of the Talbots; I caught a flicker of amusement in Ephraim's eyes as I spoke, and knew that he had fathomed my reluctance to mention them. He was strangely observant, in spite of his stolid face, and but little escaped the notice of those small pale eyes. In a moment, however, I had forgotten him, forgotten all else, at the sight of the little missive that Basset produced and handed me in silence. I knew it at a glance, and left these two and went to the mantelpiece, to read it by the light of the candle that burned there. It was but a few lines, without any word of greeting, but I knew that it had cost her much to write to me after her sharp words of rebuke. "Once," she wrote, "you were good enough to offer your aid whenever it should be needed. I am very loath to ask it, but we need it now. I have permission here to see you, beyond our pickets, if you can obtain the like liberty. The bearer, one Thomas Basset, will tell you at what hour and place I may meet you. It grieves me to ask this, and it may be that you will have no wish to speak with one of us. JOYCE." That was all, but knowing her spirit and her pride, I knew how much it had cost her to write it, and reproached myself that I had let her be forced to appeal to me. The humility of it touched me, not with triumph at my victory, as some men might feel, but with deep tenderness and compassion for her. My proud Joyce, how much it must have stung her to write that simple little letter! She must too, be in some sore need of my aid or she would never ask it. I questioned Basset sharply, but drew nothing from him but the hour, the next day at

sunrise, and the place for the meeting, which was Charlestown Neck, beyond the very tavern of the Sign of the Sun where she had scorned the rebel; but I bore no malice, rather rejoiced only that I yet might serve her with all love and loyalty. I found that Basset was prepared to return with my answer to Boston that night, and went at once to headquarters to communicate the tidings that I had gathered and obtain permission to go beyond our pickets to hold conference with some one from the town. The little information I had obtained was eagerly welcomed, and leave was readily granted me to hold communication with my friends. There was much pity felt for the oppressed townspeople, and though the malice of the Tories was naturally resented, the patriots had never imitated their vindictiveness.

That night I slept but little, though it was the first on which I had found an opportunity to lie down, for we had been on a continual stretch of active duty. I had obtained a respite for the sake of a little bodily recuperation, but my short sleep was broken with dreams, in which I fancied Joyce in distress and calling in vain to me for help,— help which I was powerless to give.

At daybreak I was up and dressed for my expedition and panting with impatience for the hour. It was Saturday, and that night we seized Nook's Hill; but then all was quiet, no sound but the beating of the drums to call the men out to the lines. I went alone, and, avoiding the bustle of the camp, made my way to the road which led to Charlestown. I passed our works at Mount Pisgah as the regiments were assembling for prayers, the flush in the eastern sky heralding the day. When I reached the appointed spot, near the Mystic, I could see the sentries on duty at the enemy's outposts and could hear the bugles in their camp at Charlestown. I

walked up and down beside the river for half an hour, and began to fear that some mishap had overtaken her ; but at last I saw two figures, a man and a woman, coming toward me, and hastened to meet them. The man was Basset, and the cloaked and hooded form beside him I recognized at a glance. She left her escort and came alone to meet me, I thought with some reluctance ; doubtless she felt keenly that she must now appeal for help to the Yankee she had so often rebuked. Nevertheless, when I held out my hand in eager greeting, she let hers rest in it an instant, and I thought I caught the old Joyce looking out from her gray-blue eyes. But the change in her sweet face smote me sharply ; she was pale, and soft shadows lay beneath her eyes, and I knew that these last weeks had been full of anxiety.

“ Joyce,” I said gently, and could not keep the tender tone out of my voice, “ your note was full of doubt that I would be willing to serve you — have I deserved this at your hands ? ”

“ Nay,” she answered with a falter in her tones ; “ but we deserve nothing from yours.”

“ I would endure much evil usage from you and forgive it,” I rejoined quietly ; “ but tell me how I can aid you now.”

“ First, I must thank you,” she said earnestly, bearing herself with a dignity that reminded me of our estrangement. “ I have but lately heard of Dick’s escape from your camp. He did not tell me, and my letter — my first letter to you,” her voice played her false once more, faltering softly, “ must have seemed cruelly ungrateful and unjust. You know how earnestly we thank you for his safety.”

I felt a sharp pang of remorse and regret when I thought of all that my duty would have forced upon me.

"I do not deserve your thanks," I said briefly; "it was a rustic soldier, Ephraim Minot, who released your brother in my absence. It —"

She interrupted me with an impatient gesture.

"Ay," she said quickly, "I know your way, of old; you never yet desired thanks or praise — but I, having Dick safe and sound, know whom to think of with gratitude. And now I have come to my petition. My father is ill, too ill, it seems, to go on shipboard. You know that Mr. Howe is likely to evacuate the town, and we must either go with him or fall into the hands of our enemies."

"Your enemies, Joyce?" I exclaimed reproachfully.

"Ay, sir," she said proudly, "the king's enemies are ours."

"I never thought to bear that name to you," I rejoined quietly.

She glanced at my uniform of buff and blue, and at the black cockade upon my hat.

"You wear the livery of the rebels," she said coldly; "that cockade should be of white — to show the purity of your loyalty. Black is suitable, since one who serves so poor a cause should wear mourning for his errors."

"The cause of my country," I replied simply; "but let us not quarrel for a poor cockade. I can aid you — I will find means to protect you in Boston; but, Joyce, you must leave it, for, unless the redcoats go, we shall bombard the town."

"Alas," she said, "when you do, Mr. Howe will burn it, so they say; and already Crean Brush is seizing all the merchants' goods."

"Yet you call Mr. Howe a just man!" I said bitterly; "rather, say I, a tyrant."

She bit her lip, and her cheeks flushed.

"We will not talk of him," she replied. "I came to pray that you would ask your commander for a passport, that we may take my father to our home at Marblehead. Dick goes with the army, and mother and I are left to fight our own battles. Father knows not of my errand, nor does Dick — both would never consent to an appeal to your army ; but we must go home if we may."

"You shall, if I have any power to win the passport," I said earnestly, "and I wish that you might go at once. But when we enter the town, I will protect you. Meanwhile lawlessness may reign supreme. Joyce, I pray that you and your mother will find means to come out to us at once."

"Nay," she said coldly, "I have no more cause to fear the king's soldiers than yours, and we will stay while our flag still floats above us."

"You despise us still, I see," I replied proudly ; "but you have no cause to scorn men who are fighting for their country and yours, Joyce, for you are no English-woman."

"I am a loyal subject yet," she said, averting her eyes, "and I will be ever."

"And you have no kindness for a man who believes in the cause that he has espoused?" I asked her in a low voice, and saw the telltale color creeping up to her soft hair.

"I hear you are a captain in the rebel army, sir," she replied abruptly, with a quick glance from under her long lashes.

"I am the same man who has loved you all these years, dear Joyce," I whispered softly, touching her hand, but she withdrew it quickly.

"Nay, Captain Allen," she said, catching her breath, "I will not appear to pardon conduct that I condemn,

because I have come to sue for a favor. I will be just as true to my sense of duty as you are to yours. I have asked a favor, because I know that you are just and kind ; but I do not ask it for the sake of our—of our—” She broke off in confusion.

“Of our old love for each other,” I said sadly. “Nay, Joyce, I make no claims for old acquaintance. You shall have my utmost service, and I will remember that you scorn the rebel still !”

“I thank you, sir,” she said gravely, and held out her hand in farewell, for already Basset had signalled twice that the time was up.

“Farewell, Joyce,” I said gently, and I could not resist the temptation to kiss the little gloved hand I held, although I felt it a contemptible weakness. “I hear that you are likely to wed a soldier of your king’s —may you be happy.”

She drew her hand away, not unkindly, and walked a few steps from me ; then she turned suddenly, and I saw her blue eyes with a sparkle of mischief in them.

“Unhappily for my future, sir,” she said, “I am wicked enough — base enough — to — to love a rebel !”

I sprang toward her, but she had turned and darted down the path, swift as a bird, and Basset called to me to come no nearer to the lines. This would not have checked me but that she turned and signed to me to come no farther, and I saw a British sentry advancing to meet them ; so I could do nothing but retreat, not wishing to encumber her with my presence. But my heart beat fast, while I stood and watched until her slight figure disappeared behind the hill and I was left alone beside the river.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SIR ANTHONY AT BAY.

ON Sunday morning the Philistines began to embark ; we had seized Nook's Hill the night before and held it, despite their cannonade. It was no longer possible for them to remain in Boston, since we could now shell the town at too close quarters ; an attempt to hold out against us, would have caused great loss of life and been without result. From our works we could see their movements upon the wharves, and watched many of the inhabitants crowding into boats, as well as the soldiers. The Tories dreaded to meet us, more than did the redcoats, and there was a general flight. At the first signs of evacuation, our troops paraded, and a detachment, under General Putnam, went in boats on the Charles River to Sewall's Point, where they could reconnoiter Bunker Hill. We had seen the redcoats marching out of their fortifications, but thought that their sentries were yet on duty. It was some time before we discovered that these figures at their posts were but wooden images and that the fort was empty. Our troops took possession with great joy, and our colors once more floated over that height where so much patriot blood was shed. All these things I learned from hearsay, for on that morning I was at Dorchester, with the troops under Colonel Ebenezer Learned, who advanced upon Boston from that direction.

The British had commenced their embarkation at four o'clock in the morning, and at sunrise the harbor was

crowded with their transports and ships. We remained there at our works on the heights and watched in silence. Not a shot was fired ; we spared the inhabitants and the fugitives. It was said later that, had we fired, they would have burned the town, all being in readiness for a conflagration. General Washington desired, however, to spare bloodshed and to permit the property of our loyal Massachusetts patriots to remain untouched. It was a strange sight to look down upon that harbor, crowded with their shipping, and upon the town, and to behold the flower of the royal army in such dire distress. Men rushed about as if possessed with madness ; women and children were huddled, like sheep, upon the wharves, while anxious Tories strove to bring away their goods. The flash of arms, the scarlet coats mingled in the medley, but there was no military display ; it was rather a precipitate flight than a retreat, and the desire to escape seemed to animate all with a common impulse. We could have smitten them, in their confusion, and inflicted a heavy loss, but such was not the spirit that glowed in the bosoms of the colonists.

By ten o'clock the enemy was embarked, and we marched across Boston Neck with beating drums, young Ensign Richards bearing the standard. We were forced to move with great caution and deliberation, for our way was strewn with crow's-feet that they had thrown about to retard the advance of an attacking army. We found their works marvellous strong here, and built with care and regularity, and it seemed improbable that we could have forced them ; on every hand were guns, spiked before the enemy departed, and gun-carriages broken in pieces. The work of destruction had been hasty, and all the wreckage presented a gloomy spectacle. Here were broken shells and shots, half buried in the

ground, the whole scene telling its own story with simple eloquence. General Putnam now assumed command, and all important posts were manned, while we took possession and raised the flag of thirteen stripes in the name of the thirteen United Provinces.

Small-pox still prevailed in sections of the unhappy town, and orders were issued that no officer or soldier should enter without a pass. The main body of the army was not to march in for three days, and meanwhile we held all the points commanding town and harbor, and saw the British fleet drop down the bay. It was a season of joy and thankfulness; we felt no little self-approval since we, being but raw troops, had driven his Majesty's veterans out of their stronghold. The relief and exultation in camp was universal, and his Excellency issued orders, forbidding the molestation of any person or property, since the unhappy inhabitants of Boston had suffered already but too deeply.

As soon as my military duties were discharged, I hastened to headquarters to obtain a pass, having but the one thought, to see Joyce as soon as might be. I had obtained leave to escort them to Marblehead, and hoped to get them away at once, fearing that Sir Anthony's temper would yet be the cause of trouble.

Having been to Cambridge in the afternoon, I approached by the way of Charlestown, walking past its blackened ruins with a sad heart. The broken walls of some buildings yet remained, and the aspect of the place, once so beautiful, was tragic and forlorn. The intrenchments upon Breed's Hill were manned by our troops, who stood now by the graves of so many of their own heroic brethren, sacrificed on that memorable day in June. In the midst of our success, here was a melancholy reminder of the sacred blood that it had cost.

I took an open boat and crossed the river, landing at the ferry-way beside the Battery, and so stood once more in Boston, where I had not been for more than a year. The town was quiet enough ; even the idle loiterers by the wharves stood aside respectfully at the sight of my uniform, and many of the inhabitants seemed eager to greet me ; but I walked on rapidly, anxious to reach my destination. I noted eagerly the aspect of the town, and was astonished to see how little damage the bombardment had inflicted ; the condition of the place was far better than I had anticipated, the houses presenting a fair appearance outwardly, though some were sadly used within, having been quarters for the common soldiers. Some old houses were pulled down for fuel, and I saw that the Old North Meeting-house had been utterly destroyed for the same purpose ; doubtless the royalists had delighted in so doing, since from this church had shone the beacon that announced the move on Lexington. Every precaution had been taken to fortify the town, and to my poor judgment it seemed well nigh impregnable. All these things caught my eye in passing, but I paused not to investigate and pushed forward eagerly, reaching my destination, as it happened, in the nick of time. The house that the Talbots occupied stood back on Marlborough Street, and the door opening on the street was on a level with the ground ; the windows of the living-rooms below stairs also stood within reach of the passers-by. It was a low two-story house of brick, and in the arch over the entrance, also of brick and slightly concave, the king's arms were set in open defiance of the Whig sentiment now predominant in the town, since the Tories had fled with the Ministerial army. I had heard an uproar before I turned the corner of the street, and quickened my steps in time to see a party of rascals,

town vagabonds, collected at the door of the Talbot house ; one fellow, having mounted on the shoulders of a comrade, was striving to detach the royal arms from their resting-place. The remainder of the party cheered him, and cast reproaches of no delicate nature at the inmates of the dwelling. Seeing that they were concentrating their attention upon an open window on the lower floor, I divined the cause of the disturbance and hurried forward, none too soon. At the very moment of my approach, Joyce's dog, Laddie, aggravated by the noise, leaped from the window and attacked a vagabond who stood near by. The fellow, infuriated by the unlooked-for assault, seized a heavy stick from a companion, and in an instant would have crushed the animal's skull, but before the blow could descend, I had him by the wrist, and seizing Laddie's collar with the other hand, pulled them apart. The dog recognized me at once and obeyed my touch, while the sight of my uniform had a magical effect upon the crowd ; more mischievous than ill-natured, the idlers stood aghast at the sight of an officer at so unexpected a moment. But my appearance had not the same effect upon Sir Anthony, who sat in a chair by the window, too lame to rise but able to fling his defiance in the teeth of his enemies.

“ Come on, ye ruffians ! ” he shouted, his face its usual purple, and his white wig awry, “ an attack upon a helpless old man and a lot of defenceless women is worthy of your beggarly army — and there, I see, is a leader for you, wearing the devil's uniform, or that of the rebel congress, which is one and the same. Don't stop at his Majesty's arms — burn, slay, rob — that is your mission, and worthy of you.”

Stones and sticks began to fly at this invitation, and I greatly feared that I could not stop the outbreak ; here

was an element made worse by war, and ready to espouse whichever side was victorious for the sake of spoiling the defeated. Seeing the humor of the crowd, I threw myself before the window, and still holding the infuriated dog, addressed them in sharp, cool tones of authority.

“Disperse to your homes,” I said sternly; “any disorderly conduct will be punished. All mutinous and disobedient men will receive the lash or the stocks. His Excellency, the commander-in-chief, is determined to maintain the utmost discipline, and he will do it, if he has to hang every rascal that violates his instructions, or have him whipped at the cart’s tail.”

They shrank at my threats, the more timid losing heart, and as the king’s arms had already been thrown down and trampled, their main object was accomplished; yet they wavered between fear of offending the new powers and a desire to return Sir Anthony’s insults.

“You have no cause to defend that old Tory yonder, sir,” cried out one of the most reluctant; “it is he who deserves the lash, and right cheerfully would we administer it.”

“Let me but have the chance and I would lay it on your backs fast enough,” returned Sir Anthony’s voice from behind me; “ay, I would give you—” But here the window shut sharply, cutting short his harangue.

I gave one quick glance backward, and saw Joyce standing over him, and knew that I had an ally within. I turned with fresh courage to the rabble.

“For shame!” I said briefly; “why stand here to insult a helpless, childish old man who is in charge of the officers of the Continental army? It is for us to decide his fate. Disperse to your homes, or you will presently

suffer for this. General Washington has no mercy for disobedience."

"Give us the dog to hang and we will go," called out the rogue whom Laddie had attacked.

"I will hang you first," I replied sharply; "disperse — I give you five minutes; delay an instant at your cost;" and I drew my pistol from my belt.

Contrary to my expectations, they obeyed, sullenly and slowly, it is true, but far more easily than I had dared to hope. I stood there with my hand upon my weapon, and watched them, Laddie growling fiercely at my side. When the last rogue had turned the corner, I struck the knocker gently on the door and waited for admittance. The rebel soldier whom Sir Anthony had forbidden his house, had come now to protect a vanquished foe. My heart beat high with expectation as I watched the door. How could I know whose hand would open it?

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

THOSE few moments of joyful suspense seemed half an hour, and then the door opened, but it was a timid and a lingering hand that undid the bolt and chain, and not Joyce but Lady Talbot stood upon the threshold. So disappointed was I at the exchange that for the moment I stood staring, while Laddie pushed past her into the house. Then I recovered myself and saluted her gravely, scarcely knowing how she would welcome me, although she had been ever my ally.

“I am the bearer of your passports, madam,” I said with ceremonious courtesy, “and it may be that I can serve you further in your arrangements, especially before our troops occupy the town.”

“I am thankful indeed to see you,” she replied with a faltering voice; “we had been through so much, suffered so much, during these awful weeks that I cannot leave the town too soon. I would go this hour if I might!”

She was a timid woman, with a pale but handsome face; from her the son and daughter had inherited their beauty, but their temperaments were from the father’s side. She showed now, plainly, her anxiety and distress, and I saw that her hands were quivering with nervousness from the ordeal but just ended.

“I am sorry that you cannot leave at once,” I answered kindly; “but no one can pass out or come in

as yet, until his Excellency is satisfied that the town is purified from small-pox. But I trust that it will be so in a few days, and you can go down to the sea."

All this while I stood in the street, making no attempt to enter the house, and her lack of hospitality suddenly occurred to her. She was in a difficult position, as I knew; within, Sir Anthony was yet storming against the rebels, and I was a rebel officer, yet I was also, in a manner, her benefactor. I could see the conflict of natural impulse and timidity, and then the former won the battle, and she threw open the door.

"Come in, Mr. Allen," she said timidly; "you must be tired and—and we have need to talk the matter over."

"Nay, Lady Talbot," I replied gravely, "I would not force myself upon your hospitality. I fear I am no welcome guest. I am a soldier of the United Provinces, and scarcely wanted in a *Tory's* house."

"Let us not speak of these unhappy things," she rejoined plaintively. "We are old friends, Mr. Allen, and you come to aid us; do not fret me by standing like a stranger, in the street."

"I would not displease you for the world, dear Lady Talbot," I said, entering as I spoke; "you were ever my friend, and I like not my new name. . . . I used to be 'John' to you."

She colored a little, embarrassed as any maiden, but her glance was full of kindness.

"I feared you would not like the old familiar term from me," she said sadly. "I know that we have used you very ill."

"And you thought me so mean as to bear malice for a difference of opinion?" I exclaimed. "I believed that you knew me better."

"I thought no ill of you," she replied frankly, "but the times are changed enough, and many ties are broken."

"That may be," I answered firmly, "but my affection for you and yours is strong enough to endure the vicissitudes of fortune."

As we talked together, she had led me back to a room in the rear to escape, as I divined, Sir Anthony's tirade, which was audible behind the closed door of his room. As we emerged from the dark passage into an apartment lighted by two large windows, I stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. Great confusion prevailed, much of the window-glass was shattered, and nothing but two broken chairs remained by the center-table, while the pictures on the walls were cut and thrust straight through the canvas. The room had the appearance of a wreck. Seeing my amazement, Lady Talbot looked about her with a smile of bitter resignation. I felt the blood burn in my face.

"Surely," I exclaimed, "this is not the work of the rascals that I caught before the house?"

She shook her head. "The day that our army embarked there was some disorder," she said calmly, "although Mr. Howe strove to avert it; but you cannot control the rabble. A party of drunken soldiers broke in here, and Sir Anthony provoked them. This is the result."

"It is too much," I replied warmly; "this from your friends! Truly, I would not value such discipline."

"And what was it you found before the door?" she asked with a little smile.

I bit my lip. "Rabble, madam," I retorted briefly; "our troops are not yet in the town."

"And ours were leaving it," she said with stubborn loyalty; "it is a like case."

I saw that these people would bear much before they reviled the hand that wounded them, so determined was their devotion to their king. Therefore I spoke briefly of my errand, and frankly offered to escort them to Marblehead, since the temper of the people was aroused and they might be unfriendly to a family of Tories. She heard me with patience, and was ready with her thanks, but I saw that she hesitated to accept my offer; and the cause was not far to seek. I knew well that she feared Sir Anthony's violence, and was not a little amused, since I had foreseen this difficulty and scorned it. What was it, after all, but the petulance of an evil-tempered man, aggravated by suffering and helplessness? Surely, his vindictive tongue was beneath a brave man's notice. But I let her hesitate and stammer, because all the while I was plotting to see Joyce, and as yet found no way to compass my design. I had seen her at the window and I knew that she was in the house, but how to ask for her? My pride was stubborn, and I felt that my wayward sweetheart owed me thanks, since I had responded to her request. Scheming for delay, I threw my hat upon the table, and leaning back against this solid piece of mahogany, folded my arms and talked and listened to Lady Talbot. As we stood, my back was to the door, while she was facing it. The chairs were too disabled for use, so that we were forced to remain upon our feet, and I think she feared to invite me into a more comfortably furnished room lest I should prolong my stay, and bring down the fury of Sir Anthony on her devoted head. So closely did I press my cause, supporting my argument with many substantial reasons, that finally she yielded a reluctant consent, permitting me to be their escort. She had tried to avoid it, by suggesting the possible offence to my commander; but

I swept aside this objection with the declaration that I had obtained leave already to go home to Salem for a brief season to adjust my personal affairs. My father being almost constantly absent on public business, our own matters were fast becoming much involved. In the midst of this argument I heard a slight sound behind me, and turning quickly, saw Joyce standing demurely by the table. So pretty was the picture that she made that I regarded her in silence. Her gown of some dark red woollen, with a snow-white kerchief folded about her throat and crossed upon her bosom, became her well, and there was a soft color in her cheeks, while her brown hair had escaped its bonds a little and rippled about her brow and neck. She stood there, with her hands clasped before her, and regarded me from under her dark lashes with a roguish gleam in her blue eyes. At this moment we heard Sir Anthony's voice calling sharply for his wife, and she hurried from the room, but too eager to escape from my persistent argument. She was conscious, too, that matters were strained to a sharp point between Joyce and me, and willing to let me settle my own quarrel; in her heart she had ever been my friend. Left alone with my wayward love, I advanced with eagerness, holding out both hands, encouraged with the thought that she had acknowledged that she loved me still. But I was destined to disappointment; she had no thought to greet me with any show of tenderness. At my approach she moved away to the farther side of the table and stood regarding me in silence. Annoyed by her perversity, my hopes of a warmer welcome dashed at once, I paused also, with the table between us, and returned her glance with one of open discontent.

“So,” I said softly, “you did but fool me, Joyce;

you did not mean the kind words that you spoke at parting. I think that I deserve some thanks, too, since I brought your passports and saved the life of Laddie."

"Nay," she replied with provoking levity, "if you claim a reward for every act of kindness, then is it all prompted by self-interest, and loses half its merit. True service looks for neither praise nor thanks."

I bit my lip to keep back a hasty retort. I knew myself no match for her, and she was ever a tantalizing witch.

"You teach me a lesson, Miss Talbot," I said, assuming her manner; "it may be I deserve no thanks at your hands."

At this she relented, as I had anticipated, and looked down confused.

"You deserve our gratitude," she said softly, "and you have it. I have already thanked you for Dick's escape—"

I cut her short; my conscience would not permit her to believe me more deserving than I was. It hurt me to tell her the simple truth, but I told it, and she listened to the end. Her face paled and flushed while I related the whole incident, concealing nothing, though I feared that I grieved her deeply and it stung my heart to do it.

"The struggle between my duty and my love for Dick was bitter, with the bitterness of death," I concluded sadly, scarcely daring to watch her face now, "but I should have been forced to follow the dictates of my conscience. I do not deserve your thanks."

For a moment there was silence, and I stood before her like a convicted prisoner. Yet could I do no less than tell her the whole truth, since a falsely interpreted

action concerned my honor. But the truth was bitter, and I felt it so. Still she spoke not. Doubtless she would interpret my action in its blackest light. I almost started when, at last, she broke the pause.

“Oh, thou Puritan!” she said, “thou son of a Puritan — thou art worthy of thy blood!”

I felt that she mocked me, and raised my head proudly.

“Is it only a Puritan who strives to do his duty?” I asked bitterly.

“But you left the tent, John!” she said roguishly, shaking her finger at me; and she laughed her sweet laugh, gay and light-hearted as a child. “Oh, John!”

Then I knew that she did not choose to believe me, and I was of two minds about it, half angry at her mockery, half happy that I could escape so lightly; yet felt myself a fool for my pains.

“I am thankful that I left it,” I said honestly, “but it was with no thought that I should be so easily delivered from my troubles.”

At this she laughed again, and then grew grave and addressed me with much dignity.

“It is a pity,” she said gravely, “that you who have so tender a conscience should forget so soon your duty to the king. In this alone you seem a stubborn wrong-doer, and have no perception of the enormity of your error.”

“Because I see a higher duty than that which I owe his Majesty,” I replied at once.

“You acknowledge the debt, though,” she said quickly; “you are the king’s subject yet.”

“While he is still king in these Provinces, yes,” I rejoined quietly, “but it may be that the blow has already been struck that severs that tie.”

"Alas!" she exclaimed with heat, "you are a greater rebel than you were."

"A rebel who still loves you, Joyce, with a faithful heart," I said, ignoring her rising anger, "and you have admitted that you have not quite forgotten even the rebel."

"I was wrong to say it," she retorted with spirit; "you wear a uniform that should proclaim you an enemy of mine."

"Nay," I said softly, smiling as I made a move to reach her side of the table, "look not at the uniform; what is the color of a man's coat compared with the truth of his heart?"

"I love not the color of yours," she said perversely, moving farther around the table to keep me at my distance; "it should be red as the blood of a faithful heart."

"Aye, madam, I have heard you loved the redcoat," I retorted with more feeling than wisdom.

She bit her lip and averted her eyes.

"It is true that I love his Majesty's uniform," she said bluntly.

"I am content if it is but the uniform," I answered meaningly. "I should be happy to wear Joseph's coat of many colors to win you back, my love, but I must obey my conscience."

"Your conscience!" she cried suddenly, stamping her foot upon the floor; "I wish you had no conscience!"

I stood silent, for the moment astonished at this amazing statement. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled; she looked the picture of a little terma-gant, and yet withal as lovely as she was angry.

"I am weary of your conscience," she continued with a quiver in her voice. "I wish I could find a man

who had none, or could sacrifice a little of it for the woman he loved!"

"You think me a canting hypocrite," I said with feeling, "but you do not know how I love you."

She turned and looked at me a moment, and then pointed to my hat which lay between us on the table.

"In the old days of chivalry," she said quietly, her manner changed once more, "a man would dare any danger to serve the woman he loved. I have chosen to test you yet once more. If you love me, wear that as it is."

Now, being dull and slow in thought, I gazed at her in some bewilderment. Then I took up my hat, and in a moment saw what she had done at her first entrance, while my back was turned. She had thrown the black cockade upon the table, and in the place had fixed a white one. This, or a white scarf upon the arm was the emblem worn by Tories volunteering into his Majesty's service. I looked up in quick reproof, but could not read her face. I was angry, too, but forbore to show it, and stood looking at the white cockade in silence, which she was not slow to interpret to her own liking. She leaned a little forward, resting her hands upon the table, and looked up into my face.

"Will you wear it," she said softly, "for my sake?"

Never did any witch look more entreatingly upon her victim, but I hardened my heart against her tender persuasion.

"Never," I replied firmly, and threw the white cockade upon the table, replacing the black; "I am a soldier of the United Provinces."

She walked straight to the door, and stood there looking at me, her figure the incarnation of proud defiance.

"Farewell, Sir Rebel," she said, a red spot burning

in either cheek and her blue eyes on fire ; "God save the king ! "

And with that she left me, and I heard her quick step lightly ascend the stairs. I stood there at a loss, feeling myself routed at every turn and half angry at her for her wayward treatment of me. But there was nothing more to do. Happily I found Lady Talbot in the hall, when I went out, and with her completed my arrangements to see them safe from Boston. Divining, no doubt, that Joyce had quarrelled with me again, she faltered her own thanks for my kindness, but even she was eager to get me from the house. I did not blame her, for I heard the distant rumble of Sir Anthony's wrath, that would not be appeased while an officer of the Continental army yet darkened his doors. So it was that I left the house at sword's points with two of its inmates and but half tolerated by the third. Surely, the course of my love ran not smooth.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ROYALIST AND REBEL.

WITH drums beating and colors flying, our main army entered Boston on the twentieth of March, and we were hailed with joy by the inhabitants. They appeared at the windows and the doors of the houses, greeting us as deliverers, since they had suffered all the hardships of a ten months' weary siege, and endured the suspicions and insults of the enemy. Following our entrance, too, came a concourse of people, relatives and friends of the besieged, and their reunion was one of much tenderness and feeling, and many touching scenes were witnessed. Families had been separated, lovers divided, and all had been tortured by doubt and anxiety. Many met in the streets and embraced weeping; the reserve even of New England natures melted at such a time as this, and there were both smiles and tears. It was sunshine breaking through the storm cloud, more radiant because of its long obscurity, as a golden ray slants with dazzling brightness across the blackness of the tempest.

We found, on examination of the town, a large quantity of military stores and even some provisions left in the hasty evacuation. We observed all the enemy's works with interest, and were much astonished at the indifferent construction of some entirely unlike the fortifications upon the Neck. There were two or three half moons at Beacon Hill and upon the Common, for small arms, and on the shore, opposite Lechmere's Point, was a bomb battery; near this lay a mortar, and above, on the

hill, a battery, the cannon being all spiked. Fort Hill was but a line of barrels filled with earth, and at Hatch's Wharf was also a battery with spiked guns; but we were able to save some of these cannon and a large number of those left at the other batteries. The work of destruction had been too hasty to be thorough, and much was recovered. Their main works were thought well nigh impregnable, but the intrenchments in the town were but to fool us with an appearance of strength.

Faneuil Hall we found dressed up for mummers, a fit work for the Philistines, and the Old South Meeting was a shameful spectacle. Pulpit and pews were gone, the floor was thickly strewn with dirt, a bar being fixed for the cavalry to leap their horses, and a gallery fitted up for a refreshment room. Two other churches, one on Brattle street, the other upon Hollis, had been occupied as barracks. Trees were cut down upon the Common, and it was otherwise much disfigured and its beauty gone. We mourned, too, for the loss of the Liberty Tree. There was much to depress our spirits in this sad aspect of the familiar spots, and our own people had suffered many losses, too, in money and in property, and there was great distress amongst the poor. The Ministerial fleet lay at Nantasket Roads, to the annoyance and alarm of the country folks, and it was ten days or more before the larger portion of it sailed for Halifax.

I did not linger long amid these scenes. I had obtained a leave of absence, and was permitted to escort the Talbots to Marblehead. Determined that Joyce should learn the value of my services and respect my forbearance, I made all the arrangements that were required to conduct them safely upon the road, and this, too, without seeing or speaking with her. I had found Basset and made him a go-between, and thus one cold

morning, a few days after our army occupied the town, the party set out in two coaches, carrying also some personal effects, and travelling rapidly across the town, went by ferry to Winniset, whence we could journey with more leisure, since here there was less chance of a collision between Sir Anthony and any of our army. He travelled with the curtains of his coach drawn close, being too ill with gout and rage to sit upright, and having with him a fair number of bottles of usquebaugh, black cherry brandy, and sack, although charged by the physician in Boston to drink only water. But Sir Anthony declared this to be the advice of "a dried up Whig," and proceeded to follow his own inclinations. Poor Lady Talbot was, as usual, his attendant, while Joyce and her woman occupied the last coach with two of the servants. Basset sat with the coachman on the top of Sir Anthony's carriage, and I was on horseback, leading the procession. I forbore to ride beside the carriages, being minded to let my sweetheart see that I could forego the sight of her averted face. A strange caravan it was, and attracted much curiosity from the rustics, who cheered heartily at the sight of a Provincial officer, not knowing that here were two coach-loads of Tories, and that I was their voluntary protector. Love leads us in strange places, truly, and I was more than half amused at the gaping reverence of roadside loiterers, thinking all the while of Sir Anthony behind the curtains, breathing fire and destruction to their cause but yet impotent as any child, in his fury.

The promise of the spring was with us, and the buds were swelling on the trees. As I rode along, I saw upon a sunny slope on the edge of the woodland a nodding group of blue squirrel-cups showing above the dead leaves of the autumn, and lo, beside me the soft note of

a bluebird ! Still in the hollows lay the white drifts, the fragments of the tattered robe of winter, not yet destroyed by the warmer shafts of sunlight. All my hopes and fancies kindled as I rode ; it seemed scarcely a day for lovers to find a cause for difference. The next pale flower that I discovered made me dismount to pluck it ; then, springing in the saddle, I went back to the window of that last coach and presented it with a grave salute. Joyce took it from me with the manner of a queen, gravely courteous as I had been, but I saw a telltale blush creep up to her hair. For a while, after this, I rode beside the carriage, though I never turned my head toward it, but looked between my horse's ears, conscious, all the time, that a pair of blue eyes watched me furtively within the shadow of the coach. Thus we played at being enemies. Meanwhile Sir Anthony was unusually quiet, and we travelled on without mishap, stopping at noon to bait our horses.

As the day progressed and we approached Lynn, I grew more and more perplexed. I greatly desired to offer them the hospitality of my father's house, and knew that it would be his wish, for we had never acknowledged any grievance against them. Yet I scarcely felt at liberty to propose it, although it seemed but poor kindness to let them push on to Marblehead. A long and weary journey for a sick man, and tiresome for all. But I knew not how to broach the subject ; to Joyce I could speak, but I had not forgiven yet her defiance, and was willing to assume an indifference that I did not feel. To approach Sir Anthony would be to rouse the tempest, yet his consent was essential to the scheme. I determined to brave the lion in his den, and after the noon rest was over rode up to the carriage and addressed Lady Talbot, who was looking through a narrow

opening in her curtained window. I told her briefly that the continuous journey to Marblehead seemed to me too tedious for them, and I prayed her to accept the hospitality of my father's house, where she would find only my Aunt Dorcas. She glanced at me as if affrighted at my boldness, and murmured a faint-hearted refusal, but Sir Anthony's deep voice cut her short. I could not see his face, but I could fancy its expression from the suppressed ire of his tones.

"Tell the young gentleman that we thank him, madam," he said harshly, "but the king's loyal subjects cannot eat a rebel's bread."

"For shame, Sir Anthony," his wife cried with unusual spirit, "we owe much to Mr. Allen; it is ungrateful and indecent to heap such reproaches upon him."

"Be not fretted, dear Lady Talbot," I replied with dignity; "I can endure much from Sir Anthony, for old friendship's sake, and yet forbear."

"Ay!" retorted his voice, sharply, "an old dog's bark is more troublesome than his bite, and you can afford to scorn it."

"I can afford not to listen to it," I replied gravely, and rode on in front; having discharged my conscience of its uneasiness, I could put the matter from my mind without regret.

Sir Anthony's violence no longer stirred my blood with anger as at first; I had faced the realities of war, and the idle bluster of his evil temper disturbed me not at all. It is true that I had nursed a faint hope of seeing Joyce once more beneath my own roof, but now I recognized the folly of such a dream, and set my face steadily toward my duty. Thus we continued in solemn procession until we entered Lynn, where we halted at

the public house for some refreshment. Sir Anthony and his party remained in the carriages; they had no inclination to enter the inn, and I had no desire that they should, knowing the inevitable result. Indeed, I endeavored to conceal the fact that they were Tories, so high was the popular feeling against those who upheld the king. I dismounted myself, and mingled freely with the rustic loungers in the tavern, hearing much talk of the glorious victory at Boston and many curses against the Philistines. The greater number of the men were themselves enlisted militia, only the old and the crippled being willing to remain behind in this great struggle. The landlord, a large and florid person with a long tongue, told me much of the occurrences in all the neighboring districts, relating with unction the story of the capture of the British vessels that had been brought into Salem and to Beverly during the winter. The whole coast had been roused to great joy over our victories at sea; these simple folks who lived beside the ocean gave the greatest honor to a sailor's conquest. They had cause enough, too, for exultation, since early in this very month the Yankee Hero had captured a fine brig, and Captain Manly had also seized two other ships. Poorly equipped for warfare on the water, as we were, we had no cause to be ashamed of our record. These people were eager to dislodge the British fleet from Nantasket Roads; they felt it both an insult and a threat while it lay so near us, and—as simple folks are ever—they were eager to accomplish the most difficult matters with great haste, recognizing not the obstacles that were patent enough to other eyes. What I noted, too, was that the country people were already prepared to accept our independence; this was much talked of in the army, but I had scarcely thought to find so forward a

spirit here. The tidings that an officer of the Continental army was at the inn brought together a concourse of spectators, and I was soon embarrassed to find myself the center of a crowd of gaping yeomen, while the rosy faces of the country maids peeped in at the doors. They were gathered to do me honor, and so simple-hearted was their curiosity that I had not the heart to offend them, and answered their eager questions with all the patience that I could command. But in the midst of this scene I heard a confusion of tongues without, and, warned by previous experience what to expect, pushed my way to the door and looked out upon the street. I was none too soon, and strange enough was the picture which met my eyes. Some of the worthies of the town were gathered beside Sir Anthony's carriage, calmly directing the men who were engaged in taking out the horses, in spite of Basset's furious remonstrance. In the window was Sir Anthony's red face, his hat planted defiantly over his eyes, and his expression one of scorn as he watched the proceedings with open belligerence. The crowd about the door of the tavern was now too thick for Basset to reach me, but as I appeared upon the step he made wild signals for help. At the moment Sir Anthony was silent, and the bystanders regarded him with the cold composure of New England men who are determined upon their course. The sudden quiet permitted my voice to be heard, and I called out to them to forbear, that these persons were under my charge. At this, the foremost of the group by the carriage — a tall, thin man who seemed of some importance by his garb and manner — turned upon me somewhat sharply.

“I do not know you, sir,” he said in a dry tone, “but by your dress I take you for one of our army, in

which case you have fallen into evil company. We find this person here a most pestiferous Tory, and with a tongue too profane and evil for godly company."

"The devil fly away with me, if I ever sought the company of such a bald-faced, hypocritical rascal as thou art!" retorted Sir Anthony, with withering scorn.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon shall smite all such, and they shall be altogether confounded and cast into the pit," replied the other, in a deep voice; and I perceived by his tone and manner that he was a minister.

"Pshaw!" rejoined Sir Anthony, violently angry now, "the pit will be too full of such Yankee hypocrites as thou and thy friends for an honest man to fall into it, even by chance. The sword of Gideon was never yet in the hands of a white-livered, long-eared knave like thee!"

"Blaspheme not, old man," replied the minister, in a deep voice; "you are full of years and of venom, and the hour of your reckoning is at hand."

"Oh, go to the devil!" exclaimed the old Tory, overcome with disgust and wrath.

"Evil is the end of such an one," began his opponent, gratified at the eager attention of his audience, which doubtless wandered on the Sabbath; but here I cut short his discourse, having pushed my way to his side.

"Reverend sir," I said, "I pray your forbearance; this argument but stirs up evil feeling amidst us, and avails nothing. This gentleman and his family are journeying to Marblehead under General Washington's orders, and I am here to see that they are not interfered with."

At this, there was much eager remonstrance. It appeared that they had determined to send Sir Anthony to the Committee of Safety, believing him to be a danger-

ous person, and they had no wish to let their captive so easily evade them. They even began to look upon me with suspicion, as being contaminated by evil communication.

“We should be happy, sir,” the reverend gentleman remarked with pompous dignity, “to have some evidence that you are indeed what you appear.”

I took the passports, which had brought us through the lines, from my pocket, and presented them.

“It will not be difficult to prove my identity,” I remarked quietly; “I am the son of Judge Allen of the Court of Massachusetts Bay.”

At this announcement there was a stir and murmur among the bystanders who recognized the name, though none of my father’s friends were now in Lynn.

“The son of as great a rebel as any of ye,” remarked Sir Anthony, with a vicious enjoyment of my situation; but here his interference was cut short. Lady Talbot dragged the curtains before the window and held them, despite the tirade that went on behind them, like the continuous rumble of a thunder-storm.

The sight of my papers, however, had an immediate effect. At my first appearance the men had let Basset fasten the horses in their harness again; and now, at a signal from me, he drove the carriage slowly away, the crowd giving way to let it pass, as though it were infected with a pestilence.

“We submit to his Excellency’s orders,” the spokesman said gravely; “but, young man, I warn you to eschew the company of such a profane and bloody persecutor. ‘Evil communications corrupt good manners.’ It is such blasphemous and evil-minded persons who lead astray the young and destroy the seeds of the gospel of peace.”

Happy to escape so easily, I thanked the reverend lecturer for his godly advice, and throwing myself in the saddle, rode off in hot haste, to convoy my dangerous charge and to escape further embarrassments. I breathed more freely when our little cortége was once more upon the open road, with no chance of interference until we reached Salem. There I knew that I could protect them, especially since Sir Anthony was himself well known to the townspeople.

CHAPTER XXIX.

DEATH KEEPS HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

IN spite of the untoward delay at Lynn, and Sir Anthony's outburst of fury, we entered Salem in good order and with much decency of demeanor. The foremost coach had the appearance of a hearse, with its tightly drawn curtains, but it gave no sign of the volcano smoldering within. I rode beside it, that I might be the better prepared for any exigency, and the other carriage followed at a short distance.

The sight of the familiar scene was welcome to me, for my childhood's home has ever held a warm place in my heart. I looked eagerly about to assure myself that there was no change, and I found none. There were the bleak and rocky uplands, and the town still bore the aspect of winter, the gray shingled roofs showing weather-beaten in the afternoon sunlight that made red fires on the window-panes, until they looked out of the sober houses like fiery eyes. The salt wind, blowing keenly downward from the Grand Banks, swept the dark blue waters of Massachusetts Bay, and the waves beat fiercely on the wharves. The streets were quiet, as upon the Sabbath; in truth, all the towns of the province had given of their best and bravest to the army, and this change was plain enough to any watchful eye. As we entered Essex Street, the children there at play, catching sight of my uniform, raised the hue and cry, and soon we had a rabble of little folk close upon our

heels, while at the windows appeared the eager faces of matrons and maids. Being so well acquainted, I found myself saluting house after house, as we passed, while the crowd behind gathered strength, as a child's snowball on a winter's day. The stir we made, and these signs, however small, of excitement made me firm in my resolve to make no stop at Salem, but to push on for Marblehead. I dared not risk another scene, and moreover, since Sir Anthony had refused my hospitality, I was loath to have them linger in the town to cause remark. I contented myself with a glance at the old house, as we passed it, and evading those of my acquaintance who would have stayed me from my purpose, hurried my charges out of the dear old place and with much ado got them across the ferry. Slowly and laboriously we climbed the hill beyond it and continued upon our journey, and I was not without uneasiness when I thought of the long drive and of Joyce, already weary with the trials of the siege. The latter end of a day's travel is ever the most tedious, and it seemed long before we came in sight of Marblehead. The town had in winter a bleak and barren aspect; it appeared as if the houses were perched upon the sheer side of the cliffs, and the fierce winds swept it, dashing the salt spray upon it, exhausting all their fury, yet prevailing not against that which had its foundation not on sand, but upon rock.

The Talbots' house, standing as it did a little above the village, could be approached quietly, and I determined to part with the family here, knowing them safe, and having no wish to intrude upon their home-coming. I gave a few brief directions to Basset, and attempting no speech with Lady Talbot, rode back to the second carriage, which halted at a sign from me. Joyce looked

out eagerly, startled at the unexpected stop, but seeing me, flushed a little, and her eyes sank, resting on the flower in her hand, the same which I had given her. The maids being all eyes and ears, after the manner of servants, I could say but a few words of formal farewell.

“I leave you now, Miss Talbot,” I said gravely, “since my service is no longer required; but you know where to find me, if any need arises.”

“Nay,” she replied with some embarrassment, “you should not ride back at this hour; both you and your horse must be weary. At least, we may mend your case a little now. You must rest awhile here.”

I smiled, I fear with bitterness.

“I thank you,” I answered quietly; “but I know that I am too unwelcome a guest in Sir Anthony’s house to avail myself of the kindness of your offer. May it be well with you until we meet once more.”

At my words, purposely reproachful, the blood rose to her temples and her lips quivered a little. So lovely was she, in her angry confusion, that I could not bear to take my leave, and lingered a moment by the carriage. Then, as she continued silent, I lifted my hat in a grave salute.

“Farewell,” I said gently.

She raised her eyes to my face, and they were blue as two violets, and I thought a tear shone on her lashes.

“Farewell, Captain Allen,” she replied in a low voice; “think not too hardly of us — we are not as ungrateful as we seem.”

With this we parted, but the glance she gave me set my heart to throbbing as I rode away. Her blue eyes shone before me all the way to Salem. The folly of youth? It may be, but a marvellous sweet folly it was. I was not as some who have many loves. I had never

but the one, and she made all my life to me ; its sunshine and its shadows were ever woven about her central figure, and I was content to have it so.

When I entered Salem again, the sun had set and the glory of the western sky clothed all the landscape in an afterglow. Lights were burning in the old house as I dismounted at the gate, and my aunt had the door open before I reached the portico. Alone and anxious so long, she greeted me with delight, and it was good to enter the great hall, with her hand in mine, and her kind old face beaming its welcome for me. The light of the departing day shone in the great window, that had been the resource of my childhood, and I could see the bare tendrils of the vine that swung before it. In the chimney blazed a fire of logs and driftwood ; the warmth and radiance made the hall a cheerful spot, and the red light flashed upon the breastplate of my Puritan ancestor. The scene was homelike, even to the savory odor of roasted fowl that came from the kitchen ; lover as I was, the ride had sharpened my appetite so that this was not the least welcome part of the whole. I remember how joyfully they waited upon my wants, my aunt and the old maid-servant ; the men of the household had all gone to the army. The women were so eager for tidings that they scarce gave me time to eat the meal that their care had prepared. My father had not been home for two months, and I was thus the more welcome and honored visitor.

In the days that followed, I was absorbed with my own matters and had much business to dispatch. Not knowing how soon I should be ordered away, I had the more need to devote myself to our affairs. I was much interrupted, however, and eagerly sought by the towns-people who had relatives or friends in the army, and

were anxious for tidings. I noticed that here, too, as at Boston, the people were inclined toward independence ; no longer desiring to reverence the king, who had oppressed us through his ministers. The feeling against his Majesty ran high ; his speech before Parliament had provoked the colonists, and the old tolerance for royal faults was dead. A new spirit was abroad amongst men ; already in France the young king, Louis XVI., had to contend with the rising forces of a national opposition, and in Europe, as well as in the provinces, men were impatient of the old oppressions ; the effete laws of an age that was dead could no longer serve to fetter the limbs of freemen. In England there were conservative minds to recognize the dangers of the doctrine which desired to destroy American freedom ; had the Ministerialists succeeded, the liberties of England would also have been subverted. The mother country could not afford to cripple and destroy her child. The reaction of her cruelty would have been her own ruin.

The Province of Massachusetts Bay had ever been foremost in the struggle ; so far she, and she alone, had borne the pain and privation of the conflict ; therefore it was natural that she should look eagerly for the fulfilment of her liberty. The flag of England waved no more above the Custom House at Salem, and the king's arms had been removed from all public places ; at Marblehead they had been torn down from above the altar of Saint Michael's. To this day, you may see the place in the old church where his Majesty's arms were set before the people ; no fit spot, either, for the symbol of an earthly ruler. The stern purpose of the nation was aroused, and men were ready to lay down their lives for their liberty. Our enemies did greatly err in that they esteemed too little the courage and the strength of

the colonists. It is not ever men to whom war is a profession who make the noblest battle, rather those who defend their country and their homes, and feel their cause is that of justice and of honor. The French and Indian wars had been a school in which our men had learned to fight, though they were yet simple rustics, being slow to learn the vices that are the soldier's ruin. There is no greater spur to valor than the knowledge that your right arm is the defence of all you hold most dear and sacred. The honest yeomen, whom the British regulars affected to despise, were the greatest strength of the colonies. He who hath the most to lose will surely make the hottest fight.

Knowing that Joyce was safe under her own roof, for the good people of Marblehead forbore to taunt a vanquished foe, I did not intrude upon the household. Her words, and most of all her glance, at parting had aroused the hopes that her perversity cast down, yet I was willing to let her feel that I would not thrust myself upon her. The rebel, as she was pleased to call me, had pride enough to remain absent. I was the more startled, therefore, to receive one day the tidings of Sir Anthony's death. He had been stricken with apoplexy in the midst of one of his violent outbursts of temper, and died almost immediately. The announcement shocked me, and I felt both pain and pity for the turbulent old man who had come to his end in so unseemly a manner. In the old days, before our unhappy differences, there had been much kindness between us, and I remembered only the better part. It seemed, too, the more pitiful because his petulant violence had made so much unhappiness in the household that there would be but few tears shed. Death is the more painful when it brings but little natural sorrow. Coming as it did

when old friends and neighbors were estranged by the fierceness of the dead man's quarrel, it was the more difficult for the two women. Dick had gone with the fleet to Halifax; ten days after the evacuation of Boston, General Howe left Nantasket Roads with the greater portion of the ships, though enough remained to annoy the people of the province. I felt that the hour had come when I was once more needed, and went at once to Marblehead; arriving none too soon, for Lady Talbot and Joyce were in sore perplexity, with no friendly hand to aid them. But at my coming all this was swiftly altered; many of the neighbors had held aloof, rather from the fear of intruding than from any evil feeling, and at my reproaches quickly came to do their part. The old Tory, so fierce in his hatred of his Whig countrymen, was carried to his last rest by these very rebels. We took his body to Salem, and laid it in the Charter Street burial-ground, and only Joyce and her mother were there, for Dick — Sir Richard now — could not come to them.

When it was over, I endeavored, and so also did Aunt Dorcas, to persuade Lady Talbot and Joyce to rest that night with us; but, remembering no doubt Sir Anthony's feeling, they steadily refused, and we drove back to Marblehead. When I helped them from the carriage, both mother and daughter bade me enter, and after an instant of hesitation I obeyed, because I longed for one word with Joyce. And before I went away, I found my opportunity. We were alone in the library, where a fire burned upon the hearth, its glow making the room cheerful despite the rainy day. Joyce stood before the hearth, her figure looking slender indeed in her black gown, and her face quite pale. She was weary, I thought, with all the trouble and the strain,

and I noticed the soft shadows under her wonderful eyes. I had bidden Lady Talbot farewell and stood before Joyce now, hat in hand, ready to depart. Both of us were silent, and in the pause we heard the rain driven fiercely against the window-pane. It was she who broke the silence with a glance of half-timid gratitude.

"We have again cause to thank you," she said gently; "you are more kind than we deserve, but, believe me, we are not unmindful of our obligations."

"Obligations!" I exclaimed. "That which we do for love confers no obligation; the word is odious. I ask no thanks, save only that you will think more kindly of—'the rebel.'"

Her cheek flushed at my reproach, and she kept her eyes upon the fire.

"I fear I think too kindly of him," she said softly.

In an instant I had her hand in mine, and though it fluttered a little in my clasp at first, she did not withdraw it, but turned her head so that I saw only the rosy cheek and little ear and the soft tresses of her brown hair.

"Joyce," I whispered, "torment me no longer—is it possible that you love me still? One moment, I believe it—the next, your unkindness drives me from your side. I am a dull fellow, Joyce, I cannot read your moods; it seems to me that if you loved me as I have ever loved you, you could not but tell me so!"

She turned and looked up at me a moment, and I saw a flash of some quick thought in her eyes.

"Yes," she said in a demure and quiet voice, "you are very dull, Captain Allen."

"I know it," I said with feeling; "I have only wit enough to love you well."

"So you used to tell me when we were children," she replied in the same meek voice.

Tormented by her mood, I caught her suddenly in my arms and kissed her. For an instant I thought she clung to me, and then she struggled to be free, her eyes shining, and a deeper color in her cheeks.

"Let me go, Captain Allen," she said quickly, but not unkindly, "you forget that I am a Tory. Are these rebel manners?"

Yet I thought that, but for the sadness of the hour, she would have smiled. I released her, but kept her hand in mine a moment longer.

"Joyce," I cried earnestly, "I will not let you go!"

"Nay," she said demurely, "there comes the servant to tell you that the carriage is ready to take you away. Farewell, sir, and study to learn more courtly manners, even though you be in a rebel camp."

It was true that there were steps in the hall, and I knew that I had but the moment. I kissed her hand, not once but many times.

"Farewell," I whispered, "we will meet soon — soon again!"

She gave me a strange look, and, with a swift movement, put her arms around my neck and kissed me once, then turned and fled out at one door as her mother and the servant came to the other to tell me that, if I must go, the carriage waited my pleasure. I had told them I was in haste and had asked to be so warned, but now I was sorry for my own deed and went with great reluctance.

I know not how I passed the night or the next morning; doubtless I performed the ordinary duties of the day, but I thought through it all that the end of the

trouble between us seemed at hand, for surely she loved me still.

In the afternoon I crossed the ferry, and so blind was I that I noted no change in the old house when I drew rein before it and sprang from the saddle. Three times I made the knocker ring upon the door, and the silence of the place awoke a keen alarm within my heart. I went around it, and tried the rear door toward the orchard, but in vain. Then from the stables I saw an old man emerging, whom they employed to keep the place tidy in their absence. I plied him with such sharp questions that he seemed for the moment too bewildered to answer any of them. But at last he found his tongue, and told me that he had been left, as usual, in charge. The family had gone away suddenly in the night, whither he knew not, or he would not tell, and though I pressed him close I could draw nothing from him save that he believed that "Master Dick" had come in disguise the evening before. Some one had come secretly, and they, Lady Talbot and Joyce, being prepared, had gone away together in the carriage. Little by little, I learned that he suspected that they went to join the British ships at Nantasket, and, it might be, were bound for Halifax. More I could not get, and so was forced to leave him and return as I had come, but in a vastly different mood.

Gone — fled from me and without a word ! Ah, yes, a rebel might not share their counsels, yet surely she could trust me. At the first, my heart was full of bitter reproaches, then I remembered her glance at me when I bade her farewell, with the assurance that we would meet so soon again. It was this, then, that had prompted her to so relent, the thought of separation, and for this had she kissed me. And she was gone — gone to be

with her brother and the men against whom I must fight, gone to cast her lot with my enemies ; but she had loved me well enough to regret the parting, and that one kiss robbed this new slight of half its sting. Though disappointed and cast down, yet never for a moment did I dream of giving her up. Fate had parted us, not her will ; I believed that, and I would overcome even my fate. My nature was stubborn ever, though so slow.

CHAPTER XXX.

I JOURNEY SOUTHWARD.

I WAS in Salem on furlough through April and May, and rejoiced at the opportunity to remain ; I had a large share of the New Englander's love of home, and camp life appealed less to me than to other men. Moreover I felt keenly the enormous uncertainty of our struggle, and knew that war might yet lay waste these lovely places. Tidings came to us constantly of the preparations which England had made against us, and a part of her fleet lay still at Nantasket Roads. The thought of a surrender of our just rights and sacred liberties came never to our hearts, but the bravest recognized the magnitude of the struggle and our own great weakness. Our poverty and our lack of ammunition, our poorly organized army, nothing more than bands of yeomen, were to be arrayed against the flower of England's army reinforced by a horde of German hirelings and savages. Ay, the king had hired Hessians to slay his own subjects, so they told us, and so we came to know, to our sorrow and his eternal shame.

My stay at Salem was a busy time, and in the nine weeks of it I happily settled many troublesome matters and quieted and comforted a little my aunt, whose sojourn in the old home was tedious and lonely enough in the absence of her brother. I was made much of by the women folks, being a soldier and soon to go out to fight again. They have a great admiration for any quality

which they mistake for courage in a man, and doubtless I could have found comfort for my hurt at the hands of Joyce, had I chosen, but I never greatly considered other women, being by nature steadfast and seeing no one who ever, in my eyes, compared with her, either in beauty or in spirit. Verily, I believe that I loved her the better because that she quarrelled with me; the fairest roses have ever the longest thorns, and a woman who has no touch of spirit is but a poor creature.

Before I went away, my father came to Salem, and for a few days we had the happiness of being once more together. His life was now one constant stretch of public service, and he could remain but a short while, being required at Philadelphia. He had been to the Quaker city while General Washington was there, as President Hancock's guest, in April, and my father was more and more impressed with the simplicity and strength of character of our commander-in-chief. Though often assailed by jealousy, his Excellency grew daily stronger in the affection and esteem of the army. Some there were who found him cold; I myself had felt his displeasure: but to the greater number of us he seemed most happily fitted for his high duties. That he was unselfish and devoted was patent even to those who were envious of his hold upon the people. Some yet doubted his military skill, believing more in General Charles Lee, who, I think, desired always to fan the flame of discontent; but we were among those who believed that our general would yet convince the doubting of his military genius.

The state of affairs in New York, my father told me, was most delicate. Many of the people about Manhattan and Staten Island were most notorious Tories, and in constant communication with Governor Tryon, who was on board a ship-of-war below Staten Island.

The royal mayor, Whitehead Hicks, had resigned his office to become a justice of the Supreme Court, and he had been succeeded by one David Matthews, also a hot royalist. Thus the Tories found encouragement on every hand, and were the more inflated by the tidings that the king's fleet would presently come down from Halifax. General Putnam had been in New York since the first of April, and spared neither time nor labor to strengthen the fortifications; but it was a grave matter, since the city could be approached on both sides by large ships, and we were without means to destroy them. In the heart of the province, too, was the fester of Indian trouble; the Johnsons were dealing constantly with the Mohawks, and there were rumors that King George was concluding an alliance with the Six Nations against us. In the event of the arrival of the king's forces, the Tories would surely hatch some fresh trouble. Then there remained ever the old difficulty of short enlistments and militia eager to return homeward. Verily, the liberty of the United Colonies was in peril, and we had no hope save in the Lord of Hosts, to whom we did most fervently and constantly commend our cause.

It was but two days before I left Salem that my father received tidings from an old acquaintance at Halifax. The letter came safely its long, slow journey, and told us much of the British fleet and the preparations to destroy the patriots. The expedition, so said the missive, would be directed against New York, and Lord Howe, General Howe's sailor brother, was to bring large reinforcements; coming armed with full powers to deal with the "rebels." From this letter too we learned that which concerned me more especially, the destination of the Talbots. The writer, a careful

and observant old man, made mention of all the Tory families with the fleet, whose names he could discover. He spoke therefore of the late coming of Lady Talbot and her young daughter, and then told in detail of a duel between Dick and a young officer of Mr. Howe's staff, which had caused great offence in high quarters. Dick was the aggressor and also the victor, his opponent barely escaping with his life, and General Howe had visited his displeasure upon the hot-tempered young offender, the whole affair causing some scandal and leaving Richard Talbot under a cloud. At this my father shook his head with a grave smile.

“His father's temper,” he said, with a deprecating glance at me, “and he will not easily forgive the slight that Mr. Howe has put upon him before the army. I fear me, Dick is like to be in yet greater trouble before the end of it is seen.”

“Ay,” I responded thoughtfully, “and he is the less fitted to be a guardian for his mother and sister. What madness prompted Lady Talbot to leave the safe shelter of her home at Marblehead to follow the fortunes of the army?”

“No madness,” quoth my father. “but a mother's heart; her trust in her son is doubtless equal to her love for him. Moreover, the good woman has been half her life beneath the rule of Sir Anthony, and she cannot guide herself. A woman who has been the subject of a tyrant is, when she loses him, like a ship without a pilot, and must needs founder in the sea unless another master takes the helm. I have seen such cases often; it is like the child of a stern parent who has no will, and escaping from the rigid control of its infancy runs riot in new freedom or is pushed into another bondage. Our natures are like clay in the potter's

hands ; the first touches shape us, either to strength or weakness."

"Lady Talbot has always had my pity," I returned, "as well as my respect for her long endurance, though I have never yet seen her reason for marrying as she did."

"I knew her in my young days," replied my father, "when I visited England, more frequently than we are like to visit it again. Lady Talbot was Elizabeth Lyle, the daughter of an impoverished nobleman, and one of seven sisters. She was not young when she married Sir Anthony ; it had seemed that she might be a penniless spinster. Belike, she looked upon her florid, loud-voiced suitor as a blessed opportunity to escape from poverty. She was a pretty woman, with bright hair and pink cheeks, when they were wedded. But twenty-five years of slavery tell upon both soul and body. She faded very quickly, her voice growing softer as his grew more boisterous, and her cheeks paling as his empurpled with high living. Verily, son John, some women live the lives of martyrs without the crown. I doubt not that her life has been one of great and painful trial. Happily, both her children inherited her beauty, though I fear me that both have a touch of their father's spirit."

At this I smiled, and my father, seeing that I took the remark in good part, laughed softly.

"It is better so," I said cheerfully, "since they will never need to walk in their mother's gentle footsteps."

"Happily not," he replied, "and we will presently hear of Dick's discontent ; I only fear that his hot blood may get him in yet greater trouble, and I would be grieved to see any harm come to the lad."

"I trust that he may be able to take care of his mother and his sister," I replied gravely.

"For that I have no thought," my father rejoined, "since Lady Talbot and Joyce will make their own friends, and Mr. Howe knows their position and their worth."

"And her beauty!" I added bitterly to myself, thinking of Beresford and all the other gay young officers who in their enforced idleness had the greater opportunity to gain a woman's heart. Love finds ever some means to prick a sore heart, and yet did I reproach myself as a mean and jealous fellow to have so little trust in the affection she had shown for me so lately.

On the first of June I received my orders to rejoin my regiment at New York, and left Salem immediately, my father remaining yet a few days at home. I was the more sorry to go at that time, because an expedition was being planned against the British fleet at Nantasket. It consisted now of eight ships, two snows, two brigs, and one schooner; the whole commanded by Commodore Banks. There were many Highlanders on board the vessels, and the array was formidable, so that the prospect of a skirmish with them was not without its own excitement. But my orders debarred me of the honor of being one of the party that finally drove them to sea on the fourteenth day of the month, being the anniversary of the day set by the British Parliament as the last on which trading vessels should leave or enter the port of Boston. Thus did Massachusetts Bay confound and scatter her enemies.

Meanwhile I had rested but one night in Boston and ridden on southward with what speed I could. But as I neared the Hudson, I was forced to change my route, being warned that the road was full of Tories and horse-stealers; so I crossed the river at Continental Ferry, be-

low Fishkill, and got my dinner at a tavern some ten miles farther on. Here I found some worthless fellows and a number of our soldiers, drinking and idling their time away, for which I rebuked them sharply, to their great displeasure. So ill did it set upon their stomachs that one of them retaliated by stealing one of my pistols from me. But this I recovered again in a very simple manner. Missing it from my holster, in the morning, when the whole party of them were at breakfast, I stood upon a bench and addressed them. I told them that there were Tories amongst them—which I doubt not was true, though I said it but to serve my purpose—and, I added, it behooved them to discover these secret enemies of the commonwealth and to apprehend them. Then several of them asked loudly for my reasons for this suspicion. I replied promptly that some thievish knave had stolen my pistol, that we had no thieves in the Continental army,—which was a lie, but gained my ends,—and therefore it was plain that there was a Tory in their midst. As I anticipated, this created no little uproar, and they began to accuse one another; but it was not until I was mounting that a sheepish-faced rustic brought me my weapon, saying that it had been found upon the stairs. This being a falsehood, I told him so flatly, but added that I forgave him, since he had the conscience to return it. I rode away, leaving confusion behind me, for which I rejoiced, for I looked upon these places as but centers where the Tory poison crept into our ranks, the devil finding mischief ever for idle hands to do.

From this spot, my journey was yet more rapid. I rode down by the Hudson, in the midst of that wild and beautiful country now blossoming with all the sweetness and the beauty of the early summer; the wild grandeur

of the Highlands contrasting with the spreading loveliness of the lowlands, as the prospect opened toward the Tappan Zee. Yet here was like to be the seat of war, and already our troops were fortifying its exposed points, and all things were to be made in readiness for the evil hour when the enemy would endeavor to force the warships into these lovely waters. I paused only for much-needed rest, and lingered not even to inspect our posts, for I was eager to be at the center of the struggle.

It was in the twilight of a soft summer evening that I approached New York. I rode down from Kingsbridge to the Bloomingdale road, and so entered the city, my appearance attracting but little notice, as the streets were full of soldiers and the inhabitants all alert at the preparations to resist the attacks of the British. From the windows of the houses many fair faces looked down upon the groups in the street, where were gathered officers in blue and buff, and more soberly arrayed citizens talking together beneath the green foliage of the trees that lined either side of the road. On every hand were signs of intrenchment; streets were barricaded with mahogany logs, taken from the West India cargoes; at Saint Paul's Church, Broadway was barricaded, and as I rode, I caught glimpses of such obstructions upon other streets. Once or twice I saw a familiar face, but for the most part only strangers, and felt the more lonely in the crowded thoroughfare. I went on therefore, as rapidly as I could, down Broadway to Broad Street, where I stopped at Fraunces' Tavern near Whitehall Slip, and left my horse, going on foot to report to General Putnam, where he was quartered at the Kennedy house on Broadway. Here I found a company of officers of Massachusetts Bay and Connecticut, and passed the evening pleasantly amidst old acquaint-

ance, and was later assigned my own duties for the ensuing weeks. That night, too, I learned much of the eager anticipation of the enemy's arrival, and of the watchfulness that was required, since New York was full of Tories, and both Staten Island and Long Island swarmed with them. Governor Tryon, still on the Duchess, kept up a constant correspondence with these malcontents, and would doubtless stir them up to some deed that would work our undoing, if possible. The patriots had hanged Tryon in effigy ; but this was, after all, but little hurt to the stout royalist, nor did the king's cause suffer by it. Verily, we were beset both by open foes and secret enemies, and might well find the knife at our own bosoms.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DOROTHY WAYNE.

I FOUND the town much changed since I had seen it last. Many of the Tories had fled at the approach of our army, and vacant houses were numerous in the better quarters. Social intercourse was therefore restricted to the wives and daughters of the officers and of Whigs, who clustered about Mrs. Washington at the Richmond Hill house, where his Excellency had established his headquarters. Even this little group felt the depression of sharp military rule ; the town was governed like a camp, and no one might pass a sentry without the countersign. They lived, too, in fearful anticipation, none being so blind as not to see our weakness and the enemy's gathering strength. Yet these women were brave spirits, and bore the anxiety and discouragement with a cheerful demeanor. It was at Richmond Hill that I first met Miss Dorothy Wayne, and being much together that evening, we fell to talking of our families, and I found that she was my kinswoman upon my mother's side. So it was that a firm friendship was established between us, and from that time her kindness came into my life ; she was, of all women, the most gentle and tender that I have ever known. She was an orphan, living with her grandparents in New York, but she was not like them, nor was she like any other woman I have seen. Her mother had been a Quaker, and this sect was yet looked upon somewhat askance in New England, where, to our shame, we

used to persecute them. It was, perhaps, the Quaker training that made her so different from the rest, though she was herself no Quaker, but of the Church of England. Though not beautiful, she was fair to look upon, tall and slender, with a pale face and soft brown hair and eyes of that clear brown in which you see the shadows and the sunshine. When I first saw her, in her soft white gown with the white kerchief folded on her bosom and a white rose in her powdered hair, so different from the gay brocades and jewelled necks about her, I was reminded of a tall white lily, and it is thus that I think of her ever. We became fast friends, and I was bidden often to her grandfather's house. He was at heart, I fancy, more a Tory than a Whig, but desired to live at peace with all men, being an old man, past eighty-five, and having no sons to take part in the conflict. He and his old wife were much respected, nor did I ever hear ill of them from either side, and their hospitality was both cheerful and unfailing. In this house I became as one of the family, and found much comfort in their friendship ; by mutual consent, we spoke not of politics, and each respected the other's convictions. Dorothy was a patriot, quick to champion her country's cause ; and the old people gainsaid her in nothing, but only smiled and listened. This quiet household was my chief refuge, for without there was plenty of stir and little rest for any officer or soldier.

The work of fortifying went steadily forward, though we all knew that to hold the city was but a forlorn hope. Our force was scattered over New York, Staten Island, and Long Island, and in the Jerseys, and altogether comprised scarce ten thousand effective men. Some of these were near the end of their terms of enlistment and eager to be back in the fields, while the new recruits were with-

out arms, neither did we know where to find them either weapons or ammunition. Yet all that might be done was done, and General Washington labored with untiring zeal; we who saw him thus, facing discouragement and peril, grew to love and honor him the more for his high courage and unselfish patriotism. He took a firmer hold upon his soldiers' hearts each day and hour of that long struggle, and none failed to reverence him save those mean natures that were envious of a greatness far above their reach.

Great was the stir, in those days, in the town; while without, at Lispenard's and Jones' hills, forts were being constructed. Batteries had been placed on both sides of the East River and at Catherine Street; another was in a cellar, at the foot of Wall Street, on Coenties Slip. Along the New Jersey and Long Island coasts a little fleet of schooners, sloops, row-galleys, and whaleboats, under Benjamin Tupper, kept up a continual watch, not only for open, but for secret foes. It was said that the Tories were concealed in woods and swamps, awaiting the landing of the British troops, and many, we knew, lived openly at Staten Island. The correspondence between these plotters and Governor Tryon went on despite the sharp orders that no one should hold communication with the enemy's ships. The Committee of Conspiracy had assembled in the middle of May and was still sitting, but the pestilent rascals evaded even their vigilance; while those of the better sort defied them.

The streets, as I have said, were full of our soldiers, but they were for the most part simple rustics and had none of the vices of the regulars, though a great jealousy springing up between the regiments made much ill feeling. The poorly clad were scorned by those in better garb,

causing heart-burnings and malice, for men are, after all, but grown-up children and unhappily envy each other all too easily. His Excellency's guards wore blue coats with buff facings and red waistcoats, their body-belts being white and their breeches of buckskin ; their black felt hats were bound with white, and they were furnished with bayonets, that were still rare amongst us. This was a creditable showing for those days. Smallwood's Maryland regiments, in scarlet and buff uniforms, out-shone most of their comrades, and were called, with satire and some bitterness, the *macaronis*. Brave fellows they were, and destined to show us that the dandy can fight as well as the homespun warrior. There, too, were seen the hunting-shirts worn by the riflemen, who became such a terror to the redcoats that his Excellency called for more men in this garb to affright the enemy. There was a wonderful variety in colors. The Light Dragoons had blue coats faced with red, and brown coats faced with green, while Delaware wore blue with red facings. The New Jersey men had short red coats and striped breeches, blue coats and old leather breeches, light blue stockings and shoes with brass buckles, their hats being of wool and bound with yellow. Pennsylvania, casting New Jersey in the shade, came forth like a faded rainbow ; brown coats faced with buff, blue with red, and again brown with white, often much garnished with huge pewter buttons ; their breeches were of buckskin, and they wore black cocked hats. Here was a strange company enough ; but there was yet another uniform, the faded red coats worn in the old French wars ; many a brave heart beating under a patched cover and wearing the king's livery to fight the king. Strange as it may seem, at this stern season, when the liberties of our country were at stake, men quarrelled over such

differences in dress. Many an honest heart burned with anger because a homespun coat was the object of scorn to one in better apparel; many were ready to wrangle over a threadbare sleeve while the enemy's ships were bearing down from Halifax.

There was another cause of bitterness, and this was of a deeper and more delicate nature. In the eyes of some good people, the Church of England was the church of the king. The Presbyterians had a feud against it, and the fires of jealousy and suspicion, in those days, lacked not fuel to feed upon. The end of it was a strange scene upon one Sabbath at Trinity Church. The rector, Dr. Auchmuty, was ill at New Brunswick, and in his place was the Reverend Charles Inglis, who believed it contrary to his duty to leave out the prayer for the king. Now, this prayer did greatly offend the Whigs, and one Sunday morning a company of a hundred and fifty men armed with bayonets marched into the church playing upon drum and fife. Straightway women shrieked and fainted, looking for no less than the death of Mr. Inglis; but he, being a brave man, went on quietly with the service, and when the appointed time came, kneeled down and said the prayer for his Majesty in a clear voice. There was loud and angry talking, and many threats from the people, but a brave man has ever a strange hold upon the hearts of his fellows, and the priest was not harmed. But the victory was not permanent; alarmed at the demonstration, the vestrymen took counsel, and in the end the doors of the English churches were closed until Mr. Howe came. Strange, too, since his Excellency was of that faith, but the Presbyterians were triumphant. Thus war went even to the altar, and there were many sad scenes when families were estranged and the nearest and dearest parted.

In New York, as at Cambridge, Ephraim Minot attached himself to my person, and hardly a day passed without some service from him. He still wore the old green coat, that miraculously hung together, taking some pride in this strange apparel, and always evading my offers of better garments, until I let him have his way, feeling that I should scarcely know him in other raiment. It was from him that I learned of a matter which came near to working a great mischief and disaster to our cause.

One evening in June I sat in my room at Fraunces' Tavern, resting for a brief space after a hard day of active service inspecting and watching the works at Lispenard's Hill. It was quite still so that I heard the voices of men in the street below. I remember my displeasure when Ephraim came to the door; I was in no mood to listen to him, but his manner arrested my attention. He looked as unmoved as ever, but he was more quick and earnest in speech than usual.

"You are not in your uniform, captain," he remarked, glancing at my clothes; "so far, so good. Put on your hat then, sir, and come with me. I have something that I would show you."

I had no wish to go, and told him so, somewhat sharply; but he bore it with much patience, and smiled a little.

"You must come, sir," he persisted quietly, "and as quickly as may be, for we have some way to go."

"I have no love for mysteries, Minot," I said irritably; "I must even know my errand, before I go upon it."

"Then it may be that you will never go," he answered dryly, "for I can scarcely tell you what it is myself. But this I know, that if you love the cause, and I be not mistaken, you have no time to lose."

Impressed more by his manner than his words, I roused myself, and without more parley followed him down the stairs and from the house. He led me by the quiet streets and lanes, to avoid the company that would stop me on the thoroughfares, and we made our way rapidly toward the suburbs of the town. Presently I found that he was guiding me in the direction of Lispenard's Meadows, yet I asked no questions, being minded to let him have his way. The still June evening had a beauty of its own; the sky was covered with light clouds, and the beauty of the young summer was about us. The chestnut-trees in Bayard's woods were tasselled with bloom, and from their midst came the sweet shrill note of a catbird. We had passed Richmond Hill and seen the lights from the house, shining through the trees that clustered about it; thence our walk was in a southeasterly direction. Presently we drew near to some public house, and I asked Minot what place it was, with some impatience, for I saw that he was turning his steps toward it.

"Do you not know it, sir?" he asked; "that is Corbie's Tavern."

"I know it not," I replied shortly, "neither do I wish to know it. What fool's errand is this? I have no mind to squander time at every common public-house about New York, nor is it a profitable place for you."

"Of that I am not sure," he replied, pausing in the road and thrusting his hands into his pockets; "we shall know more of that later."

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed testily, "do you think I came thus far, Minot, to spend my evening here? I came at your request, judging that the errand must be of some importance; but I have neither time nor inclination to trifle."

Ephraim was unmoved ; he stood fairly planted in my path, and his face betrayed no sign of emotion.

“ Have patience a little longer, captain,” he said in his drawling voice ; “ we are here now, and you might as well see it through.”

“ Go on, then,” I said sharply, somewhat mollified by the truth of his argument ; and we walked on a little way in silence.

I began now to observe the tavern, and saw the brightness of the illumination, and the black forms of men moving about within ; the door was open, and the light shone in a broad space on the ground without, where were some loungers. As we approached, I heard plainly the sound of voices and the jingle of glasses, and my repugnance increased, even as my curiosity awoke. A few yards from the door, Ephraim stopped me with a sign.

“ Say nothing, captain,” he whispered, suddenly losing his indifference ; “ use your ears and not your tongue.”

“ Nay,” I replied, half laughing, “ I must even use both at my discretion ; but I believe that you may trust me.”

Ephraim nodded, and once more assuming the lead, walked slowly to the door, and there paused with two others ; and I, coming up behind, looked over their shoulders into the room.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CORBIE'S TAVERN.

STANDING thus sheltered by Ephraim and the others, I had opportunity to examine the interior at my leisure. It was a square room, low-ceiled, with dingy walls ; above the great fireplace the smoke of many winters had left a yellow stain. On the bar stood a cheerful array of glasses and no lack of liquors, and the place was well filled with a motley throng of visitors. Many of these were soldiers, and two wore the blue and buff coats and red waistcoats of General Washington's body-guards. At first I observed nothing but the common air of a public house, and was the more annoyed at Ephraim's persistence. Then I noticed that there was some stir at the farther end of the room, and a short thick man in a white coat stood up and began to address the others. At the beginning there was no great significance to his speech, and I could make neither head nor tail of it. Soon, however, my ear caught words that roused my curiosity, and at the same moment Ephraim moved quietly into the room, and I followed. We took our places by the door, and for a while no man observed us, though afterwards they were keen enough in their notice of me. At this time a light-colored mulatto, wearing blue clothes, came suddenly in, by the door opposite, and talked apart with the man in the white coat. A paper passed betwixt them, and after reading it he of

the white coat turned with much effrontery to his audience, signing to them to be still.

"It is even as I told you, my friends," he said in a deep voice; "and we are all friends here to-night, I believe."

"Ay, all friends," responded several voices, at once.

At this, the first speaker glanced about him keenly, as if he did not wholly trust the assurance, but after an instant he went on in a pompous voice.

"It is even better than I believed it," he said; "he who joins this regiment — to fight for the true cause — will have, so says one in authority, a bounty of five guineas — five good guineas — two hundred acres of land for himself, one hundred for his wife — and fifty —" he paused to give weight to his words, "fifty, my friends, for each child!"

At this, I pricked up my ears. We, who were ever empty in purse, were not offering such inducements to enlist; therefore the fellow was either tipsy or a liar, — the latter he looked, but not the former. He paused, and his auditors responded with much applause. Only one fellow, a dark man wearing the buff and blue, seemed disposed to question him.

"Come, come, Forbes," he said tauntingly; "that offer is upon the lips, we shall never see the color of your money!"

"Now, as truly as my name is Gilbert Forbes," replied he of the white coat, with an oath, "it is a fair offer and a straight one; the five guineas be in readiness, and there is more money behind. We are not ragged beggars, but honest men."

"Come, then, honest man," replied the guardsman, mockingly, "give us some assurance of the good of this great enterprise."

"It is the best — the fairest — the —" began Forbes,

but stopped suddenly, for the landlord, Corbie, plucked his sleeve and pointed at me.

He was a sharp-eyed restless knave, and had spied me by the door; with the keen observation of the inn-keeper, he saw at once the difference between my appearance and that of his other guests. At his gesture twenty eyes were turned suddenly upon me, and I found myself an object of unpleasant prominence, and was conscious that my face was scarlet. I doubt not that my look and bearing were those of a soldier, though my dress was plain and sober and I wore no weapon. However quiet my appearance and behavior, it was yet patent that I carried consternation into the assembly; more than one lowering glance was cast in my direction, while Corbie and Forbes conversed apart, also looking at me. It was at this juncture that Ephraim made an extraordinary move, which came near being his undoing, since I was so violently angered thereat that it was on my tongue to call him a liar and a knave, a sudden intuition alone staying my purpose. Leaving his place by my side, he walked leisurely to the center of the room, and there sat down on the edge of a table; taking up a bottle of some liquor, he filled a glass slowly, while he addressed himself to the man in the white coat.

“Friend Forbes,” he said in his usual drawling tone, “I didn’t forget that promise I made you. I brought the gentleman to-night. He is minded to be of our party, but would fain hear the matter and consider it, before he speaks himself. But he is entirely of our way of thinking, gentlemen,” he added calmly, looking straight at me and raising his glass. “Here’s a health, Mr. Forbes and other parties unknown: long life, a long reign and success, to King George ! ”

I uttered an exclamation, but happily it was lost in the stir and alarm that followed Ephraim's bold words. Men sprang from their chairs, and Corbie shrank back with a frightened face; only the man Forbes seemed unmoved, staring defiantly about him. As for Minot, he coolly drained his glass and remained seated upon the table, the picture of unconcern. After the first shock of surprise, I commanded myself, resolving to watch these strange proceedings; but I was not to escape so easily. Corbie, the landlord, kept whispering in the ear of the man in the white coat, until the latter put him aside with great impatience.

"Pshaw, man!" he said roughly, "you might as well hang for a sheep as a lamb. We are all friends here to-night. Perhaps," he added with sudden suavity, fixing his eyes on me, "the gentleman yonder will step forward here and address the company in behalf of the true cause."

At this, I became once more the center of observation, but happily was no longer wholly unprepared. I stirred not from my place, although those nearest began to move aside to give me room to pass to the end of the apartment.

"I thank you," I said, with as cool a voice as I could command, "but I am here to-night to profit by instruction rather than to instruct. Yet I would fain ask a few questions, by your leave."

There were cries of "Hear, hear!" and I saw a certain relief in the bold face of the ringleader, yet he was not wholly satisfied.

"Any question that I am at liberty to answer, sir," he said, with an air of servility that suited ill his rugged exterior. "I am a man under authority, and not able to speak with all the freedom that I would."

“Oh, you know enough, Gilbert!” came in a taunting voice from him of the blue and buff.

“This undertaking being for his Majesty,” I said deliberately, and feigned not to notice the uneasy stir in the room, “must be under the direction, as I take it, of Governor Tryon. It seems to me, in this case, we should have some written evidence of our engagement, especially as there are many here, and I mistake not, who jeopardize their necks to serve the king.”

I paused an instant to observe the growing consternation in the faces about me; the covert threat of the halter sat not well upon their stomachs, and Corbie’s eyes grew round with terror.

“What, then, is our engagement?” I continued with more boldness; “whence come our arms? Certain it is that we can steal none from the rebels, for there are none to spare; and, lastly, where is the money?”

I had thrown a fair light on the matter, and saw that, from being suspected, I was rapidly gaining in their esteem, since many were of my mind. But what pleased me the most was that Forbes fell easily into my trap. He had enough of low cunning, but he saw only in my speech the anxiety of a man who desired to be sure of his price, and this was on a level with his own ambitions.

“We can satisfy you, sir, amply satisfy you,” he replied, rubbing his hands together with an air of high content. But I observed the innkeeper slipping about and looking furtively from the windows; doubtless he had more to lose. Forbes moved to a table in the center of the room to be better heard, and then addressed us.

“In the first place, gentlemen, our cause is righteous,” he said, raising his eyes to the ceiling with a sancti-

monious manner ; " it is the service of his Majesty, that should be a sufficient reward for an honest man — "

" But it is n't, honest Gilbert," interrupted the guardsman.

Forbes only gave him a hard glance, and went on unmoved. " I have already," he said, " told you of the liberal terms, five guineas' bounty and the grant of land — "

" Which must be first seized from its present owners," put in the talkative blue coat.

" A rebel can own nothing," replied Forbes, sternly. " Our service, too, will be but an easy matter. We have only to co-operate with the king's troops, and they will presently arrive in great force. These Yankees cannot stand an hour against his Majesty's guns, and we will come in to enjoy the fruits of an easy victory. As for the money, I have some here this very night, and every man who enlists and takes the oath of secrecy will receive money to buy arms or aught else he needs. We are no cornfield beggars, like this ragged mob in the city. The king knows how to reward his followers."

" The king shall come to his own again !" sang Ephraim, who still sat upon the table and had continued to drink at intervals.

His appearance was now so entirely that of a simple tipsy loafer that I began to doubt his consciousness of all that was passing. His hat was more over one ear than ever, and he was smiling in a silly vacant fashion into the bottle that he held in his hand. Meanwhile Forbes had called for a Bible, and laying it upon the table in the poor company of empty glasses, he drew out a paper and was ready to write down the names of such as would enlist upon the spot. The promise of ready money drew them, as sugar draws summer flies, and

he had soon a fair company about him, though some were yet eager to know the full amount of service that would be required, and he grew more impatient at their questions.

“What will you have?” he cried harshly; “do you want the king’s money for sitting in the chimney-corner? What is it to spike a few guns and to run these rebels into the river?”

“Nay, but,” began a reluctant one, “if this matter fails some of us may be hurt, and — ”

“Hurt!” shouted Forbes, exasperated, and striking his fist upon the table with a force that made the glasses spin, — “hurt! Why, damn you, they would never find a coward like you, save in some cellar! Here, Corbie, swear these men upon the book or they will be as eager to betray us as they are to run! But I can tell you, gentlemen, that the king has rope enough to send all his rebels to hell.”

He stood, leaning his clenched fists upon the table and lowering at his auditors, who for the most part shrank a little at the naked violence of his speech, though some did faintly applaud him. At this juncture Ephraim, slipping off the table where he had sat, staggered to a seat upon the window-sill, overturning some chairs in his path. Here he sat, still holding fondly to his bottle, and began to sing, in a maudlin voice, a royalist song which exalted the king and sent his Excellency to perdition. However, this credible performance gained little attention, since Forbes was engaged in a wrangle with the dark guardsman, who was something loath to sign his name to the contract.

“What ails you to-night, Thomas Hickey?” asked Forbes, sharply; “these be new scruples and you are no new hand!”

At this, the dark face of the traitor flushed more deeply and he lowered at his interrogator.

“Have done with your bullying ways, Gilbert!” he exclaimed sullenly. “I am doing enough for you and your infernal schemes to hang for it; but when it comes to that, we will hang together.”

Forbes laughed unpleasantly, and pointed his finger at the other’s dress.

“I am not wearing the devil’s uniform,” he said tauntingly.

“The devil will get you, nevertheless,” Hickey replied violently.

“Come, come, gentlemen,” interrupted Corbie, plaintively; “your quarrelling is only an injury to his Majesty’s cause; two such noble men should be fast friends to serve the king.”

“The king will come to his own again!” sang Ephraim’s tipsy voice.

Some turned quickly at this interruption, and saw the singer wave his bottle in feeble ecstasy, and then, as unexpectedly, he lost his balance and rolled out the window, his feet remaining for a few moments, waving helplessly over the sill before they were lost in the darkness. This incident, provoking laughter, saved them a drunken brawl, and for a while there was a general return of good fellowship.

For some time I had seen the increasing peril and embarrassment of my situation, and had looked for a way of escape. This came to me as Corbie and Forbes began to call the men up, by name, to swear them to secrecy. In the stir, as they fell into line, I evaded the covert watchfulness of those near me and slipped out the door. Happily there was no one without, and not forgetting Ephraim I went in that direction to see if he

was still lying under the window. But there was no one there, and I hastened my steps, fearing that they might endeavor to recall me to enforce the oath. I was half dazed, too, with the startling revelations of the night, and unable to understand Ephraim in this new character, since I had never seen him save as sober as any Puritan. However, I had no time for reflection, but set my face toward Richmond Hill and pushed on at a rapid gait. I had scarcely proceeded a hundred yards when I heard a step behind me, and fearing pursuit, turned sharply and looked back. A tall man was following closely in my tracks, and at a second glance I recognized him.

“Ah,” I exclaimed, “the fall has sobered you enough to let you walk in a straight line, it seems.”

“As straight as usual, captain,” drawled Ephraim, in his ordinary tones, “and more straight than many knaves.”

Then I knew that the fellow was a clever actor, and began to doubt his honesty, although I reproached myself in a moment for it.

“How long have you been going to yonder den of thieves?” I asked him sternly.

“A couple of times, I take it,” he replied with perfect unconcern. “That big man in the white coat is a gunsmith, and as great a rogue as there is out of Satan’s kingdom; the nigger in the blue clothes is a servant of Governor Tryon. Thus much I learned before I took you to see them in their nest. Do you regret the going, captain?”

“Nay,” I said sharply, “not if it may serve my country, though I feel unclean from the contamination.”

“And you thought me drunk?” Ephraim laughed dryly. “Bless your heart, sir, they used to say that it took nigh a hogshead to turn my father’s brain, and I have never taken the measure of mine.”

"I should judge that you might equal, if not excel the paternal record," I replied; "at least, I have no wish to test you."

At which, he laughed again, taking pride, as I have seen others, in his capacity to drink more than other men unhurt. Meanwhile we had walked rapidly onward, and he asked me now if I intended to go to Richmond Hill, and I replied in the affirmative.

"Shall you need me, captain?" he inquired, enjoying keenly, I think, his new importance.

"I cannot do without you," I replied, and was conscious in the darkness of his gratification.

We looked back more than once, but the lights still burned cheerfully in the tavern; there was no sign that we were suspected, and we went on upon our errand with more hopeful hearts.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONSPIRACY CONFOUNDED.

I HAD no thought, when Ephraim led me out that night,—nor afterwards, when I had heard the treasonable talk at Corbie's Tavern,—of the magnitude of the conspiracy. It seemed to me but the plotting of low fellows who would corrupt the common soldiers, and especially his Excellency's guards. As for Tryon, I knew not whether he was indeed engaged in these nefarious schemes, or they but used his name to further their own interests. That which seemed to me most patent and most dangerous was the hatching of a plot that might imperil the person of General Washington. It was but natural that the enemy should desire to remove one who stood at the forefront of the battle, and these low rascals were the very tools for such a purpose. The Richmond Hill house stood alone, outside the town, its isolation offering the fairest opportunity to the traitors and assassins. Surrounded, too, by trees, it seemed the very spot to tempt a villainous design. My heart beat high when I approached it on that night ; I thought of the secret danger lurking so near at hand, and of the great loss to the colonies that might follow a blow struck here.

We had no difficulty in obtaining admission, and I was almost immediately summoned to the general's presence. I found him with General Greene and General Putnam, and was kindly and pleasantly received.

My error, or my fault, at Cambridge had long since been forgiven ; his Excellency had ever an amiable and dignified manner to his officers, nor was his composure readily ruffled, even in moments of danger. To this trio, then, I told my story, and presently Ephraim was summoned to corroborate it in detail. Both Washington and Putnam doubtless remembered him in connection with the escape of Dick Talbot, and they listened with interest to his story, told in his own fashion, but without his usual embellishments. It was interesting to note the effect of these revelations upon the three men ; both Greene and Putnam were excited and disturbed, but he whom it most concerned remained unmoved. His personal peril had never any weight with him ; he had the courage of a lion, but was ever zealous for the safety of the cause. He showed no anxiety, even when Ephraim told them that conspiracy was hatching in low places, and that the conspirators aimed at the life of the commander-in-chief. Minot surprised me with his revelations, and it was at his suggestion that other witnesses were produced. In a few days we discovered that the plot was spread through the town by the liquor-dealers, who could easily corrupt the masses. We had but found the end of a tangled skein, and I was much amazed at the spread of the mischief. Involved in it were various tavern-keepers ; one was the landlord of an inn upon the corner of Beaver Street and Broadway, "The Highlander" they called the place ; another was under the sign of Robin Hood. A beer-house on Tryon Row, and a tavern opposite the Oswego Market, sheltered more plotters, while Gilbert Forbes, the gunsmith, was the general agent. So important was the discovery that the investigation was confided to a committee of the Congress of New York and the plot was traced to Governor Tryon and

the mayor, David Matthews. It was said that it extended up the Hudson, and that the Tories were everywhere enlisted.

Rumors of the discovery of some conspiracy had spread about the city, and excitement flamed up on all sides, while strange reports flew from mouth to mouth. Some said that the Tories were about to rise in great numbers, destroy the magazine and heavy guns, and presently massacre all our field officers and slay General Washington. Children had the story on the streets, and old wives talked of it upon the doorsteps. No man knew the truth, or any portion of it, yet that but made the falsehoods thrive the better and confound the soberest. We in the army, who knew the secret, were impatient for action, and grumbled much at the slow movements of the committee of investigation, yet at last the climax came. General Washington was requested to secure the person of the mayor and his papers. I was with the officer who carried the warrant to General Greene from his Excellency. Mayor Matthews was then living at Flatbush, at no great distance from General Greene's command, and in the midst of a nest of Tories, since Long Island, like Staten, was full of these malcontents. The order was to be executed at precisely one of the clock, and great care was to be used in securing the person of the mayor and his documents. With great precision were these instructions obeyed ; I was with the detachment sent by General Greene. We surrounded the house at Flatbush, and with no difficulty effected the arrest, Mr. Matthews hotly protesting his innocence when the officer in command read the warrant to him. But we were entirely disappointed in the attempt to secure his papers ; diligently did we search every crack and crevice of the mansion, but without

result. He had verily builded wisely, if he was so nefarious a plotter, for we found not the smallest scrap of writing to put in evidence. The heat and earnestness of our search only served to frighten a maid-servant into hysterics, which mortified us in the midst of our zeal. So at last we rode away with the mayor, but with no documents in our pockets.

As we went through the woods beyond Flatbush, we well nigh forgot our anger and disappointment. About us bloomed in masses the pale laurel, and above us the birds made the air sweet with music. I dismounted and burdened my saddlebow with a great mass of laurel blossoms, and rode on, to the amusement of the soldiers, who yet dimly understood and sympathized with my love for these simple country flowers. Thus it was that we carried the mayor to the committee to be examined, and from thence I returned to New York, and that same evening, feeling my flowers out of place in a tavern room, took the laurel to Miss Wayne.

It was just past supper-time when I stood before the hospitable door on Hanover Square, and was immediately admitted by a white-headed negro slave. He conducted me to the living-room, and Dorothy came to meet me with her finger on her lip. Her grandmother was asleep over her knitting in a great chair by the window, and the young girl pointed to her with a smile. I gave her my simple flowers, and it was pleasant to see the light in her brown eyes as she looked at them; she too loved these sweet pink blossoms, and held them for a long while on her knee while we sat together talking in low tones, that we might not wake her grandmother. I remember that on that night I recognized how really lovely was the face before me. I had never thought her beautiful, nor was she, and her repose and

gentleness, the clear paleness of her oval face and the softness of her large brown eyes made me continually contrast her with the image of Joyce, whose beauty had so much color and animation. Yet, blind as I was to other charms, I saw the grace and sweetness of the woman before me. Her gown, which was that night something of the color of a violet, suited her complexion well, and the white kerchief revealed her slender girlish throat; her hair was powdered, but she wore none of the great puffs and wondrous ringlets of the townswomen, nor was there any ornament. Her figure, too, was fitly set in the great room, low-ceiled and with its sanded floor. The great carved mantelpiece went nearly to the ceiling, and over the fireplace was a lion's head; below this were set the blue Dutch tiles, with windmills on them and high-decked ships. The furniture was of mahogany, and had come over with the family to New Amsterdam; in the corner stood the grandam's spinning-wheel, which was yet in use, for the good dame had never yet relinquished the ancient customs. A jasmine vine was clinging to the windowsill where I sat with Miss Wayne, and the sweetness of the perfume filled the air. While we talked together, I told her many stories of Salem and of the old days by the sea; yet it was not in my heart to speak of Joyce, even to her sympathetic ears, and so the talk of the past had still a hollowness to me, though she knew it not and told me of her own childhood. And from this I began to understand the pathos in her eyes; she had been old enough to remember the death of her mother, and the fearful sense of loss and loneliness. It seemed that she had been from that time the charge of her grandparents, and had never had a playmate, so she had grown up with old quaint ways, and seemed even

now apart from other girls of her age. The sympathy that springs up quickly between two people who both have a sense of loneliness, arose between us, and we talked on until the grandam woke and fell asleep again. It interested me to see how quickly this gentle creature would take fire for her country's cause, and I wondered a little why women will make such a cause their own and quarrel for it even more readily than a man. I earned a sharp rebuke by speaking with anxiety of the weakness of our army and of the strength that the king was likely to send against us. She mistook my meaning, and thought me fearful of defeat.

"For shame, Mr. Allen!" she said, her brown eyes shining; "you a soldier and apprehensive! Our cause is a righteous one, and just, and surely shall it be triumphant."

This reminded me so much of Joyce and her championship of the king's rights that I only smiled while Miss Wayne went on to read me a lecture on the need of steadfastness of heart, and then was covered with confusion when I assured her that the only doubt had been in her own mind. She asked me many questions, too, about the rumors of conspiracy, but these I could not answer, for the time was not come for speech. Yet before long the matter was common talk about the city.

The arrest of Mayor Matthews was followed close by that of many others, and great was the dismay that overtook the Tories, many of the conspirators seeking refuge in the woods and elsewhere. It was found that even his Excellency's guards were corrupted, mainly through the man Thomas Hickey, and of him there was made an example. Much of the testimony, however, was too dubious to convict the better class of the culprits, and the mayor declared that he had protested against the

whole matter; nevertheless, he was thrown into prison to await trial.

Hickey, who proved to be a deserter from the British army, and thus a double traitor, was sentenced by court-martial to be hanged. As a matter therefore of salutary warning to all such plotters, he was one morning, at the end of June, escorted by a detachment of soldiers, carrying fixed bayonets, to a field near Bowery Lane. There the poor wretch was hanged in the presence of a great concourse of people. I was sorry that the greater rascal, Gilbert Forbes, hung not with him, as Hickey himself had prophesied; but they were not punished together.

On the next day, while the city was yet reflecting upon the end of the evildoer, ships-of-war appeared off Staten Island. Word flew from mouth to mouth that the Ministerial army had come at last, and it was true. The fleet from Halifax, full forty sail, had passed the Narrows, and lay below Staten Island, waiting for the coming of Lord Howe, the sailor brother of General William Howe, and commonly called, on account of his swarthy skin, "Black Dick." He loved business and was a fighting admiral; the very opposite in every way of Mr. Howe, who was indolent and no great warrior; a man who loved women and the gaming-table.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

IN the early evening of the ninth of July, 1776, the Continental troops stationed about New York City were assembled on the Common in front of Saint Paul's Church. Below, in the bay, lay the fleet of King George, the standard of old England floating proudly from every masthead. The hearts of our men stirred with a deep emotion, since we of the patriot army knew that great tidings had come from Philadelphia, where the Congress was assembled. We waited therefore, in that quiet hour, with eager expectation, nor were we disappointed in our hopes. That document which made the United Colonies a free and sovereign State, the Declaration of Independence, was read to us, adopted five days before by the General Congress at Philadelphia. The solemn words were heard with reverence, and the multitude responded with wild applause. The fire of patriotic zeal moved men to a great demonstration, and for a few moments no sound was heard but tumultuous cheering; then we listened once more to his Excellency's own words of encouragement and advice. To him this Declaration was a great relief, for many men had been hanging back from the cause in hopes of a pacification.

“The general hopes,” thus ran his orders of the day, “that this important event will serve as a fresh incentive to every officer and soldier, to act with fidelity and

courage, as knowing that now the peace and safety of his country depend, under God, solely on the success of our arms ; and that he is now in the service of a State possessed of sufficient power to reward his merit, and advance him to the highest honors of a free country."

It was to him, as to many of us, the end of temporizing, the beginning of an energetic and determined course, and we hailed it with joy. The colonies had now openly declared that they were free and would remain so ; and we might confidently hope that they would contend for this principle until the end was victoriously accomplished. Verily, a great change had been wrought in two short years ; when the Port Bill was enforced in Massachusetts Bay, men stood aghast at the violence of the opposition to the Ministerial party, no one then dreaming of open disloyalty to the king. Ay, and if the Government had been wise enough to conciliate the colonists, this end would never have been accomplished, but now there was no longer room for vain regret. Yet it was not many days before my Lord Howe came, clothed with the powers of a commissioner, to make terms with the king's indignant people.

The solemnity of the occasion seemed that night to touch men's hearts less than the joy of it, and the town was wild. Bells rang, and people shouted in the streets, and many bonfires were kindled. In Bowling Green, before the fort, stood the leaden statue of the king, and here the mob collected, soldiers and idle fellows and women, who might better have stayed at home, and little wanton children. These, with a great uproar, pulled down the image of King George and melted it for bullets for the common cause. It was but the outburst of the popular displeasure against him whom they supposed to be the author of their troubles. Yet it dis-

pleased General Washington because it resembled a riot more than a sober expression of the people's feeling, and he rebuked them in his orders on the following day.

Events crowded upon each other, and men watched with eager interest the enemy's fleet, lying in the bay. We were in constant anticipation of an attack, and were at our alarm-posts at three and four o'clock in the morning. A sleepless vigilance guarded the city, yet were the inhabitants in a pitiable state of trepidation; and when the British war-ships, the *Phœnix* and the *Rose*, sailed up the bay replying to our batteries with their broadsides, the streets were filled with shrieking women and children. The thundering of the cannon and the pitiful cries of these poor creatures moved us to compassion, and his Excellency feared the effect upon the raw recruits who were too easily affrighted at the horrors of war. It was thought that day that the city would certainly be attacked, and the wildest confusion prevailed; but the ships went on up the Hudson and remained there at Tappan Zee, to the great consternation of the Highlands. But we lay upon our arms and were ordered to watch constantly for the signals that would call us to our posts; these were to be a flag in the day-time, or a light at night in the fort on Bayard's Hill, with three guns fired from the same place, fired quick but distinct, and there would be also two guns from Fort George. The inhabitants endured a constant anxiety, looking for the destruction of their homes and their own ruin. It was upon the very morning after the *Phœnix* and the *Rose* had so terrified the weak-hearted, that guns boomed on the fleet of the enemy, and word flew through the city that Lord Howe was come. It was so; the admiral's ship had entered the bay, and from her foretop masthead floated Saint George's flag.

Our enemies were in full strength, and their commander with them at last. Yet, while the good town trembled at the thought of the approaching conflict, the Declaration of Independence was again read at the city hall, upon Wall Street, and the king's arms, brought from the court-room, were burned in the open street amid the acclaims of the populace. A free people bade defiance to their enemies!

Now followed a season when the British remained passive, while Lord Howe endeavored to win over the people to the king. He declared that he and his brother, Sir William, were in fact commissioners to establish peace, and he invited all men to merit pardon from the crown by a prompt return to their duty. This doctrine was like to have a pernicious effect, because of the constant machinations of the Tories, and General Washington had already been compelled to take measures against them. In those days there was much talk of Lord Howe's peaceful overtures, and there was a conference at headquarters between his Excellency and the British adjutant-general, Colonel Patterson. Yet nothing came of it, and all the while we continued to arm and to fortify, especially in the Highlands, where we were less prepared and it seemed likely that the enemy would attempt to seize the Hudson. There was a scheme, too, for destroying the fleet with fire-ships; but that came to naught, and we drifted onward with the tide, steadily toward the conflict. Soon the Hessians arrived, and Staten Island grew white with their tents. The enemy numbered in all full thirty thousand men, while we had not yet twenty, and many of these disabled by illness. Moreover we were forced to man posts fifteen miles apart, chiefly with new recruits. There was unhappily jealousy between the colonies, and small dissensions

constantly arose despite the tireless vigilance of General Washington. He had to contend with the faults common to untrained soldiers, and constantly endeavored also to prevent his rustics from learning the vices of the regulars. In the midst of outward danger and of depression at home, he forgot not the moral condition of his men, and in the orders on the third of August it was stated : "The general is sorry to be informed, that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing, a vice heretofore little known in an American army, is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check it, and that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests and despises it."

As usual, the array of our army was a strange one ; we had sent out a call for more men, and these came from the plow, and having no guns, brought with them shovels, pickaxes, and scythes ; with such weapons they were to meet the flower of England's soldiers. General Nathanael Greene was in command at the village of Brooklyn, which was opposite New York, the East River running between. The village stood upon a peninsula, with Wallabout Bay on the north and Gowanus Cove on the south. At Red Hook, the southwest corner of the peninsula, was erected a battery. Some two miles from the intrenchments was a range of densely wooded hills that formed a natural barrier across the island. This, then, was the scene of the great battle, not New York, as we supposed that it would be. Unhappily, at the crisis, General Greene, who understood the fortifications and the situa-

tion of the army, was stricken with a fever, and General Sullivan assumed command.

I shall always remember the day when the tidings came that the enemy's forces were in motion. It was upon the twenty-first of August, and from seven in the morning a fearful storm had raged over the city of New York. Never had men seen the equal; for three hours the rain fell in torrents and the thunder rolled, while all the sky was on fire with electricity. Death was in the bolts, and four soldiers of the line and three officers were struck by the lightning. Awe was in the hearts of men, and we watched the glorious fury of the elements with strange premonitions that evil was at hand. In the midst of the tempest came an express from Brigadier-General Livingston, telling us that the British had embarked, twenty thousand strong, to attack Long Island, and were determined to "put all to the sword."

The next day, the sound of cannon came from Long Island, and smoke arose from its groves and pleasant orchards. Regiment after regiment was hurried to the front, and we who were forced to remain inactive panted with impatience. The scenes in the city were most pitiful; the inhabitants who were able to procure transportation began hurriedly to remove their goods, while the poorer sort besieged Washington for aid and for protection; the women and children, frantic with grief and fear, ran aimlessly about the streets, weeping and lamenting. All the while the roar of artillery sounded in the distance, and clouds of smoke floated ominously above the battlefield, which was in the wooded land above Flatbush, or so we thought it, though in fact the enemy's forces were divided, some being at Flatbush and some going from Gravesend through Utrecht. A wild rumor that the city of New York would be set on fire if

we retreated, drove the inhabitants to frenzy, and truly the condition of the people was such that the hardest heart would have been moved in sympathy with their terrors. His Excellency, ever tender to women and children, was full of pity, and endeavored to pacify their fears and aid them, when he could, especially those who were poor or helpless.

Until the day of the unfortunate battle in which we lost so many of our brave fellows, there were continual skirmishes at the outposts, and at last I obtained permission to join General Putnam, whom Washington sent over to take command. In the midst of such excitement and danger, I could endure no longer my post with the reserve at New York.

On the night of the twenty-sixth of August, the enemy advanced by stealth from Flatlands, guided, as we learned afterwards, by a Tory of Long Island. They came upon us through the pass of Bedford Hills, while another wing of their army advanced from Gravesend to the right of our works, by Gowanus Cove. Here was the brigade of Lord Stirling, and I was that night in his camp, so that it fell to my portion to be in the hottest fight. Before the day broke, the scouts came in with the sudden tidings of the enemy's advance, and Lord Stirling was ordered out with the Delaware and Maryland regiments to keep the redcoats in check. These were the same men who had been called the "macaronis" on account of their dress of buff and scarlet outshining the homespun of their ragged comrades from New England. The gay uniforms had caused much heartburning, but the brave fellows turned out as cheerfully to die in the common cause as their patched and faded companions.

We advanced toward Gowanus Cove, and there found the Pennsylvania *Provincials*. The day was breaking,

and in the gray twilight we saw the columns of the enemy advancing upon us. Weird was the scene; the dark woods upon our left, and the gray waters on our right; before us, through the morning vapors, the dark lines of the foe, and stillness over all. The Pennsylvania troops were the first to encounter the enemy, and after a few volleys fell back into the woodland, while the rest of our forces took position in front of them and along a hedge at the foot of the hill. We could hardly hope to do more than hold the foe in check; but strangely, as we then thought, they did not at once endeavor to force our position. Later, we knew that they had but waited for the arrival of Sir Henry Clinton on the left wing of our army. We took their backwardness for cowardice, and I remember the defiant array of the Delawares and Marylanders, who were drawn up on the side of the hill for several hours, with flying colors. We all believed that the enemy dared not attack us at close quarters, though we heard the thunder of their artillery in the direction of Bedford and knew that a great battle was upon us. It was the sound of the guns that warned us at last that the enemy had come between us and our lines, and Lord Stirling endeavored to retreat by crossing the creek near Yellow Mills; but here we met Lord Cornwallis. We were hemmed in on either side, and endeavored again to extricate ourselves. Coming upon a party of the enemy, they clubbed their firelocks and signalled to us as if they intended to surrender, but when we advanced fired upon us. We returned it with interest; and so hotly that they were fain to fall back to the ambuscade behind. Desperate was the struggle; the shot flew like hail, and the roar of artillery on every hand shook the summer air, while men fought hand to hand. We broke to rally again in the woodland, and we could

hear the cries of our brave comrades, overpowered and bayoneted in the cornfield near at hand while we retreated through the marshes. In the midst of all there was a cry that Lord Stirling was taken, which indeed was true, for he had been forced to surrender to the Hessian General de Heister.

Twice wounded in the desperate struggle, once by a bullet and once by the bayonet of a Hessian, I struggled on with difficulty, faint from loss of blood. We crossed the marshes, drenched as we were with mud and water, and pressed backward to our lines. Every step was a fresh agony to me, yet, half blind with weakness, I bore up, helped by the kind arm of a Delaware comrade. We entered the camp, greeted by cheers, for we carried a standard riddled with grape-shot, yet had twenty-three prisoners with us. I saw the faces of friends, I heard the welcoming shout, and then I fell, and blackness, as of eternal night, closed round me.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

WHEN consciousness returned, my brain was dizzy with the violence of conflict. So much so that I thought that I had dreamed of a battlefield, of the flash of fire-arms, the roar of cannon, the clouds of smoke. I was the more doubtful of the reality, because my eyes opened upon a quiet, shaded room, the four walls fresh and white, and the daylight shining dimly through the half-closed green shutters. I lay on white pillows, and white curtains draped the high posts of the bed, and made a canopy above me. Dreamy and half conscious, I viewed the place with a vague impression that I was at home once more, the great cluster of rich-hued pan-sies on the table by my side increasing the deception. I looked at them with a blissful feeling of relaxation from all care and trouble, and I remember to this day the varied hues of their velvet petals.

After a while a deeper consciousness dispelled my dreams. I roused myself to marvel at surroundings which I knew not, and to listen to the sound of rain falling steadily without. Where was I? How came I here? Ah! a move taught me a lesson in pain and brought back the faintness; my wounds made me remember. But when had it happened? Yesterday, or a thousand years ago? I could not tell, and was far too weak to question fate. Thus I lay still for a while and marvelled greatly, but saw no familiar object in the

room, save my own sword, which hung before me on the wall. There was a picture of a woman opposite, but in the dim light I could not discern her features. Only this I knew, the stillness of the place soothed my spirit and the faint sweetness of flowers filled the atmosphere ; the even drip of the rain upon the roof was music in my ears ; how often had I listened to it at home in Salem, and loved the homely sound ! I was too weak to feel surprise or even apprehension, and waited calmly, when I saw the door opposite open to admit a woman, a slender figure, in a violet-colored gown with a white kerchief on her shoulders. A negro slave followed her, and closed the door gently behind her, while she came cautiously toward the bed, as though she feared to rouse me from my slumber. I knew her, even in the dimness, the pale and gentle face and the soft brown hair ; it was Miss Wayne. I lay quite still and watched her until she paused beside me and put her soft hand on my forehead with the light firm touch of a skilful nurse. Then I spoke, and at my voice she started back in joyful surprise, for she had thought me yet in the stupor in which I had lain so many hours.

“Is this a vision ?” I said, “and are you the ministering angel who transported me from the field of battle ?”

“No angel, only your friend Dorothy Wayne,” she answered cheerily, “and happy am I to find you awake and conscious of your surroundings. Are you also out of pain, Captain Allen ?”

“Nay,” I responded, fully roused, “now I know I dream not, since surely a kindly spirit would scarcely call me captain. For the pain, I feel rather a great stiffness and I cannot stir out of this white bed. But tell me, Miss Wayne, how came I here ?”

"You came without your own knowledge or assent, truly," she answered, smiling; "you were brought over with the wounded from Long Island early this morning, and upon inquiry we found you, grandfather and I, and had you brought here to Hanover Square to nurse and tend you."

I looked at her sweet face, lighted with such kindness, and marvelled at their friendship for one so lately a stranger.

"Verily, then," I said, "you are the good angel that I thought you. But tell me," I added eagerly, "I came over with the wounded from Long Island; how went the fight? New York is ours; surely, then, we won!"

At this, I saw a shadow fall on her bright face and doubt come into her eyes. She hesitated, too, as though she knew not how to answer.

"Evade me not!" I cried out passionately. "If it is evil fortune, tell me, in Heaven's name; I must know it in the end."

She put her firm hand on mine and held it, trying to quiet me as she would a child, and her face was very sad.

"Nay," she said gently, "disquiet not your heart at such a time. I will not deceive you, nor do I need to. Surely we are strong enough to bear disaster, otherwise victory could never crown our cause. The battle — in which you fought so bravely — was lost, but not because we failed in courage."

I uttered a sharp exclamation, and she warned me with her finger to be still.

"We lost it, because their force was so much the greater," she went on quietly, "and the next day there was rain and fog, and our brave fellows stood in their trenches, weary and wet and disheartened. Then came

the tidings that the great fleet of the British was astir, and that they purposed to surround Long Island and cut off the army to destroy it."

"In Heaven's name," I cried, "tell me the worst; is all lost?"

"Nay, listen," she answered gently; "our great, our noble commander-in-chief saved his army, saved all those brave lives. God bless him for his courage and his wisdom!"

"Amen!" I answered devoutly; "but tell me all, Miss Wayne, every word!"

"I will tell you," she said, smiling sadly, "but you are like a child that will not be satisfied. His Excellency determined to take the army over to New York last night. The day after the battle, it began to rain most heavily; the two armies lay within a quarter of a mile of each other, and throughout the day there were skirmishes. Yesterday a dense fog hung above the island, veiling all things in its folds, and in the midst of this weird scene, full of alarms, our troops prepared to leave their intrenchments. So near were the British that the stroke of spade and pickaxe could be heard at our posts, and any accident might bring them all upon our brave fellows as they attempted to retreat. Yet did our army begin to move; at night and in the darkness, with anxious hearts, wet and weary in body, the Americans marched down to the ferry. General Mifflin, with the Pennsylvania regiments and the survivors of the gallant Delawares and Marylanders, remained on guard, in the face of the whole British army, to cover their retreat. Silently, anxiously, wearily, our army moved, and the brave men from Marblehead managed the embarkation. In the midst of this awful hush there was a cannon shot, and for the moment it seemed

that all was lost ! Trepidation was in our ranks, but still the enemy was not aroused. Another accident well nigh ruined us ; by a mistake in the orders, General Mifflin withdrew his detachment from the post and came down also to the ferry. Here prevailed great confusion, for the tide had turned and the wind was blowing from the northeast. There were not enough boats with oars, and the sails made no headway against wind and tide. And now came General Mifflin, and our commander thought that all was lost ; but Mifflin and his gallant men went back — back to face the foe — and happily the fog had hid the trenches so they knew not of the absence of the men. Think of those brave hearts ! Back from the ferry, back from their retreating comrades, alone — to face the army of Great Britain ! Surely the Lord of Hosts was with us, for the fog concealed us, as the pillar of smoke concealed the Israelites ; the adverse wind ceased, the waters became calm, and our brave men came safely over. Last came Mifflin's force and General Washington, upon whom no entreaties prevailed to depart from the post of danger until the last man was embarked. The fog lifted as they crossed the ferry, and the enemy, at last alarmed, were seen in numbers on the farther shore, but our army was saved."

She paused and looked at me with sparkling eyes, her face flushed and animated and her young form erect. She looked like an inspired prophetess. But my thoughts were sad ones.

" And now ? " I said ; " how fares it with us ? "

In a moment she was cast down, yet she endeavored to answer me with cheerful spirit.

" We yet hold the city," she said simply, " but the enemy has garrisoned Long Island, and their ships menace us."

"It storms heavily," I said, listening to the rain; "in what condition is the city?"

"It is a sorry spectacle," she admitted with reluctance, "wet clothing and camp equipage are strewed upon the streets and in the yards of the houses; the squads of soldiers passing to and fro below us are haggard from their terrible experience and the ceaseless vigil, and unhappily many enlistments are at an end, and —"

"In Heaven's name," I cried, "surely no man deserts his flag at this hour?"

She bowed her head sadly. "But too many," she replied.

"The knaves!" I exclaimed bitterly, "the poltroons!"

"Nay," she said sadly, "let us not judge them; they are but rustics, and unused to all the fearful incidents of war. The plow stands in the furrow in their fields at home, and mayhap their families are in need. Death is ever terrible to the faint-hearted, and surely in battle it is clothed with all its terrors."

"Your Quaker blood is all for peace," I said, watching her with interest, for she seemed to exhibit a new character from that which I had attributed to her. She had seemed gentle even to meekness, but now I saw no lack of spirit. She looked up, as I spoke, with kindling eyes.

"Yet I believe that I could fight," she exclaimed; "it seems to me that in the field, knowing my cause a righteous one, fired with the excitement of the moment, thrilled with the wild hope of victory — I could fight!"

"I believe it," I said, smiling faintly, "and you would look like an avenging angel. Alas for me, I lie here crippled at the very hour when I am most needed!"

"And is it not worth the wounds to know that duty gallantly and faithfully done has won the general's

praise?" she exclaimed, with a thrill in her rich voice. "He saw the brigade of Lord Stirling, watched the action with his field-glass, saw Lord Cornwallis cut off your retreat, and they say that he wrung his hands at the sight. When, instead of surrendering, you charged gallantly in the face of such numbers, 'Good God!' he cried, 'what brave fellows I must this day lose!'"

"Ah, but he did not lose me," I remarked quietly; "the dead are ever braver than the living!"

"Yet he has sent here already to ask for you by name," she said, and smiled brightly, pleased as if the honor had come to her.

"Is it so?" I murmured softly, deeply moved, for I loved him for his high courage and his stern sense of honor, and now the sting of that old wound was healed. I had won on the field the regard that I had once so nearly lost forever.

Such cheering thoughts I needed, since it was bitter indeed to lie there and hear the stir in the street and presently the distant roar of cannon, and be no better than a log. Burning with impatience, I tossed upon my pillow, and was only comforted when Dorothy came to bring the latest tidings, which she did faithfully each day, and tended me with all the gentleness of a sister. Her grandmother and old Mr. Wayne himself were often at my pillow, and the faithful black slave, who had attended Dorothy, was ever in the room, watching for my smallest need. Tenderness and care I had in plenty, and General Washington, amid all his anxieties, forgot not to send me kind messages of inquiry and commendation. My father, hearing of my condition, came on from Philadelphia and stayed with me for a little while, to my great comfort.

Meanwhile the city was in deep distress, and often

the weeping voices of women and children sounded below my window. The fact that we could not hold the town with our small force against the enemy grew daily more patent, even to the lower classes, and there were the wildest rumors that New York would be burned when we withdrew. Again the people clung to his Excellency for help and for protection, and again his noble heart was torn with pity for the weak and the defenceless. The British and the Tories were busily circulating enormous falsehoods about our intended dealings with the town, to spread disaffection among the people. The thought of burning it, rather than permitting it to serve as a winter shelter for the enemy, had in fact been discussed ; but Congress was against it, as the loss would fall too heavily upon the unhappy citizens who were loyal to our cause. Yet no one could reassure the ignorant, or those whose minds were poisoned with Tory falsehoods, and the distress was pitiful enough. The wealthy Whigs had fled with their household goods, and such as were too poor to escape greater misfortune wept in the streets. It is the poor who suffer ever.

In those weary September days I lay still helpless and waited, my greatest comfort being Dorothy's gentle friendship, her unfailing cheerfulness. Whatever the fate of the city, her aged grandparents would remain to watch their property, and a personal acquaintance with Mr. Howe assured their safety, but Dorothy bewailed the thought of staying in the camp of the enemy. It was certain that we must withdraw ; the wounded had already been sent to Orangetown, and Washington's headquarters were to be transferred to King's Bridge. My father had arranged for my removal to a farmhouse some distance up the Hudson, since I was now able to be moved. I should remain but a short time longer

beneath the roof that had so kindly sheltered me, and those last days were filled with cheerful kindness from my benefactors, and my heart was full of gratitude to all of them. My couch was drawn to the window in the evenings, and there, the night before I left, I had a long and quiet talk with Dorothy. She told me of the movements of the British fleet, of the constant expectation of a landing somewhere near New York, of his Excellency's sleepless vigilance and his anxiety to protect the Hudson. Having satisfied my eager appetite for every scrap of news, aided by a word here and there from her grandfather, who sat near us, she went on to talk of homely matters, and after that the old man heeded us no more. So we talked there in the soft twilight, looking out upon the garden, where only the nasturtiums had outlived the heat, and in our ears were the low sounds of the city, hushed at evening. It happened that we spoke again of Salem and my childhood, and I told her, for the first time, of my younger playmates, Joyce and Richard Talbot, and she listened with warm interest. Her face was fair and pale that night, and her brown eyes had the shadows of the twilight in them. I told her of the separation of the families and of Sir Anthony's death, and the departure of Lady Talbot and Joyce.

“And you know not where they are now?” she asked softly; “you have no tidings from them?”

“Nay,” I answered sadly, “the sword has cut communications off; but this I know, they were with the fleet at Halifax.”

“It may be, then, that they are at Staten Island now,” she said dreamily.

I started at the thought. “I would they were,” I cried with feeling; “to see her face would be indeed a joy.”

“Her face?” she repeated quietly, her brown eyes suddenly upon me.

Then I knew I was betrayed, and smiled, and felt the telltale blood in my face.

“You mean Joyce Talbot’s,” she said in a low voice; “it is as I thought, you love her?”

“I have loved her nearly all my life,” I answered simply, moved to tell her because she was so sweet and full of sympathy.

But I was disappointed by her manner of receiving it; her face was turned away from me, and she continued to look earnestly from the window, and for a while said nothing, so that I was half sorry for speaking, feeling that she cared not for my trials. At last she turned and there was a bright spot of color in her cheeks and her eyes shone in the dim light.

“I thank you for your confidence, Captain Allen,” she said quietly. “Will you not tell me — about Miss Talbot? Is she very beautiful? Good and sweet, I am sure, she must be.”

And this touched my heart, and I told her many things of the past.

“She is beautiful to me,” I said tenderly; “but I am her lover, so it may be I cannot judge.”

“Nay,” said Dorothy, sweetly, “love is our best judge; love sees the noblest side of our natures, our fairest smiles. Beautiful she is, then, but what color are her eyes, her hair? Truly, a woman always likes to know.”

“Her eyes,” I answered, with a lingering joy in speaking of her again, — “her eyes are like the sky, blue sometimes, sometimes gray, and they can smile and frown and threaten and rejoice, as I have never seen any eyes but hers. Her hair — why, Miss Wayne, I had nearly said that it was brown like yours, but then there is a touch

upon it as if the sun had shone brightly on its wavy tresses."

For a while after this she sat silent, and then she asked me, smiling, how tall she was.

"What is it that Shakespeare saith?" I answered softly, "'just as high as my heart.'"

Dorothy rose and stood looking at me, her brown eyes still shining, but the sudden color faded from her cheeks.

"I esteem her happy, Mr. Allen," she said softly, "for, verily, you love her, and it is a great happiness, and also, as I think, a great blessing to be so steadfastly beloved."

With this she left me and went out, nor did I see her again that evening, and the next day she was ill, or so they said. But when I went away at last, just before the enemy landed at Kip's Bay, she came to bid me good-bye and was more gentle than ever. As we parted, she gave me an assurance that rejoiced my heart.

It was when I held her hand at parting that she said to me in a low tone, "If Miss Talbot comes to New York, I will find the means to send the tidings to you."

I thanked her warmly, and called her my good angel; at this she laughed and blushed.

"Nay," she said, "I am but an attendant spirit; your angel's eyes are of the color of the sky."

"And you will befriend her here?" I asked eagerly.

"She will not need it," she replied; "but truly, I will be her friend if she will let me. This I promise."

So we parted, and she watched me, standing on the doorstep shading her eyes with her hands, and her white gown dazzling in the September sun. While we drove away, I looked back and waved my hat, and in my heart blessed her for all her kindness, which had been that of a dear sister.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TIDINGS.

I WAS removed to a farmhouse above King's Bridge, and lay there the day that our troops were forced to retreat to Harlem Heights. Sorely I fretted, too, at my inactivity, but had the hope now to console me that before many days I could be again in the saddle. Tidings came to even that quiet retreat of the great events at New York, and I and my rustic attendants waited with eager anxiety for every word that brought us information. I heard, with shame, of the confusion and flight of the New England troops from their intrenchments when the British landed between Turtle and Kip's Bays. At the sound of the cannonade from the ships, General Washington had spurred in hot haste to the scene of action. They told me, afterwards, of his wrath and his despair when, riding up from Althorpe's house on the Bloomingdale road, he met the fugitives in the cornfield behind Murray's estate. He tried in vain to rally them, to drive them back, but at the sight of half a dozen redcoats, they turned again and ran like sheep. In vain his Excellency called to them, struck at them with his sword; no earthly power could rally them, and it was said that he flung his hat upon the ground and cried out, in one of his wild outbursts of passion, "Are these the men with whom I am to defend America?" So distracted was he with grief and anger, that he considered not the peril of the hour, exposing his own per-

son to death or capture. When the enemy was within some eighty yards, his aide-de-camp caught his horse's bridle and led him from the field. What is one man's heroism in the face of the cowardice of hundreds? Happily, he failed not in the effort to secure Harlem Heights, and so prevented the enemy from cutting his army in two. General Putnam brought off the troops and women and children from New York, but he was forced to abandon much food and ammunition. In the great heat and dust, the brave old man led his army along the Bloomingdale road under the fire of the enemy's guns, and brought them at last to Harlem. It was ever said that save for Mrs. Murray he would have been destroyed. She, good woman, kept Sir William Howe and his officers at Murray Hill, eating and drinking, while her weary and despairing countrymen effected their escape. Never did wine and cake a greater service to a country's cause, and a strong man may not despise a woman's gentler wiles, since sometimes they prevail where the sword would be snapped asunder. After the retreat the army took position below Fort Washington, its lines extending from Harlem River to the Hudson and with King's Bridge in their rear, securing the only pass from Manhattan to the mainland. Here it was that before many days the enemy insulted us by appearing in triumph and winding their bugles as they do after a fox-hunt. General Washington was deeply mortified thereat, and the poorest of us felt the insult. Mayhap, though, it had a fortunate effect, since the men were shamed, and there was a successful skirmish made, our troops nearly cutting off their detachment and driving them at last into the open plains, although we paid dearly for it, losing two brave officers, Knowlton and Leitch. But the honor of Connecticut was redeemed.

It was upon a Saturday night late in September that the great fire broke out in New York which the British laid to our charge, though we were innocent, and lamented the loss and suffering in the devoted town. It was a strange sight, all the heavens being crimson with the mighty reflection, and the American camp watched through the night and marvelled, knowing not the cause. In the morning a black cloud floated where there had been flame, and we heard the tidings from the British, who sent out a flag in the morning for the purpose of a conference in regard to the exchange of prisoners, which both sides desired. Our poor men captured by them had been crowded into the sugar-houses and the churches of New York, and in the great heat were many of them in sore distress. The English coming to confer about the exchange told us that a mighty fire had broken out at one of the clock that morning, and they hinted that the Whigs were the incendiaries. Indignant as the patriots then were at the charge, they were yet more so afterwards, when they heard that the Ministerial soldiers had been cruel to many poor creatures; suspecting them of firing the town, they had bayoneted them and cast them in the flames, and one man—as it happened, a good Tory—they did hang by the heels until he died. It is thus ever in great excitement; men's passions overleap all decency, and horrid enormities are committed which they are ashamed to father at more sober moments. The damage done in the city had been very great; the fire had started not far below the Common, upon the side toward the Hudson, and had burned a clean path across to the East River, above the Battery, to Whitehall's Slip. Trinity Church was gone, but Saint Paul's had been saved by the efforts of those who stood upon the roof and threw the

flaming embers from it as they fell. Much property had gone, and many of the poor would be homeless, while the rich had suffered greatly. When I heard it, my first anxiety was for the Waynes, and I rejoiced to hear that their hospitable roof had escaped uninjured.

One good was achieved by the conference that September morning, since we obtained a partial exchange of prisoners, and Lord Stirling was among them. We were again, however, at a crisis; the eternal question of too brief enlistments came to trouble our commander; but finally, through his eloquent persuasion, Congress at last organized the army upon a permanent footing, and one besetting evil was thus partially relieved. Meanwhile the enemy remained strangely inactive, and perplexed us much to endeavor to solve their intentions. One thing we learned too easily, and that was the large enlistments, continually swelling, of Tories of Long Island; one De Lancey, a New York royalist, was at Jamaica on the island, offering the king's commission to any reputable man who would raise a regiment. These Tories were indeed our most vindictive enemies, the serpents we had nourished in our bosoms.

Early in October the royal ships, three in number, the *Phœnix*, the *Roebuck*, and the *Tartar*, which had lain opposite Bloomingdale, and had so distressed General Putnam's army, got under sail one morning, and ascending the Hudson carried terror and confusion with them toward the Highlands. Great efforts had been made to bar the river against these hostile ships, but they passed through the chevaux-de-frise as through a cobweb, and sank a submarine machine which lay upon a sloop to be used against them. Though raked by our guns upon the shore, they sailed proudly on unharmed, spreading terror upon the country-side. They plun-

dered our stores at Dobbs' Ferry and went on to the Tappan Zee. Now came rumors that the Tories were arming and gathering in the Highlands, and truly we were beset on every hand.

Happily, I was recovered sufficiently from my wounds to be in the saddle by the first weeks of October. Thankful was I to be once more at liberty, for I had felt myself the veriest prisoner. Now, when every man was needed, it was a grievous thing to be upon the sick-list. I was cordially and kindly received at headquarters, and his Excellency said a few kind words to me that were the more esteemed because he so seldom bestowed commendation, and never unless he believed that it was merited.

In those days I had many duties, and but little time for any thought save of my orders. I was often in the saddle for the greater part of the day, although my scarcely healed wounds yet troubled me a little ; but the fresh October air gave me new life.

One errand of the general's carried me up in the Highlands. Evading the Tappan Zee, where lay the king's ships, I rode along the shore past King's Ferry and Dunderberg to Fort Clinton. I carried a message to Colonel James Clinton, and my business kept me for a day or more in the midst of that wild and splendid scenery. Around me, the gloomy heights loomed in sad magnificence, the glory of the summer departed from them, but a splendor, as of flame, upon their slopes, and the river flowing through the defiles in quiet beauty, though it was the object desired by two armies, and the key, as it seemed to us, of the United Colonies.

When I returned to our lines at Harlem Heights, it was evening, and I paused only to leave my horse at my

own tent, and went at once to the marquee of our commander, where I found him and General Putnam and young Alexander Hamilton. In this presence I discharged my errand and received the general's acknowledgments. Excusing myself from the kind invitation to remain, I went to my own quarters, tired, and feeling the dull ache of my most troublesome wound. But I was destined to find tidings there that would arouse me from my languor and give me a new interest. Ephraim, whom as usual I had left in charge of my belongings, gave me a letter from Dorothy Wayne, the first that I had ever received from her, and I was not a little curious of its contents. It was but a few lines, however, of greeting, and then these words that made the letter beautiful to me, —

“Miss Joyce Talbot is here. She and her mother came, with the other Tories, from Halifax, and they are lodged in a house near the Battery but a short distance from the Hudson. More I know not, save that they are well, and in the charge, I believe, of Mr. Howe.”

Joyce in New York! I went to the door of my tent and looked out into the darkness and watched the stars, rejoicing; yet wherefore, I knew not, since a great gulf was still set between us. Yet she was near me, no longer in Halifax, and surely, I reflected, no longer beyond my reach. Already a vague scheme of reaching her flashed upon me, and I had no other thought than to find my opportunity. No blockade was ever yet effectual against love's devices, and I was determined to find a way, having the will to do it. I questioned Ephraim sharply as to the manner of the coming of the letter, but got but little satisfaction. A countryman had brought it, permitted to leave New York because his presence was not useful, Ephraim thought, and he was too great a coward

to be impressed into the service upon either side. After all, it mattered little, I reflected, since I had the letter, and I would not try to solve the problem. Verily, I had one more knotty of my own. I had resolved to see Joyce, and to see her as soon as might be, for when did love ever suffer a delay? At first I thought to accomplish my purpose alone and unaided, but after all was forced to call upon the faithful and resourceful Ephraim for the means to achieve it; and he, ever ready to enter upon any enterprise, was not behind in his advice and aid. First, we schemed to enter the city by the land side, but abandoned this as impracticable, in face of the sentinels; the approach by water was the easier, too, and Dorothy Wayne had said the house lay near the Hudson River. To find it would necessitate a visit to the Waynes, which increased the risks; but happily this was adjusted, since I learned from a prisoner who had been exchanged where Captain Talbot's house lay, and found it nearer to the water than I had hoped. After this, our arrangements went on merrily, although I was unwilling to let Ephraim share the peril; yet would he take no refusal, and since he had but to remain in the boat, I at last consented. I lacked only the permission for my absence from the camp, and this was not so easily obtained. However, leave was at last granted upon the very night that I would have chosen above all others, since it was intensely dark and threatening, but it stormed not, and the tide was running smooth, so that a dory would have an easy course. Ephraim, too, was in the humor for a secret enterprise, and we primed our weapons cheerfully, and set out, like two school-boys that were bent on some new mischief. We had secured a stout little boat, and muffling our oars, we dropped down the river silently toward the town.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOVE'S ENTERPRISE.

WE pulled down the Hudson, keeping a little from the shore that our boat might escape the vigilance of the sentries. Our muffled oars dipped softly in the water, and in the stillness we could hear the sounds from the shore. We passed in sight of Lispenard's meadows, and my mind went back to the scene at Corbie's Tavern ; from there the row down to Paulus Hook was swift and quiet, and then we drew nearer to the shore. On this side the great fire had swept the town, and blackened ruins lay where but a short while since were homes. Beyond this open space the lights burned brightly in the windows of many houses, and there was the stir of busy life in the distant streets. We rowed in under the shore and came gently down toward the Battery ; here was the house, near to Kennedy's, which had been General Putnam's quarters. In the rear was the open space, desolated by the fire, and some quiet gardens behind dwellings that yet remained. The spot was favorable for any daring project, and we two conspirators sat for a while in our boat and listened. But we had aroused no one ; no figure moved upon the bank, no sentinel's shrill call was heard. Satisfied that we were undiscovered, I felt for my weapon, and bidding Ephraim watch for my first signal, left him in the boat and leaped upon the shore. Once there, I felt that the chances of discovery were far less, in the dark night, and following the di-

rections that I had received, I walked in the direction of the Battery, until I came to the house that had been designated. Here I found a large garden surrounded by a low wall, over which I swung myself with ease, and treading softly amid the fallen leaves, made my way toward the windows in the rear. On one side the house was dark; upon the other, happily the side upon the garden, the windows were lighted, and two of them were open. I remember that I stumbled once or twice in the strange place, and thought, at the moment, that if Laddie was with them I was betrayed. In this respect, however, fortune favored me, for the dog was out upon the streets with Dick, as I afterwards learned. A late rose was blooming by the window I approached, and the delicate fragrance made the night air sweet. The window-sill was low, and, standing back that no gleam of light might shine upon my face, I looked eagerly into the room, being sharply disappointed to find it vacant. Low-ceiled and wainscoted with mahogany, the room was plain and dull, yet something in its appearance seemed familiar,—an atmosphere of home that I recognized intuitively, and I felt that I had made no error; on the table, too, stood a tall vase full of late roses and some sprays of mignonette, an open book beside it, and around being other signs of recent occupation. Presently I was conscious of the sound of voices coming from the room beyond, the door of which stood open. While I was endeavoring to recognize the tones, they drew nearer, and two figures emerged from the doorway. The first was Joyce, and the last I knew with quick resentment; it was Beresford. I looked eagerly at my love, and saw no change; her face was as lovely as it had been when we parted, but she was far more elaborately attired. Her powdered hair was arranged with flowers, and her white neck

was bare, looking yet more white by contrast with her black frock and the black ribbon fastened around her full white throat. There was a flush of color on her cheeks, and her blue eyes sparkled, I thought with anger, as she moved across the room and paused beside the table. It was evident that Beresford had been lately upon duty, for he wore his uniform, and his sword hung at his side. His whole appearance was, as ever, that of a young dandy, from his faultlessly powdered hair to his polished weapon and shining epaulettes ; his scarlet coat was dazzling, by contrast, in the quiet room ; in my heart, I was forced to acknowledge that he held himself well and was every inch a soldier. His features were clear-cut and good to look upon, and I watched him follow Joyce with a sharp pang of jealousy and anger. In my eagerness I forgot that I seemed but a spy and eavesdropper, and stood there for a brief space, too angry and too much surprised to recollect the meanness of such a position. Joyce paused at the table, and drawing a rose from the vase stood looking at it absently, her nervous fingers caressing its creamy petals all unconsciously. Beresford, approaching the table also, watched her a little time in silence ; then I saw him smile, although she did not, and I hated him the more for the assurance of that smile.

“ Miss Talbot,” he said softly, but not so low that my jealous ears did not catch the words, “ have you no answer? Surely, I have a right to look for one. I have endured with patience, and you have known that I loved you ! ”

She spoke not, but stood frowning at the rose, and I saw her fingers tremble.

“ Joyce,” he said with more confidence, — nay, I thought impertinence, — “ Joyce, I love you ! ”

And with this he tried to take her hand, and I put my foot upon the outer edge of the window-sill. But she drew back and looked at him defiantly, her blue eyes bright, I hoped with anger.

“ You have had my answer, Mr. Beresford,” she said.

“ Think better of it, Joyce,” he replied with an air of disbelief in her sincerity. “ I do not think you mean to send me away now ! ”

“ What do you think, then ? ” she asked haughtily, a bright color in her cheeks.

“ I will not believe that you still care for that renegade Yankee,” he said contemptuously, “ that you will slight the king’s soldier for a rebel ! ”

“ You know little of my thoughts,” she answered lightly ; “ it may be that I, too, am a rebel.”

“ Nay,” he said, “ you have a woman’s heart and you will forget a childish fancy, long since outgrown. What is this Yankee ? A rebel, a canting hypocrite, a coward who dare not return to win you ! He dare not face me, this lover of yours, this Allen — ”

“ The Yankee Allen is at your service, sir ! ” I cried, springing into the room and casting my hat upon the floor.

Joyce cried out with surprise and terror, while Beresford half bared his sword. I glanced from one to the other in silence, and my heart burned within me, for I was blind with jealousy and anger. Joyce stood with her clasped hands pressed against her breast, and her startled eyes upon my face, only half believing that she saw me, and not a vision ; while Beresford, no less astonished, stared at me in bewilderment, his taunt silenced upon his lips. I took no heed of him, but addressed myself to her, and I fear that my voice as well as my words were harsh.

"I seem an unwelcome as well as an unlooked-for guest here, Miss Talbot," I said, laughing bitterly, "and yet—your friend but now was eager to conjure up a rebel visitor."

"A rebel eavesdropper!" retorted Beresford, with a scornful accent; "truly, your occupation, sir, befits your calling."

My face burned as with fire, and involuntarily my hand went to my sword.

"You lie, sir!" I retorted hotly, "and elsewhere you would answer for it."

"That may be," he replied tauntingly. "But I fancy your courage is greatest in the presence of a woman; it is ever so with spies and cowards."

"Now, by Heaven!" I cried passionately, "you shall find yourself mistaken to your sorrow."

Joyce, recovering from the shock of her surprise, moved between us.

"Hush!" she said imperatively; "you are both brave men, and it is a shame upon you to so insult each other. This is my house, and I forbid it! Mr. Beresford, this is an honest and a gallant gentleman, and I am willing to pledge my faith that, however he came here to-night, it was not as a spy."

Beresford bowed gravely to her, but his eyes were hard.

"I would take your word against the world, Miss Talbot," he said courteously, "and I doubt not that there was an ample excuse for Mr. Allen's presence in your garden. I can easily pardon any man for the desire to see you."

At this, Joyce's face flamed red as mine, but she made him a little curtsey. Then she turned to me, and her blue eyes searched my face with sharp anxiety.

"And you," she said, and my quick ear caught the quiver in her voice, "for old friendship's sake I can demand that you quarrel not with any one beneath my roof."

"A hard condition, madam," Beresford remarked, smiling bitterly, "considering the relation in which Mr. Allen and I stand to each other."

She turned upon him quickly, and I saw all the color leave her cheeks.

"Nay," she said in a low voice; "a reproach is unworthy of you, Mr. Beresford, since he is in your power."

Then I understood her great agitation, and started at the thought that she was interceding for my safety.

"That concerns you not," I said to her hastily. "I am able to fight my own battles and to bear the consequences of my acts."

But Beresford heeded me not; he was looking at her excited face and quivering hands.

"Have no fear, Miss Talbot," he said coldly. "As I understand it, Mr. Allen's errand here is only to see old friends and of a private nature, and if he can so assure me, he is safe to speedily depart."

"I will make no explanation to you, sir," I retorted proudly; "my errand was honorable, and I am no spy to give an account to you or any one."

He looked at me and smiled coldly, but Joyce stepped between.

"He came to see me!" she cried, her voice thrilling with emotion, "and he is in your hands; you cannot — you shall not betray him!"

"I am a British officer, Miss Talbot," Beresford replied proudly, "and you have trusted me; you may rely upon my honor. I have never yet stooped to the office of an informer."

"I thank you," she said in a low voice, "from my heart!"

Now this was more than I could bear: the fellow was winning her gratitude.

"There is no need for your intercession," I said bitterly; "I am quite ready to abide the consequence. Mr. Beresford's generosity is not acceptable."

"For shame!" she whispered with a reproachful glance; "I thought you more generous, more just!"

"My presence destroys Mr. Allen's courtesy," Beresford said in a scornful tone; he was furious at the sight of her friendship for me. "Miss Talbot, I bid you both good evening, and I only desire to warn your friend that a lengthy stay in the town may be attended with evil consequences, despite my forbearance."

"I thank you, sir," I retorted coldly; "I am content to run my own risks, nor do I so greatly fear the dangers here."

"I congratulate you, sir, upon your courage and the warmth of your welcome," he replied with an angry glance, and then bowing to us both, he turned on his heel and left the room.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A LOVERS' QUARREL.

As the door closed behind Beresford, Joyce turned to me.

“Oh, John!” she cried, “how came you here, in the midst of such peril?”

I looked at her with jealousy burning at my heart, and something in my glance arrested her approach and she stood regarding me with startled eyes.

“I came to see you, Joyce,” I said coldly, “and had no thought of finding you so pleasantly entertained. I do assure you that I did not come to play a spy upon you.”

She looked at me with passionate reproach in her blue eyes.

“Do you think so ill of me as to imagine that I would believe you capable of such conduct?” she exclaimed; “if you have a bad opinion of me, I have not lost my trust in you!”

But even this did not melt my mood; love's besetting sin being ever jealousy.

“My opinion is not ill of you,” I answered bitterly; “it is rather higher, in that I appreciate your ready wit in adapting yourself to the circumstances and finding a lover always on the winning side.”

At this, the color came into her cheeks and her eyes sparkled with their old spirit.

"Verily," she retorted quickly, "I might readily find a kinder visitor; did you come here, at the peril of your life, to reproach me unjustly and without reason?"

"Nay," I said sadly, "I came to see the woman I love and found her — listening to the wooing of another man, and that man my enemy."

Her temper, ever as quick as a flash in straw, fired at my words, and she stood tapping the floor with her impatient little foot, but gave me no answer save a glance that was more full of significance than words. But I was angry, and stung with disappointment, and would speak my mind.

"When we parted at Marblehead," I said reproachfully, "it was as lovers part — yet you told me nothing of your intended flight; you left me without a word or sign, but I loved you well enough to believe that this was no fault of yours. When you came here, too, it was not you who sent me word, but a stranger — a new friend — "

"Ay, a woman!" she flashed out so suddenly that I started. "I know who told you; it was your friend Dorothy Wayne. I have heard it said that you were head over ears in love with her."

Now was it my turn to gaze at her in amazement; I, who had never been charged with a lack of faithfulness, was utterly confounded by the suddenness and novelty of the attack.

"In love with Dorothy?" I repeated slowly; "I am at a loss to understand such an accusation."

She darted an indignant glance at me.

"It is well," she said scornfully, "to assume ignorance, but from all I hear you were neither so dull nor so backward with Miss Wayne."

"Doubtless this man, Beresford, has been filling your

ears with idle nonsense," I said with rising anger; "I in love with Dorothy! It is absurd."

"Others do not think it so," she answered coldly, averting her face. "I congratulate you upon your choice; I have seen her, and she is a lovely woman."

"She is indeed," I replied, with more haste than thought, "and too wise to falsely accuse a man who loved her, of disloyalty."

"I trust then," she said in a strange voice, "that you will not constantly accuse her of a breach of faith!"

Suddenly I saw how my jealousy had betrayed me into forgetfulness of justice, and my heart reproached me; but we were both angry still.

"I cannot fancy Miss Wayne playing the coquette," I said with truthfulness.

"Why don't you go to this paragon?" cried Joyce, suddenly stamping her foot at me, her face crimson with emotion; "why do you come here at all?"

"I came," I said slowly, "because I loved you—I have ever loved you, but I see that you have no real love for me."

"Nay," she answered proudly, "you loved me once, perhaps; but now it is this other woman, and I have pride enough, thank Heaven, to want no other woman's lover? Therefore, go!"

She was looking at me with shining eyes, her little hands clenched at her sides and her head thrown back. I remembered her in just such an attitude in her childhood, when she had been intensely angry at Dick and me over some childish quarrel and had turned upon us like a little fury. But her words stung me like a whip.

"If you wish me to go," I said quietly, "I will obey you."

“I have said so,” she cried passionately; “go to Dorothy Wayne!”

“Not to her,” I replied with dignity, “for I do not love her—but to return to the camp at Harlem, and there to remember that I have lost my love forever! Farewell, Joyce.”

She said nothing, and I turned and walked slowly to the window; my jealousy was passing away in the sharp pain I felt at her words. I had my foot upon the sill, when, turning once more, I saw her with her face hidden in her hands. I hesitated, and in the pause heard her sobs. In a moment I had sprung across the room to her side, and found that she was weeping bitterly.

“Joyce!” I cried, “is it possible that you care?”

“Oh!” she said between her sobs, “you—you are a brute!”

At this, I took her in my arms, in spite of her resistance, and tried to kiss away her tears; but she had broken down completely and lay weeping on my shoulder like a child.

“My darling,” I said, “why is it that we always quarrel? Is it indeed true that you love me and not that gay officer?”

“You do not deserve it,” she moaned; “you are the most jealous, dull, provoking man that ever breathed, and yet”—here she sobbed again—“I am such a fool,” she said, “that I love you still.”

Now, I was so rejoiced at her words that I forgot to be angry at her own provoking ways. For the moment I did nothing but stroke her hair and kiss her, while I tried to assure her of my own loyalty and devotion, which I think she had never really doubted, though she retaliated because of my own persistent reproaches. So it was that we made peace, and she found time to

look at my face and see the signs of illness from my recent wounds. And she caressed me and fretted over the hollows in my cheeks, and told me penitently now of how she had heard of Dorothy Wayne's care of me and been wicked enough to be jealous, because any woman had, even for a season, usurped her place. At which I told her that I had sung her praises to Dorothy until I was sure that she wearied of me as a dull fellow with no thought but of my love.

Joyce told me, after this, of Dorothy's visit to her, and how sweetly she had spoken of my desire that they should be friends, having tried, too, to be kind to my little sweetheart, receiving however, I fancied, but small encouragement. Joyce told me, also, of their sudden departure from Marblehead; how Dick had come for them in disguise, urging their immediate flight, and she had been forced to go without finding a safe messenger to bear the tidings to me. I heard, too, of their stay at Halifax, and of Dick's duel which had brought him under Sir William Howe's displeasure, and now he was treated with less consideration than formerly, and had been passed by in the orders of promotion, though serving as bravely as the others who were advanced before him. All this fretted the hot Talbot temper, and Dick disliked, too, the thought of the Hessians being hired to fight against the king's own subjects; so, as Joyce told me, they were not in favor at headquarters, and were often made uneasy by Dick's disposition to quarrel with his superiors. Lady Talbot had been unwell, and this had increased Joyce's responsibility, so my reproaches had found her in no mood to endure them. All this she told me, and much more, while we sat there for one brief, happy hour, forgetful of everything but our love for each other. But after a while we remembered the inevitable

parting ; the clock struck in the hall, and I thought, with a pang of self-reproach, of poor Ephraim sitting in the open boat by the bank, in imminent peril of discovery. Yet I lingered, happy in the sight of her sweet face and the tenderness in her blue eyes, since for this hour she was the Joyce of old days and had no thought of king or rebel — happily, save one. The softness of her mood told me, more plainly than words, how glad she was to see me again, and I forgot my duty and poor Minot's patient danger, to stay beside her and to feel her warm soft cheek against my own. Lovers are ever selfish, so it seems to me ; yet, since love is like to suffer much, it has also some right to be happy while it may, in this thorny world. But the hour of parting approached but too swiftly, and I could count the minutes in the beating of my heart.

“ Joyce,” I whispered, “ you can quarrel with me no more forever ! Not even the king shall come between us again.”

Whereat she smiled up at me saucily, and shook her finger at me.

“ You are a rebel, sir,” she said, with an attempt at sternness which failed, for the dimple came in her cheek again. “ I feel that it is against my allegiance to love you, yet I am wicked enough to do it.”

“ You said a little while ago that you were a fool to love me,” I remarked playfully, “ and now you are wicked. It may be a sin, but, happily, I love the sinner too well to see it in that light. But truly, Joyce, we will not let this wretched difference between your family and mine destroy our happiness ; this must end — it shall end, at last.”

But her face had grown serious at the thought of all our difficulties, and she shook her head.

"Alas!" she said softly, persuasively, "if you were but of our opinion, all would be well."

"And that I cannot be, dear heart," I answered tenderly; "you love me, but I am a rebel still!"

She smiled a little, but sighed too.

"In the old days," she said, "the good old days, a knight would fight for the lady of his love; but you—you are so matter of fact that you will even draw the sword against my king and yours. I fear that no knight-errant could have won his love in such a fashion."

"I could not love thee, dear, so much," I quoted softly, from the old song, "'loved I not honor more.'"

"And I," she said thoughtfully, stroking the buff facings of my coat and glancing at my sword, "I—a Talbot—love the king's rebel. 'Thy glory has departed, Israel!'"

"Nay," I said proudly, "you love a patriot, and presently you shall not be ashamed to own it!"

She clung to me with tears in her eyes; never had I seen her in so tender a mood.

"Do you think I am ashamed of you?" she said in a low voice; "nay, sir, I am proud of you—and I have ever been so!"

"Oh, Joyce!" I cried gladly, "and you have called me 'rebel,' 'traitor,' 'turncoat'—I know not what."

"Ay," she said, smiling through her tears, "and all the while I loved you!"

Almost as she spoke, we heard the outer door open with much noise and the sound of voices in the hall. The next moment, Laddie came bounding in the room, and sprang upon us both in the abandon of joyful greeting; but Joyce was filled with alarm.

"It is Dick," she whispered, "and, no doubt, some of the officers with him—if they come here—"

She paused and held my arm in her two hands, trembling and listening. "If they find you," she said wildly, "they will call you a spy!"

We heard them cross the hall and go into a room upon the further side, and then she pushed me toward the window.

"Go, go!" she cried softly, "now is the chance. Oh, John, we have done wrong to linger — there may be an orderly in the garden — anywhere!"

"Fear not for me, my darling," I said tenderly, "all will go well — and I would risk more to see you."

But she was too alarmed at the thought of my danger to do more than cling to me with her face white and her lips quivering.

"I will go with you through the garden," she cried; "at least, so far I may protect you."

If I had had the heart I could have laughed at the thought of her as a protector, but now I only kissed her for the last time and sprang out into the night. As I did so, the door opened at the end of the room and I saw Dick and another officer upon the threshold. I paused an instant to observe how poor Joyce would meet this new danger, fearing that she would break down at the ordeal. But her natural spirit was aroused, and recognizing my peril, she turned from the window; I saw her go forward to greet them calmly, and was proud of her in that moment of peril. For a few brief moments I watched her standing there talking with the stranger; then seeing Dick come slowly toward the window, I turned, and walking rapidly down the garden, vaulted over the low wall, plunging into the darkness beyond, and for the first time felt the soft rain beating on my face.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A YOUNG TURNCOAT.

AFTER leaping the wall, I made my way more slowly, for here, upon the river bank, I ran the risk of meeting a sentry. The darkness and the rain, however, both stood me in good stead, although I came near an encounter with a party of three or four soldiers who were lounging in the way. Happily, I heard their voices in time to shrink back in the shadow of a friendly wall, a fragment left standing from the great fire which had wasted this quarter to the water's edge. Afterwards, from this point upwards past Paulus Hook, they had tents for the soldiers and others of the lower classes, and it was known as "Canvas Town;" a pestilent nest of riot was it, and all disorders festered here, like a sore in the municipal body. But, as ever, I tell two stories rather than one. I passed these idle fellows safely, and descending the bank with caution, looked about for some time in the darkness without seeing my boat, nor did I hear the slightest sound below me, but the soft lapping of the tide. I whistled gently the old tune, "The Echoing Horn," and was presently relieved by an answering note upon the water. Then, even in the blackness, which hung about us like a cloak, I perceived the vague outlines of the dory coming in. The next moment it was alongside, and I stepped into it, and grasping the other set of oars, helped Minot pull away from shore. In view of the risk we ran, we had

cause to be thankful for the ease with which we escaped, and both breathed more freely when we had rowed out a little way into the stream and turned the bow toward Harlem. The rain was falling fast, and my heart smote me for having left my faithful friend so long exposed to danger and discomfort. I asked his forgiveness the more heartily because I was happy, and love in its blissful moments would be at peace with all the world.

"You had left the shore, Minot," I added; "were there any signs of watchfulness upon this side?"

"Well, not that I can say so, captain," Ephraim replied, in his leisurely tone; "to tell you the truth, I fell asleep after you had been gone a spell, and I cannot rightly say what happened then."

"Asleep at your post," I said, smiling; "that might have proved a grievous matter for you."

"It might have," he admitted calmly, "but it did n't. I woke up all to once and heard voices above me, talking about some strange noise that had reached their ears. As soon as they went away, whoever they were, I pulled out a bit so that there should be no more chance to find me at such close quarters."

"Mayhap they heard us land," I said thoughtfully.

"Maybe," he admitted, "and maybe not. I can't say, but I did think that they might have heard me snoring. I remember, when I was out in the forests—way off by the Ohio—and there was one of those trapper fellows with me, we used to sleep right on the ground at night. The Indians and the wild animals, they were all about us, thick as crows in a cornfield, and the first time we slept so, the trapper got up and took his gun and began to look for a beast in the thicket. After a while, come to find out, it was me sleeping a little heavy; it may be that was what these

lobster backs heard to-night, I can't say that it was n't."

"I am sorry, Ephraim," I said penitently, "that I kept you so long waiting, but, at least, you were not anxious for me."

"No," he replied calmly, "I thought you would get through safe and, at any rate, it would n't help to fret about you. If they were going to catch you, they would, and I could never help it in the world; so I slept a bit, and all went well at last."

We pulled slowly and wearily up the Hudson, and so came to our journey's end in safety, reporting for duty in the morning with no sign of our late visit to the heart of the enemy's camp. Only General Putnam laughed a little when I told him of the ease with which I had accomplished my purpose, and his answer was that love would ever find out a way. It was the ease with which I had entered the town that led afterwards to the scheme to capture Sir Henry Clinton, when he lodged in the same quarter at Kennedy's house. This project was, however, never executed, because Colonel Hamilton argued that we would but cut our own throats by removing an enemy so little to be feared as Clinton and thus make room for perhaps an abler man.

All this while we of the Continental army were perplexed at the conduct of the enemy. We had been in sore straits, and one sharp blow would perhaps have destroyed our greatest force and captured the Hudson, yet Mr. Howe remained inactive, though in great strength. We knew not where the next blow would be directed, and General Washington feared an attack upon the Jersey shore, and cautioned General Mercer, who had command of the flying camp, to be watchful upon the Neversink Heights and to observe the British fleet.

Then came tidings that tents had been struck on Staten Island and Howe landed, with a large detachment, at Throg's Neck, with the intention, as we thought, of getting behind our army and thus cutting off our retreat into the Highlands. At this time, against the wishes and judgment of our best officers, Congress strongly urged the holding of Fort Washington, which was thought manifestly unwise in the face of the enemy's superior force on land and water. It was determined to abandon Manhattan Island for like reasons, and we fell back into a strong position behind the Bronx, his Excellency transferring his headquarters to White Plains. We lay above King's Bridge between the Bronx and the Saw Mill rivers, with White Plains above us. General Howe, seeing his first enterprise thwarted, embarked his troops and crossed to Pell's Point, from whence he moved on New Rochelle, no doubt still purposing to outflank us.

The autumn was now far advanced, and the winds swept down fiercely from the gloomy Highlands, driving the dead leaves before them, while the scarlet of the sumach shone amongst the underbrush, here and there, like the embers of the autumn fire burning low.

While we were abiding the sure approaches of the foe, I was wholly taken by surprise at a new arrival in our camp. It was on a fine morning after prayers, and I had gone to my quarters for one of my pistols, which I had left behind in a moment of thoughtlessness. As I returned to my post of duty, I found a stir in camp. A young man had ridden through the lines with one of our officers and was gone to headquarters. It was reported that he was a redcoat, and there was no small curiosity about him, since he came alone and unprotected by a flag. Rumor had it that he was a spy taken

in the act and would be hung, while others said that he was one of General Howe's staff, and had surrendered with important papers upon his person. No little excitement prevailed, yet the day wore on and no one's curiosity was satisfied, and after a season the incident was forgotten and men went about their duties soberly. It was not until evening that I was any wiser than the others, and my enlightenment happened after this manner. It was the day before Lord Stirling started out upon his expedition to entrap that renegade Rogers, who with his Corps of Tories, called by the fine name of the Queen's Rangers, was stationed at the left of the British lines at Mamaroneck. Having served with Stirling at the battle on Long Island, I desired to accompany him upon this errand, hoping that we might retrieve some of our evil fortune. But this I was denied, though promised an opportunity to meet the enemy at no distant date. Disappointed, therefore, in my efforts to gain permission to join Stirling, as a volunteer, I was returning to my quarters at dusk, and was unattended even by Ephraim. Being wrapped in deep thought, I was startled at the sudden approach of a stranger, whose face I saw but dimly in the uncertain light, and whose plain dark dress betrayed no signs of his military rank.

"Captain Allen, I believe," he said; and his voice, from embarrassment or hesitation, faltered a little.

"Ay, sir, Captain Allen," I replied, a trifle curtly, because I did not wish for company upon my way. "What is your desire?"

"I have no desire to trouble you, sir," he replied sharply, "if you wish to forget my claim to old acquaintance."

At this, I knew him, both by his voice and his quick-tempered retort.

“Dick!” I cried out in amazement, “how came you here, and thus?”

“I am ashamed to speak the truth,” he answered, with boyish anger in his voice, “and to you whom I have so often ill used for a like course.”

It dawned upon me then, at once, that matters had reached a climax, and Dick, with all his father’s fiery temper, had rebelled against his superiors and left the king’s service. As a boy, he had ever a warm heart but a fickle mind, and held not strongly to any purpose. In this, he and Sir Anthony were totally unlike, and it had been the cause of many a quarrel between them. Knowing the boy so well, and loving him with all his faults, I could not find it in my heart to resent his evil usage of me, nor would I reproach him for his own change of sentiment. Rather did I endeavor to make the road easy for his feet.

“I see it all, dear Richard,” I said, laying my hand upon his shoulder kindly; “you have come to a better mind and will no longer see your country oppressed by an army half made up of hirelings. I am rejoiced to welcome you to our ranks, and I am sure that you will never regret your course.”

“You are a good fellow, Allen!” Dick said penitently. “I don’t know another who would not have thrown it in my teeth to pay off old scores. You soften the matter much, but I know that I am but a turncoat, yet would I fight against my own countrymen no more.”

“It is best to change a coat that is so ill a fit for the wearer,” I answered; “you would never have drawn your sword against us, had you given the matter thought at first. But, tell me, where is your mother? — and where is Joyce?”

I could not see his face in the darkness, but I knew that there was a change in his manner.

"They are in New York," he answered soberly enough.

"In New York!" I exclaimed, "and you have quitted the royal service — how is this?"

"It happened quickly," he admitted, I thought with some reluctance. "I was ordered to perform a service that I regarded as unworthy of my name — and I declined; then followed a sharp discipline for insubordination, and such words were spoken as I would not endure, and I resigned."

"What was the service, Dick?" I asked softly, not a little curious to try the boy's temper.

In the darkness, I could just discern the haughty gesture with which he replied.

"They asked me to be nothing more and nothing less than a spy of the lowest sort, and I replied that I was an officer and a gentleman and would perform no such office — not for the king himself. It was an affront put upon me by my enemies, and they have worked upon the mind of General Howe to my ruin."

"And you resigned," I said, as he paused.

"Ay, on the instant."

"Then, in Heaven's name, why did you not take your mother and Joyce from their midst?" I asked sharply.

"I resigned at Throg's Neck," he replied simply, "and was going back to New York, with the hope of withdrawing to Marblehead, but was warned by a friend that I would be arrested if I returned to the town; indeed, I barely escaped arrest as it was. They intended to try me a second time by court-martial and charge me with treachery — I, who have never been a traitor. Disgusted at the course pursued against me — I have been persecuted — I left the camp and

came to General Washington ; my sword is now at his disposal."

I had well nigh smiled at his description of his wrongs ; it was Dick's way ever to regard himself as a martyr after he had stirred up the quarrel. But other matters lay too heavy on my mind for the shadow of amusement.

" But your mother and your sister ? " I persisted ; " all this will fall heavily upon them, and they are now without a protector."

" I know it," he admitted peevishly, " but I cannot help it. Sir William will let no ill befall them," he added reluctantly ; " he has some friendship for them, though none for me."

I could have shaken the young coxcomb for his selfishness, but I forbore to speak. He had no thought but of his own grievance, and I doubted not that he had provoked his superiors by his insubordination and violent ways, which were like to make yet more trouble for him in our camp, where his Excellency had but little tolerance for these wild young gallants. Our general had solemnly charged us to " endeavor so to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country." It was therefore little probable that he would tolerate Dick's wild manners and the idle way of living that he had learned from the fashionable young officers of the royal camp. But my thoughts at the time were all for Joyce, now so unfortunately placed in the midst of men that must look with little kindness and some suspicion upon the family.

" Your mother was duly warned of your course," I asked him, I fear a trifle coldly.

" I sent a letter to her by a safe hand," he answered, with more nonchalance than I liked ; " she knew that I

was fretting under bad treatment — has known it since we were in Halifax."

I sighed ; there was little hope of awakening him to a sense of his responsibility, and I saw that for the while I must let the matter rest. I had the comfort, however, of knowing that he was probably right in his confidence that Mr. Howe would be fair in his treatment of the two inoffensive women who were left to bear the brunt of the boy's folly and hot temper. I made up my mind to keep a close hold upon him, and, with that purpose in view, invited him to share my quarters. Feeling himself alone, and the mark of curious observation in our army, he accepted gladly the proffers of old friendship, and when I got him in the light at supper, I forgave him much. I saw the lines of care and sorrow on his bright young face, and the expression of pain in his blue eyes. For the first time I realized what it had cost him to leave the service he had entered when little more than a child. I remembered, too, that with all his faults, Dick had ever a warm heart, and that it was his way to hide his feelings by an air of nonchalant bravado or of indifference. Something in his look and manner touched me, and I laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Dick," I said softly, "I am sorry — I understand it all, at last."

At the touch of sympathy, the memory too, perhaps, of our old companionship, he laid his head down on the table and cried like a child. Then I knew how bitter was the part that he had had to play, how keen the mortification. He came not of turncoat blood, and this was a day of reckoning that his proud spirit would remember long. From that hour I began to believe that perhaps he had not been wholly influenced by

resentment, but had rather gradually awakened to the fact that he was drawing the sword upon his brethren in an unworthy cause. At least I loved to believe that it was so, and forgave him all but his carelessness of his mother and of Joyce. And even in this I saw that circumstance had been against him, and reflected that it was better for them to have him here than imprisoned in New York and judged by military law. There was, too, a happiness in the feeling that the sword was no more drawn between us, and that Dick Talbot stood at my side at last. How different had it been when last the same tent sheltered both at Cambridge.

CHAPTER XL.

RECONNOISSANCE.

IN the weeks that followed, trial and disaster came so thick upon our army that little time remained for any private grief or care of mine. Strange, too, it seemed that in this hour of evil fortune Dick Talbot should fight beside me, shoulder to shoulder. He was much subdued and sobered by his own change of colors, and won friends among us as rapidly as he seemed to have made enemies among the redcoats. It may be that the sight of men contending desperately for the cause they loved, and enduring sharp privations, worked upon him as he thought of the contrast between the ragged patriot shivering in the autumn winds and the well-fed, warmly clad soldier whom the king had hired to shoot down his people. However that may be, certain it is that Dick was strangely sober and curbed his quick temper, accepting a rank below the one he had resigned. Indeed, there was food for thought in what he saw in those days of disaster. There was, at first, the brilliant dash of Lord Stirling against the enemy, when he captured the colors, thirty-six prisoners, and sixty stand of arms. But after that came the battle at White Plains. At the approach of the British, General Washington called in his outposts from along the Bronx, taking his position at White Plains, where there was a sharp conflict with the foe. They took a place called Chatterton Hill, which commanded our lines; and here they

rested, for night was upon them, and there had been loss on both sides. We employed the time in strengthening our position, and in building redoubts which in the morning deceived the enemy. They were made of the stalks of Indian corn uprooted, with the earth upon them, from a neighboring field and employed as sods and fascines. Thus we labored, our men in rags and shivering in the cold, while before us in the darkness burned the watchfires of the redcoats. When morning dawned, the enemy, deceived by our apparently strong works, forbore to attack us, and began to throw up lines and redoubts in our front. His Excellency was then convinced that they intended to outflank us and seize the passes of the Highlands; once more he retreated, though there was murmuring among the officers who did not comprehend his course and thought that he fled before the foe. Rather did he defeat him by the skill of his manoeuvres. We retreated at night, setting fire to the barns and stores we left behind us, and proceeding some five miles over the rocky country to Northcastle, where we took up a strong position,—so strong, indeed, that General Howe made no attempt to dislodge us. He would, no doubt, have fallen upon our rear-guard at the time of the retreat, but heavy rain prevented him, and so they also escaped unscathed. Then was it their turn to astound us. After lying idle for a few days, sounds were heard one night in their camp, and in the morning we beheld the whole force in full retreat upon the roads to Dobbs' Ferry. They departed, British and Hessians, without another blow, and left us in no little perplexity as to their intentions. The chief anxiety was still for the safety of the Hudson, and there could be no doubt that Howe intended, if possible, to obtain possession of this stronghold and so

control the inland country. Fort Washington and Fort Lee were both garrisoned, and it was probable that the British would attack the former.

Our poor fellows were in great distress, many barefoot and without coats; others ragged and miserable, all worn out with the exacting service to which they were so little accustomed, and much disheartened, too, by constant reverses. General Lee was with us, and added little to the comfort of the army, since he was but too prone to criticise his commander-in-chief.

Troubles come not singly, and, ere many days, we were to see the fall of Fort Washington and the surrender of the gallant garrison. After perplexing us with a season of inactivity, General Howe moved his forces against this post, which had been held against the better judgment of Washington. His Excellency was forced to witness the battle from the opposite shore of the Hudson, and had the unhappiness of seeing the royal standard planted on the fort. It was attacked upon all sides by the British and the Hessians, and after a most gallant resistance the garrison was forced to surrender to Knyphausen's division. Over two thousand of our brave fellows were marched off at night, prisoners, to New York. We were compelled, too, to give up Fort Lee, no longer tenable against the enemy; and bitter was the anxiety for the Hudson. All hope of obstructing the navigation of the river was at an end, and the passes through the Highlands were threatened by the superior force of the enemy. We had withdrawn from Fort Lee, at the approach of Lord Cornwallis, and fell back upon the Hackensack.

It was at this time that the star of my evil fortune was in the ascendant. The British took up their position among our vacant tents, and seemed to be in great

numbers. It was necessary to reconnoiter their lines, to learn something of their strength, and volunteers were requested for this service. Only such men as desired to encounter the risks volunteered, and of these I was among the number actually chosen. Our small party was full of daring and good spirits, the danger being but an incentive to activity. We crossed the Hackensack at nightfall, and advanced cautiously toward the enemy's pickets. We had the advantage, too, of knowing the ground well, since this had been our own encampment. Sheltered by the darkness, we approached their outposts with less difficulty than we had looked for, and reconnoitered their lines, coming as near as we dared to their sentries. Several of the party with me were Virginians and skilled in woodcraft, having been with General Washington beyond the Alleghanies, and to them this service had its own peculiar fascination ; they were adroit in their manœuvres, while I soon felt myself a blunderer. It was ever my foot that crushed the twig with a sharp snap, ever my weapon on which the campfire flashed. However, we remained yet undiscovered, and had penetrated close to their lines and were satisfied that they were in great force. In the dense shadow we stood and watched them pass and repass their fires, or gather about them ; and their appearance of well-fed, well-warmed ease struck us with a sharp sense of the contrast between these, the king's soldiers, and our poor ragged fellows beyond the Hackensack. I remember that I thought it well that some of the poorer sort could not examine this scene at their leisure ; verily, their loyalty to a true cause might have suffered thereby.

So far all had gone well, and we began now to retreat with the same caution that we had approached, having

accomplished our errand. Each man carried his loaded musket ready in his hand, and we separated, going in pairs, to run less risk of a general capture. A young Virginian was my companion, and we turned our faces toward the river, walking in silence lest any pickets should be out upon a similar service, to reconnoiter our position. We had proceeded safely to some distance from their lines when we became aware that we had stumbled into a party coming from the direction of the river. They had advanced so quietly, and with such celerity, that we were unaware of their approach until they were within a few yards of us. Then we were uncertain whether it was friend or foe, and while we debated softly upon the risk of a challenge, they came upon us. As yet we were unperceived, and might have so remained but for an untoward accident. The young fellow who was with me, moving back a little to be farther from their path, caught his foot in the gnarled root of a tree and fell, his gun discharging as he did so. In an instant there was an alarm, and some brief order sharply given. Had I been a knave, I could have saved myself then, for they could not see in the darkness; but I would not leave my comrade. I stooped to help him to his feet, for he had struck his head and was slightly stunned. That brief delay was my undoing; the flash of the weapon had revealed our position, and they surrounded us. I knew now that they were British, and, having the Virginian by the arm, I made an effort to dash through them, drawing my pistol and firing as I sprang forward. But it availed nothing; they were ten to one, and in the night I could not see to aim and so effected no mischief in their ranks. They closed upon us, and seizing our weapons, made us march with them to the camp. I soon perceived that we had caused no little

alarm, since they imagined that they had stumbled upon an ambuscade and seemed still apprehensive, even after securing us, that a large force was at hand. They made us march therefore at double quick ; indeed, we nearly ran for the first few yards, and I could scarce refrain from smiling at their consternation. They were not entirely without reason, either, for General Washington had won the reputation of sudden and silent moves, though they had been thus far rather in retreat than in attack. It was a common though a bitter jest amongst us to say that retreating was yet the fashion.

We were now taken within the lines that we had lately viewed from a distance, and were both examined by an officer, though not that night before Cornwallis. I think they were too busy in their preparations for an attack to concern themselves about us. We were separated and carefully guarded, but they failed to make anything of us. I was relieved that we seemed to be the only members of our little party captured, and trusted that the others had recrossed the Hackensack in safety. All night I heard a great stir in the camp, and knew that they looked for an assault, supposing us to be but the forerunners of a detachment. For my own part, my reflections were sorry enough. Here was a sharp climax to my career, and I remembered, with dreary apprehension, the slow course of negotiations for an exchange of prisoners. I thought with keen regret of my hopes and ambitions of the morning. It seemed that I was not destined to any great distinction. Misfortune ever cut me off from the most active service, and dashed the cup of preferment from my lips. Howbeit, I set my heart to bear it, reflecting that vain regrets would not mend my fortunes ; but never had the watches of the night seemed longer or more dreary,

and I hailed the first gleam of day with relief. Yet the day was to bring me no satisfaction. I was examined briefly by Lord Cornwallis, being taken before him and two officers of his staff. But drawing nothing from me, and by this time satisfied that we had been out on some exploit without any force behind us, I was committed to the custody of an officer, who presently informed me that we would set out at noon for New York. I knew that my fate was to be one of the prisoners of the town, and my heart sank at the thought. We had no lack of gloomy descriptions of the treatment of the prisoners, and the British recognized no rank amongst us, so that the highest and the lowest shared an equal punishment. Thus I turned my face again to New York with a reluctance that I had not thought to feel. I was going to the same town that held Joyce, but went with keen regret. Strange, indeed, is fate !

CHAPTER XLI.

GENERAL HOWE.

I HAD been separated from the young Virginian whose misfortune caused our disaster ; nor did I see him again for many months, — not, indeed, until he was exchanged with other prisoners. I was taken alone, under guard, to the city. The party, some half-dozen British dragoons, commanded by a decent man, who treated me with some civility, proceeded at their leisure ; an errand taking them to King's Bridge, where we lay that night. It was noon when we rode down the Bloomingdale road to Bowery Lane. Off toward Lispenard's meadows some volunteers were drilling, and the officer with me informed me that they were loyalists who had entered his Majesty's service. I knew them to be the same Tories who had given us so much trouble, and looked with interest and much scorn upon them. They made, however, a smart appearance, and were drilling with a great show of alacrity and some skill. Their uniforms and accoutrements were of the gayest, as it is ever with new soldiers. We were sharply challenged by the sentries as we entered the town, and I perceived that it was under strict martial law. At the sight of a Yankee officer riding in the midst of the redcoats, a little crowd gathered at our heels. We passed down Broadway, objects of open curiosity, and some applause from a low set of knaves that are ever ready to cry out at a small excitement. I was quick to notice signs of sharp distress

among the poor, and that the town was overrun with idle soldiers ripe for mischief. I observed, too, a strange symbol upon some of the houses, a large R. inscribed upon them in a conspicuous place. This, I soon learned, was intended to designate the rebel property which was confiscated to the king. Upon one corner was pasted a placard advertising a reward for "a bright yellow girl with gold rings in her ears," who had run away from her mistress, and was, so said the notice, "an evil-tempered wench and ripe for mischief." So it was not clear why a reward was offered for her. Little more did I notice, save that the Tories were now abroad in great numbers. The captain of our little company, annoyed by the mob that gathered at our heels, quickened the gait of our horses, and we came at a full trot to Livingstone's sugar-house on Liberty Street, and here we halted. I was ordered to dismount, and did so with so much stubborn reluctance that one of the troopers swore at me for my delay. I was hurried into the building with little ceremony, and found it crowded with the prisoners taken at Fort Washington. I had heard stories of the hard treatment of our men, but had no thought to find it as bad as this; yet afterwards it was far worse, they told me, when the war had been longer under way. The men were crowded like sheep, and there was no hope of cleanliness or even decency. Many a sad tale they told me, and I saw more written on faces that were marred by hunger. I soon found that we were like to starve, for no decent food was brought us, and the little that we had, beans and bread for the most part, was almost past eating. As for our keepers, they were of the lowest sort, and no surgeon or minister came to this gloomy place while I was there. I was greatly moved by the sight of a young soldier, a

mere boy, lying on the floor with a wound that had never been dressed, and slowly dying. I tried in vain to help him, to move the turnkey to call a doctor; but it was of no use to plead with these people, and indeed the boy was far gone when I got there. I tended him through that night, and so forgot my own misfortune. The poor lad was out of his head and raved, and would have beaten his brains out had I not held him. The other prisoners, poor souls, were so disheartened, so hardened to the sight of distress, that they took little interest, and could not even tell me the boy's name. Before morning he died, conscious at the very last, but too weak to do more than murmur "Mother," as he passed away. The day was breaking when I laid him down upon the floor, for beds we had not, and his bright hair caught the first ray of sunlight that shone in at the barred window. His suffering had served to occupy my thoughts, but now I looked about me in a dull despair. I read in the indifference of these wretched men what they had endured. They looked at the body on the floor with cold composure, and told me that such deaths were common. The corpse lay there all day, and once a turnkey would have kicked it aside had I not stood between, and the wretch, measuring my size, let the dead boy lie. At evening they took the body out, as they would have taken that of a beast, and told me it would go to the potter's field. Poor lad! I remembered that cry of "Mother," and thought sadly of the woman who knew not his fearful end.

I could not eat the prison food, and could scarcely drink the water that they gave us, for it was very foul; so it seemed that I might soon end by starvation. But we do not die easily, and I lived in this purgatory five long days and saw two more men die, one of dysentery

and another of fever, and they, too, were carried out and thrown in the potter's field. I began to wonder how soon my turn might come, and the men about me asked why they had not sent me to the Old Provost, where they sent the officers. So on the sixth day, when the turnkey told me that I was ordered to leave the sugar-house, I supposed it was to go to the Old Provost ; but such was not the case. I was taken down the stairs, and in the hall found the civil officer who had brought me, and I saw that he was startled at the sight of me. Five days without food, or with scarcely any, and with no means of cleanliness had made a sorry change, I doubt not. He told me briefly that he had orders to remove me, and at the door I found an escort with a led horse for me. The captain, who had not ceased staring at me, had some talk with his lieutenant, and then we mounted. I believe that they were kind-hearted men, and that the sight of such a change told them a sad story of what we had to endure. Howbeit they took me to the Fly Market, where, at the corner of Brownjohn's Wharf, was a tavern much frequented by British officers. Here we dismounted, and the captain told me that I would find means to arrange my dress and could dine here before we proceeded. For the opportunity to bathe and dress, I was thankful, but my stomach was too weak for much food, and I was stared at with such insolence by the young officers in the public room that I was far too angry to digest even a bowl of broth, which was all that I could swallow. As soon as I had finished this, I began to speculate upon their intentions ; but I was not left long in uncertainty. I had scarcely despatched my soup before an orderly arrived who whispered apart with the officer who had me in charge, and I was immediately desired to mount. Escorted by the orderly and

my guardian, I proceeded by a quiet route through the streets toward the height near East River. It was not long before I divined their destination ; Lord Howe was at Beekman's house upon this height, and there they were taking me. We were challenged by the sentry, and then passed on and dismounted before the main entrance, where, after some parley, we were admitted and waited for a brief interval in the hall. I could not comprehend their purpose, but my thoughts were gloomy enough, and standing there, I remembered that gallant young soldier, Nathan Hale, who had served with me outside of Boston, and, after the battle of Long Island, volunteered to penetrate the enemy's lines and bring sure information of their works. He had fallen into their hands, been tried in this very house, and sentenced to death as a spy. With these reflections in my mind, I waited patiently for the unfolding of my own fate. I could hear the sound of voices and the click of glasses, and knew that a party of officers were dining with their chief. While I thought grimly of that sickening prison and of the lad's death, I heard their boisterous laughter, and it seemed the mockery of fate. Upon the table in the hall lay a couple of ornamental swords, a pair of gauntlets, and a pack of playing-cards, and by the door stood an orderly in full uniform. The great clock on the stairs struck three before the order came for me to move. Then a young officer came from the dining-room, and directed my guard to bring me before the general.

We passed through two rooms, and entered the conservatory, where I found both the Howes. They were surrounded by plants and a few bright flowers, enough to sweeten the air with their fragrance. Lord Howe was standing in the background, seemingly uninterested. Like the general, he was swarthy, and it was said that

his profile was strikingly like that of his grandfather George the First; the Howes being, by illegitimate descent, uncles of the king. General Howe sat facing me, his elbow on the arm of his chair and his chin supported by his hand. He was a large man, six feet tall, and of coarse build, with large features and an uncommonly dark complexion, and was, by reputation, a profligate and a gamester. It was reported that he loved the faro-table better than business, and gambled away his money with almost as much recklessness as his mistress spent it; his example encouraging dissolute living among his young officers.

As I paused before him, he scanned my face and figure with the keen eye of a man accustomed to deal with men. I felt that he was forming some estimate of my character, but regarded him steadily and with indifference to his opinion. I had already suffered too much to expect anything but evil treatment at his hands. I saw him glance at my simple uniform of buff and blue, and was conscious that my sojourn in prison had played sad havoc with my clothes and that my face was haggard. I must have offered a great contrast in my appearance to the young dandies who served under him. Some locks of my hair were loose and hung upon cheek and forehead; I had been given no powder, not even a ribbon, and no doubt looked unkempt and wretched. It may be that he had seen others come in worse condition from his prisons, and divined the cause of my disordered appearance, though many tried to shield him and said that he knew not how bad it was. If he did, may God forgive him! He was sleek and full fed enough, his face flushed with a good dinner and much wine, and his dress of the richest. Lord Howe was in his uniform, but his brother wore a coat and small clothes of black

velvet, and a white satin waistcoat, embroidered in rich fashion ; his stockings were of black silk, and the buckles on his shoes of the largest and finest design ; his powdered wig showed elaborate care in its arrangement. I had left the soldier fighting for his cause ; I saw here the soldier of the king. Great was the contrast, yet I envied not the state and display that I beheld. While this passed through my mind, Mr. Howe viewed me in silence ; I think that he was not wholly unconscious of the comparison to be drawn between the two camps. However, he broke the silence at last.

“Your name, I think, is Allen?” he said in a calm voice, neither sharply nor authoritatively, but rather in a tone of interest.

“John Allen,” I replied, “the son of Judge Allen of Salem.”

“Judge Allen?” he repeated slowly ; “the king’s judge, too, as I take it.”

Knowing that he would charge my father with treason, I felt my cheek burn, but replied with candor.

“Even so, sir,” I said ; “at first appointed by the King of Great Britain, but now a member of the Congress of the United Colonies.”

“Having, however, taken an oath to the crown,” he returned, speaking slowly, “and being therefore a perjurer in breaking it.”

“Nay, sir,” I retorted hotly, “a patriot who has served his country with a single heart.”

“And his king?” said Mr. Howe dryly, looking at me attentively, as though he weighed me in a balance.

“He has ever fulfilled the higher duty,” I replied gravely, “to the King of kings.”

“You are something of a preacher, I fancy,” he

remarked, "but you should remember 'to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's.'"

"Nay," I said coldly, "the colonists rose, at the first, to defend their chartered rights as free-born subjects of the king; in England you would do no less."

Lord Howe, who took no part in the conversation, uttered an exclamation of impatience; but the general only laughed.

"We will not discuss this matter, Mr. Allen," he remarked; "you are now, however, in a position to remember presently your allegiance to his Majesty. I have the report of your capture, but am willing to hear your story, knowing something of your family. What was your errand so near our lines?"

"I was out upon a reconnoissance," I answered boldly, "and had the misfortune to be captured."

He smiled a little at my answer, and then turned upon me with a change of manner.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Allen," he said abruptly; "why do you persist in this misguided course? There is no reward for gallantry in the rebel camp, while the king is ready and willing to bestow both rank and fortune upon such as serve him truly. Give up these tatterdemalions; give your sword to the cause of your sovereign; place in my hands a description of the Yankee forces, fortifications, and plans, and a rich reward will be yours, besides the honor of serving your king."

I had listened in silence, and now looked him coldly in the eye.

"We Americans have ever honored the name of Howe," I said deliberately, "for the sake of your gallant brother who fell at Ticonderoga. I never thought to hear you, sir, offer a gentleman a price for his honor!"

His face flushed deeply, and he remained a moment silent.

“Is the service of your king, then, without honor?” he asked sharply.

“I am an officer in the army of the United Colonies,” I replied calmly, though I was deeply moved, “and I acknowledge no allegiance to the King of Great Britain.”

“You are a bold fellow,” said Lord Howe suddenly, speaking for the first and only time, “and need rigorous discipline to teach you your duty.”

“He does not realize my forbearance,” his brother remarked dryly; “instead of the jail, which is the lot of traitors, I have offered him a place in the king’s service, and he is blind to the honor.”

“Nay, sir,” I cried with feeling, “you have rather offered me an insult which I am helpless to resent. An honest man has no price!”

He smiled coldly, and summoned the officer who had brought me to the house, calling him Captain Ledley.

“We will give you time for a little reflection, Mr. Allen,” he said calmly, “remembering the service that your father once rendered the crown before this madness overtook him. If you remain obdurate, you will share the fate of all other rebels against the king.”

I bowed my head gravely, and prepared to follow the officer, to whom General Howe spoke apart. As I left I caught the words, “a brave fellow, therefore treat him with more forbearance than the other knaves.” His subordinate saluted, and then conducted me from the conservatory. We passed through the house, and mounting our horses rode back to the heart of the town. I expected to return to the sugar-house, and rode along with dull indifference, though I had enough

to think of in the interview. I was ashamed that General Howe had dreamed that I was capable of accepting a bribe, and was at a loss, too, to understand his interest in me. That he was a generous man and popular among his followers, I knew, but he had never been distinguished for any forbearance toward the colonists. Howbeit, it was useless to seek a solution of such problems, and I rather let my mind dwell on the reverse side of the picture. I should receive the full measure of my punishment, doubtless, and I thought of the hideous deaths in prison and of the potter's field. Thus I went through the streets unheeding the idle curiosity that had before annoyed me, and so absorbed that I nearly passed without seeing the one face that looked kindly on me. We were riding down Broadway when I glanced up at a window above my head, and looked into the eyes of Dorothy Wayne. It was manifest that she had seen me long ere I perceived her, and she waved her hand to me, her gesture being one of encouragement and hope. It was but a glimpse, yet the sight of her gentle face was a pleasure to me, and I went on with better heart. A friend's greeting in misfortune is doubly dear, since there is then a greater need of kindness.

We rode on to the vicinity of the Fly Market, where we halted before a plain house which had evidently belonged to some banished Whig, being stamped with the great R. As we stopped at the door, a burly officer came up and talked sharply to Captain Ledley, pointing all the while at me, and I heard Ledley say that he had General Howe's orders, yet he had some difficulty in shaking off the stranger. Afterwards I learned that it was the same Cunningham who so brutally abused the prisoners, and that he had no wish to see me so well

treated. However, Captain Ledley took me in the house to a small but decent room in the second story, and I was told that this was my present place of confinement, which I interpreted to mean that I had allowance of grace and if I recanted all would be well. On the other hand, if I remained obdurate, I should be sent to the sugar-house again or to the Old Provost, where other officers of our army were confined in a miserable fashion. Knowing my own resolution, and being thus clearly warned of the inevitable result, my reflections were not cheerful. Presently, being left alone, I took a seat by the small barred window, and looked down upon the yard below, in which were only dead leaves and a patch of bare earth. In solitude and sadness I passed my first two days in this new prison, and saw no one but the soldier who was my jailer and solitary attendant, and was posted in the outer room through which was the only egress from my quarters.

CHAPTER XLII.

DOROTHY ONCE MORE.

GREAT as was the change from the horrors of the sugar-house on Liberty Street to these new quarters, I yet found my situation irksome enough. To be sure, I had here a fairly clean room and a decent bed, but I had neither pen nor paper, and my isolation was complete. It was better to be alone in the poorest cell than in the crowded limits of that hideous prison,—no more than a pest-house,—but solitary confinement has its own depressing effect. My best amusement was to borrow a newspaper from my guard, and even that was a privilege. These papers, being edited by Tories, were full of curious accounts of the condition of our army. “Such a miserable lot of ragged creatures as were never scraped together before,” so said the journal; and it went on to tell of Washington’s wild flight through the Jerseys, saying that it was doubtful that he would even dare to halt at Philadelphia. Of the Congress, these editors spoke also with much contempt, announcing that the pestiferous rebels were scared beyond all reason and that the insurrection would soon come to a miserable end. I found some grim amusement in reading these accounts, marvelling not a little that sane men should write them, even in malice; surely, they could deceive no one, therefore they were as unprofitable as they were silly. Poor reading, too, for a man who was closely penned within four walls and with no outlook but a barren patch of earth and the rear of other houses. It was true that I could

see the sky, and in watching that found my greatest comfort. I was provided with no fire, and found but cold comfort in my cheerless quarters. I reflected, too, that all this was but the preliminary to more rigorous treatment when they found that their designs against my honor were futile. It made my cheek hot, even in my solitude, to think that General Howe had dared to so insult me. An obscure soldier I might be, but at least I had endeavored to do my plain duty, and surely had not merited so gross a suspicion. I was at a loss to understand why I should be treated with more charity than others who deserved fully as much lenity as I. It was not until later that I knew who had sued for favor for me.

It was the third day of my captivity in the new quarters, yet so weary had been the hours that it seemed rather the thirtieth. I was standing at my post by the window when I heard voices in the outer room, and the guard came to the door to bid me come forth. I obeyed readily enough, for it was a pleasure to go beyond the four walls of my jail. To my great joy I saw, standing in the center of the room, Dorothy Wayne and her black slave Jason. So happy was I to see these two friends that I took no heed of the soldier, who remained a silent spectator of the scene.

“This is good of you, Miss Wayne,” I said, taking her slender hand in both my own; “they told me that a prisoner could have no visitors.”

She looked at me with gentle kindness and cheerfulness in her brown eyes, but I think she saw that I was pale and haggard; captivity had told sharply upon one accustomed to active life in the open air.

“It is true that visitors are forbidden,” she replied quietly, “but Mr. Howe has permitted me to see you, at my earnest entreaty.”

Then suddenly it came to me that she had been an intercessor for me.

"It is to you that I owe my treatment here, then?" I said quickly.

For the moment she was disconcerted; she was one who never sought thanks for any good deed, but rather delighted to bestow her benefits unsuspected.

"It was you, I see," I continued quietly, "and I thank you. But I should be happy to have escaped the offer that Mr. Howe made to me."

She looked up in surprise, and I saw that she was ignorant of the insult.

"I know not what you mean," she said gently; "I hoped that he would forbear to say aught to you that would be unwelcome."

"We will not speak of it, Dorothy," I answered kindly; "my case is but the fortune of war."

She glanced at me inquiringly, and her face flushed; an intuition told her that I had been insulted, and her quick sympathy brought the blood to her temples.

"Grieve not for it," I said, seeing her embarrassment, "but rather tell me some tidings, since I perish here in ignorance of all that passes. First, how fares it with your grandparents?"

"Both are well," she answered, "and greatly distressed for you. Other tidings I have but few. But I have an errand that I must discharge at once, since they have limited my time."

She glanced at the sentry, who stood leaning against the door, watching us with stolid indifference. Every word that passed could be heard by him, every movement seen; but there was no redress.

"If you have any good tidings, tell me," I said sadly, "for they will be welcome in this prison."

“ Nay,” she replied, smiling a little ; “ this is scarcely in the nature of tidings. I have not told Miss Joyce Talbot of your capture ; she knows nothing of it. I forbore because I knew not what would be the outcome of it. I will try to bring her here, if they will let me, if you are willing to trust the errand to me.”

At the thought of seeing Joyce, the narrow room no longer seemed so miserable a prison, and I looked with gratitude upon the sweet face of the woman who was ever so thoughtful of the happiness of others.

“ Gladly do I trust you,” I replied ; “ but tell me how it fares with her since Dick left them here alone ? ”

She grew grave in the instant, but answered with a cheerful manner.

“ There has been some feeling, some estrangement,” she said, “ and that is not unnatural, but they have been treated kindly by all those who deserve regard. They live now in close seclusion, and thus it is that she is unconscious of your imprisonment. It may be that I cannot obtain permission to bring her here, but it will be my earnest endeavor.”

“ How is it,” I asked, “ that you can obtain so much from General Howe ? ”

“ General Howe,” she replied ; “ as you know, has an old acquaintance with my grandfather ; his brother, who fell upon the shores of Lake Champlain, was once ill in our house, and greatly loved my grandparents. Nay,” she added frankly, “ I know you thought me a turncoat, but it is not true. Sir William knows me to be as great a rebel as the best of you, yet he tolerates my errands of mercy. It is my duty — and my pleasure — to visit the sick and the prisoners, when I can obtain the leave to do it ; but that is not often.”

“Ay,” I said gently, “a sister of mercy thou art, Dorothy, and as such I ever think of thee.”

She was more moved at these words than ever I had seen her, and tears came into her brown eyes. Her lips trembled, too, but she controlled herself, having wonderful self-command for a girl so quiet and gentle. After a brief pause she turned again to me with her calm manner quite restored, and scanned my face with a kindly, anxious glance.

“You are not well,” she said in a low voice; “I can see lines both of weariness and illness on your face; you are nearly as pale as when you lay so ill with your wounds.”

I told her that my wounds yet troubled me a little, and that the prison air suffocated a soldier, but I spoke not of the fearful sugar-house.

“You were disobedient to your physician’s orders, I fear,” she said reproachfully, “else the old wounds would not trouble you so much. You were too soon in the saddle.”

“Not soon enough for my own wishes or my duty,” I answered, smiling; “you cannot keep a soldier upon an invalid’s couch.”

“Alas, no,” she admitted with a sigh, “and I had no power to persuade you to be careful. It is the office of some one we know,” she added archly; “and had she seen you as I did, sure am I that she would have forbidden you the saddle for many a long day.”

“Now, truly, I think that I ought to have obeyed you from gratitude, Dorothy,” I answered heartily; “you make me out an ungrateful fellow enough. I had no choice; I would have been a poltroon to have stayed behind when so much was at stake.”

“A poltroon you could be never!” she answered

with spirit, "but you are a slave to duty. It is well to be so, perhaps; but yet you must remember that your life is worth much to — us all."

"And worth more to me," I said at once, "since I find it valuable to others. Nay, go not, Dorothy," I added entreatedly; "these prison walls were dull enough before, but now, after this glimpse of daylight, they will be intolerable."

But she shook her head, and drew her hand from my detaining grasp.

"My time is over," she answered, smiling, "and you must let me go to fetch a far more welcome visitor."

"Yes," I said with feeling; "I see you go, as ever, intent to benefit others by your kindness. Truly, Dorothy, you are my good angel."

At this she shook her head, laughing, though tears shone upon her eyelashes.

"I am, as I told you before, but an attendant spirit," she answered. "I go to bring the good angel; therefore fare you well, Captain Allen, for a season."

With this, she left me, and I was once more returned to my narrow limits, but now had food for both reflection and hope. The thought of seeing Joyce had never entered my mind, because I saw no possibility of any communication with her, and the unexpected revival of my spirits made me cast all my depression to the winds. I was now filled with impatience, and started at every sound, looking for her coming at any time. Yet the day wore on and night fell, and she came not, and I had to nurse my disappointment in solitude. The morning brought me another surprise that was, however, far from pleasant. I had been in charge of Captain Ledley, but now a change was made. I learned of it from the guard who attended me, and it was rarely unwelcome. I was,

for a few days at least, in the charge of Mr. Beresford. So, at the very moment when I hoped to see Joyce, I found myself in the power of my rival. He had the courtesy to forbear to intrude upon my privacy, but none the less I knew that to him Joyce must apply for admission, and at his hands I must accept the privilege of an interview with her or perhaps be mortified by his refusal. Yet I considered, on reflection, that this he could not do, if Mr. Howe permitted her to come. However, look at it in what light I would, it was unpleasant.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LOVE IN PRISON.

IN the morning at last Joyce came. I was closely confined in the narrow limits of my prison cell, as I called the room in which they kept me, and the door into the adjoining apartment was securely bolted on the outside. But the wood was thin, the door warped, and the sill fallen until I could easily hear any sound upon the farther side. So it was that I heard voices in the hall beyond, and recognized the tones I loved so well. I started up, forgetful that I was a prisoner, and tried the door only to awake too soon to my condition. Meanwhile I heard them enter the other room, and Joyce's voice rose clear above the other, a man's, which was lowered at the first.

“ Nay,” she said, “ I do not seek a quarrel with you, Mr. Beresford ; it would be my misfortune, since we are all in your power. But can you blame any woman for resenting such an act of absolute courtesy ? I would be less than a woman to endure it ! ”

At this, not knowing what had happened and being minded to let them know that I was listening, I shook the door and called to them that I could hear ; but neither seemed to heed me, though both heard me well enough.

“ I intended no courtesy, Miss Talbot,” replied Beresford's voice, with a tone of injury ; “ it is my sworn duty to obey my instructions.”

"Pshaw!" cried Joyce, with her old imperious manner; "that is but a quibble — to refuse so simple a request is absolute tyranny! More, sir, it is an insinuation that you do not trust my word — freely pledged to you."

"I have never doubted it!" replied her companion, hotly; "I would gladly comply with any — with every request that you could make, Miss Talbot, and you know it! It is cruel to reproach a man for obeying orders."

"I cannot believe that your duty requires you to set a spy upon me!" she exclaimed, passionate anger in her voice.

"Now, by heaven!" he cried, "this is too bad! As if I could desire it, or wish it! What have I to learn? I know you love this rebel — can you suppose that I wish to know how much?"

His voice quivered with emotion, and I began to believe that a man's heart beat under that dandified exterior.

"It is unnecessary to add accusations to courtesy, sir," retorted Joyce, still, as I could divine, too angry to be sure of what she said. "This much I do know, you tell me that I and my maid may not speak alone to Captain Allen; that one of these common, curious guards must stand gaping and listening to a conversation between — old — friends."

"Why not say lovers, Miss Talbot?" said Beresford, bitterly.

"Lovers, if you wish it, sir," she returned at once.

Again I knocked upon the door, but there was no response, save the heavy tread of Beresford, who seemed to walk to and fro in the other room. For a few moments there was silence, and then he spoke.

"Miss Talbot," he said bluntly, "you have driven me into a corner, and I am determined to give you your way, though it may cost me dear. You shall see and talk

with Mr. Allen, and no sentry will stand in the room ; but I — myself — will guard the door upon the outer side. And on my honor, madam, I am deaf from this moment."

She had spoken in anger, and, I think, was taken wholly by surprise, for she began to thank him ; but evidently he would not listen, but unfastening the bolts, opened the door for me. Then silently, saluting us both, he turned and walked from the room. But I had no longer any thought for him. I saw only Joyce standing before me ; at the moment I did not even heed her woman, who stood at the window with her back discreetly turned. Neither of us thought of her for the time, nor of any one but each other. Tears shone in my love's blue eyes when she saw me, and she clung to me an instant weeping before even she remembered that we were not alone. Then we stood holding each other's hands, like two children, while she asked me how I did, and grieved because I was pale and thin, and my coat shabby from exposure to the elements. At this, which was so like a woman, I smiled.

"Happily, Joyce, a coat makes not the man," I said, "else would our army be without any hope, since a coat among us is a rarity. We are not birds of gay plumage, as the king's soldiers are. Poor and ragged and unfortunate ; but we will conquer yet or die."

"Alas," she said sadly, "that is brave talk for a prisoner. Dear heart, I fear you cannot win ; the newspapers tell us that your army is melting away and your party already destroyed."

"You read the Tory newspapers," I replied ; "verily, I have been astonished at their tidings. They know more of us than ever we knew ourselves ! These are all idle tales, Joyce, think not of them. You have not

yet asked me for Dick?" I added, wondering at her silence.

At my words her face flamed, and she looked up with an expression of wounded pride.

"Because I am ashamed to ask," she answered; "I never thought to see my brother a turncoat!"

"I remember that you thought me one," I answered softly; "so my heart goes out in sympathy to Dick."

"You are a rebel," she replied bluntly, "but Dick Talbot was a soldier of the king—more shame to him—and now he is fighting against his Majesty."

"And for his country," I rejoined. "Dick's heart was ever ours, I believe, but he followed the flag under which he had enlisted."

"Verily, if his heart was yours, he knew how to abuse you," she said hotly. "Never was there a more violent royalist, and now what is he but a turncoat? I am ashamed of him."

Knowing Dick, as I did, I was not unconscious of the truth of her charges, and knew, too, how she hated any surrender of a principle with all her stout little Tory heart.

"Joyce," I said, too low for any ears but hers, "harden not your heart too much, for I am yet a rebel."

At this she looked at me a moment with defiance, and then smiled through her tears.

"Alas!" she answered as softly, "I fear that I am but a poor royalist, since I can countenance such treason. Oh, John," she added earnestly, "what evil fortune brought you here?"

"Nay, not evil," I answered, smiling, "since it brought me to you!"

Then I told her simply of the unfortunate reconnois-

sance, of my capture, and of General Howe and the Waynes. At this, too, I remembered that Dorothy had not come with her, and asked if she had told Joyce of my capture.

“Yes,” she answered gravely, “and yet would not come with me; but perhaps you know the reason why, since I divined it.”

But I could not tell her, and she only looked at me and smiled. After this, we talked of other things, and Joyce hoped and prayed that I would be speedily exchanged; but of this I had less hope than she, yet forbore to tell her so, lest I should bring back the shadow to her blue eyes. She asked me, too, if there was no hope of escape, and how the window of my prison was secured? But here I could give her no encouragement. The irons seemed too stout for any file, even if I could have used one without arousing the watchful guard. She suggested the old plan of bribing the sentry, and that, too, I rejected; for I did not believe the man corruptible, since he seemed both honest and resolute. She was also minded to bring me a disguise and let a servant remain in my place; but this I knew was impossible while Beresford was my keeper, and I felt sure that he would the more closely watch me because he loved her. It fretted my spirit, too, to have her sue for any favor from him, and I told her so; but she was incorrigible, caring only for my escape before General Howe ordered me into closer confinement.

“They might send you to the Old Provost,” she cried, clasping her hands about my arm in sudden horror; “there it is that they send the officers,—they do not recognize them as such,—and I have heard that it is horrible. I know, too, that the Middle Dutch church and the sugar-houses are crowded with rebel

prisoners, and it is said that there is much suffering and illness and scarcity of food. Oh, John, we must get you out—I will go to Mr. Howe myself—he is not cruel—he—”

At this I took her hands firmly in mine, and looked her straight in the eyes, trying to calm her.

“Joyce,” I said gravely, “you will not go to General Howe for me. That I am resolved. You shall not plead for favors for me, especially when they are sore displeased at your brother. The general would not listen to you, nor would Lord Howe. Never shall you be mortified for my sake. If you care for me—ever so little—you will obey my earnest wish. I will not accept freedom on the terms that you could get it for me !”

At the first she was inclined to protest at this, but as I went on so earnestly, she began to understand, I think, the delicacy of her own position; but I saw that something fretted her, and she drew her hands away from me and her cheeks flushed.

“Then Dorothy Wayne must intercede,” she said coldly. “You will be happy to commit your cause to her; she also is a rebel !”

Now, this sudden outburst astonished me, and then it came into my mind that she was jealous. Joyce! The thought that the one woman that I loved was jealous of any other filled me with amazement, and then I smiled. Surely she loved me, since without love there can be no jealousy. So I caught her hands in mine once more, and kissed them, unmindful of the woman, who still looked steadily out at the window.

“Is it not natural,” I said softly, “that I had rather Dorothy bore the trial than my Joyce?”

“Nay,” Joyce said, half angrily; “the woman who loves most should do the most.”

"In that case," I whispered joyfully, "I wish that I could let you do it, that I might be assured of your love."

She relented at my tone, her eyes sank before my glance, and she smiled a little in spite of herself.

"You do not deserve it," she declared with spirit, "or you would not doubt it, now that I am here."

"You are a witch," I answered softly, "and I cannot always believe in my own happiness when you frown, and I remember, too, that I am a rebel in your eyes."

"A rebel;" she said, and looked at me with a new tenderness in her face, "a prisoner, pale and worn and with a shabby coat—and yet—my love."

At this I kissed her again, while the maid leaned out of the window and looked on the street below. For a little while—how brief only a lover knows—we talked together of the past, the old days in the orchard and by the sea, and forgot the king and the country and the cause, while love was king. Did ever two who loved each other remember so dull a thing as politics at such a time? Verily, not Joyce and I; and I do think that we were much like other lovers all the world over. Howbeit, our paradise could not long endure; time spared us not, and Joyce could stay no longer. Sharp was the pain of parting; she could not bear to leave me in so poor a place, and I could not endure the thought of letting all my sunshine go. She clung to me with tears, and I half rejoiced at my plight since it had won her to her tenderest mood. So at last we parted, and I saw her go as the guard returned to secure my prison door. Before it closed upon me, though, I heard Beresford's voice address her, and knew that he was in the hall, and I was mean enough, for the moment, to hate him for being there. He was free to attend her, to

extend a hundred courtesies in this time of trial, and I, who should have aided her, was mewed up in a prison. It was well for him, and for me also, that he came not to see me on that day, for I could scarce have treated him with civility, and yet I owed him much, since he had taken away the guard at the interview. But was ever a jealous lover grateful, and grateful to his rival? I tried not to believe myself jealous then, but thought that I pitied him because he loved Joyce in vain. Yet all the while, in my mind, I saw him going home with her, free to attend her, while I was his prisoner.

CHAPTER XLIV.

EPHRAIM WEARS THE KING'S UNIFORM.

AFTER Joyce's visit came some long blank days when I saw no one but my guard, and heard no voice of sympathy or friendship. I was threatened with removal to the Old Provost, but it came not. Happily for me, the Waynes stood as intercessors for my good treatment, and I suffered little inconvenience save from cold, and from poor and scanty food ; but after the sugar-house I could well endure such small privations. My saddest thoughts were those that dwelt on the poor fellows penned in the hideous prisons, and dying in misery and squalor. I had forborne to tell either Dorothy or Joyce of the misery of those days in the pest-house, since it was of no avail to wound their tender hearts. They learned but too soon the horrors of the gloomy sugar-houses where the prisoners were chained and starving, and of the Old Provost, where at one time they were so packed in that, lying on the floor to sleep, it was said, they could only turn over all together at the word of command. This is true, as I believe, and no fable ; and the sentinels threatened to shoot down the charitable who offered alms to those who came to the barred windows of the church prisons. In Wallabout Bay was that pestilent old gun-ship, the Jersey, where our poor fellows of the rank and file lay in all seasons, unsheltered, without minister or physician, and so died, and were buried on the shores of Long Island. Truly, therefore,

I had no cause of complaint, though the confinement and the solitude were bitter enough to an active man. As the days went on, I lost hope of an early exchange for myself, and mourned bitterly the fate that kept me closely caged when every man was needed to fight. No tidings came to me, and I could only torment myself with imagining the fortunes of the Continental army. Knowing the destitute condition of the men, and that some who were yet enlisted for short periods would soon go to their homes, I could scarce think of the matter with hope. A prison soon destroys hopefulness in the heart and depresses the most buoyant spirit. I thought, too, of my father, whom I had not seen for so long a time, and could easily picture his anxiety and sorrow for me. Greatly did I long for the sea ; penned within four walls, my heart hungered for the ocean, and when I closed my eyes at night, I saw the wide sweep of the waves in Massachusetts Bay, heard the deep roar of the surf, and fancied how the gulls were darting through the flying spray. Far off, too, when the clouds lifted, there must be a golden line at the horizon, where the sky and the water met, a bright and shimmering line, sharply defined by the gray sea below and softly by the drifting cloud above. As though between the two deeps, the upper and the lower, one saw — far, far off — the shining gates of dawn. In those dreams I felt, too, that the salt wind was smiting my cheek as the tide came in. Oh, I was hungry for the sea, as those are who are born beside it and who crave the sight of it with love and longing, as their oldest, truest friend. From these dreams I awoke, and saw only a room that was a cell and through the bars a bit of heavenly blue. So the days passed on without change.

One afternoon I heard voices in the yard below and

went to the window, as eager as a child to look upon a show. Two British soldiers were talking together, and at first I felt only disappointment at so common a sight, and then my attention was riveted upon the taller of the two figures. But for the scarlet coat, which was fresh and new, I should have recognized that lank form in a moment. The uniform fitted ill, however, and not even its splendors could disguise the wearer. I knew him before he turned his head ; it was Ephraim Minot. I gazed at him in some bewilderment, scarcely able to believe the evidence of my own senses. Yet it was he ; I saw him, I heard his drawling voice, and in my heart believed him a knave. I remembered his intimacy with the Tories at Corbie's Tavern, and for a little while imagined many evil things. This was the culmination of his treachery, doubtless, and I saw him in his true colors. While these thoughts were in my mind, he looked up and saw me, but stared at me as though he knew me not, and I turned from the window, feeling only regret that one who had seemed so honest should be so deep a traitor. Yet, after I reflected, my heart smote me for judging him, and I endeavored to see some way out of the mystery. When my supper was brought, I asked my attendant, who talked with him in the garden, and was told that it was an honest man who had come all the way from Massachusetts to enlist in the king's service. Then I knew that for whatever purpose he had come, Ephraim had donned the royal uniform with a lie in his mouth, and this made me more hopeful of his sincerity, since I knew his love for such manœuvres. Yet ~~was~~ I not wholly satisfied that all was fair, and waited and watched with no little curiosity. The thought that he had come to gain access to me took shape in my mind, and was rejected as the time passed and he made

no sign. Neither did any word come from Joyce, and I began to believe that I was to be completely isolated. But it is ever the darkest just before the dawn.

It was evening when my release came at last. It was storming hard, and the rain dashed on my window, but there was no wind. I had sat alone so long that I began to weave my fancies into dreams of freedom on the moors of Essex County. My solitary taper was burning low, and when it went out I should have the darkness for my company. Presently I heard a step in the outer room, coming more quickly than my guard was accustomed to move, and the bolts went back. I looked up in surprise, since it was unusual for any one to come at that hour. The door opened now, however, to reveal the unmistakable figure of Ephraim Minot. He stopped upon the threshold, for, doubting him, I fixed my eyes upon him coldly. Howbeit he was but little disconcerted, and in a moment came on to the table, where he laid down a bundle and stood regarding me with composure.

“Well, captain,” he said deliberately, “I thought you’d be better pleased to see me than you seem.”

“Not in that uniform,” I answered sternly; “you force me to think you a deserter.”

“Well, I be darned!” said Ephraim, with some apparent amazement; “I should think that you had known me long enough to believe me honest, as men go.”

“I am loath to think otherwise,” I replied, my doubts of him departing as I looked at his shrewd, honest face and the kindly twinkle in his eyes. “I hope that you can tell me a straighter story than you told the corporal yonder.”

At this, the strange fellow smiled a little, as if he enjoyed his own ability to weave a fairy tale.

"I came here for you, Captain Allen," he remarked calmly, untying his bundle and revealing a scarlet uniform and a pistol; "we have no time to lose, either. I only got the corporal's place for an hour because he was ordered out for other duty; they trusted me, being a simple rustic who loves the king — hang him!"

"What is this gear?" I asked, pointing at the scarlet coat, which he was shaking out and looking at with affectionate pride.

"I stole it," he remarked calmly; "and poor enough it is, too, but I calculate that it will fit you pretty well. Get it on, captain, we've no time to lose; I've got a dory tied up by the wharf, and it's one chance in a hundred. The rain has driven many from the streets, and there is a ball to-night that takes all the officers off to dance, except those who are drinking and gambling at the public houses."

My heart smote me again for my mean suspicions, and I laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Minot," I said, "if there is a risk for you, if we are likely to be taken, I will not go. They would hang you in the morning."

"Put on the coat, captain," he answered dryly, "or they may hang us both. There is a clean chance for the door; the sentry below is a stranger, and knows not how many guards are on to-night. I have the password, but every minute counts."

I needed no further urging, and in ten minutes two British soldiers walked down the stairs, leisurely, to awaken no suspicion. Ephraim gave the password at the lower door and we were in the street, and I felt the rain upon my face with the wild joy of a man who has been penned up like a beast. But, being free, I had but the one thought to see Joyce before I left the town, yet

could I so endanger my comrade by delay? While the thought was in my mind, he pressed me to proceed more rapidly, for we were in the vicinity of the Fly Market and here were usually many officers and soldiers. Then I informed him frankly that I desired to see Miss Talbot before I left the place, and bade him leave me, saying I would join him later. At which he told me that she was privy to the whole scheme of my release, had bidden him tell me not to pause an instant, but to fly, for her sake, and he thrust a little note into my hand. I could not read it, but I kissed it in the darkness, and no longer hesitated, reflecting that free I could serve her, and, a prisoner, I was as good as dead. We walked rapidly, and Ephraim led the way toward the Battery. We had thus to cross the town, and passed more than one gay company upon the way to the ball. Ladies in gaudy attire, with waving plumes in the high white structure of their puffs and curls, looked out coquettishly from sedan chairs, their faces lighted by the lanterns of the attendants who ran beside them; and twice, in the narrow way, we jostled against parties of young officers, but no one accosted us. It was too common a sight; two soldiers hurrying through the streets upon an errand was an hourly occurrence. So we came unhindered to the river-bank upon the Hudson, and there, above the Battery, Ephraim had moored his craft at a moment when he was unnoticed. We paused an instant to look out over the black water and listen; then we were startled by the sound of steps above us, and the sharp challenge of the sentry. He was some yards away, and we leaped into the boat, and Minot cut the moorings before he came up with us. He challenged us again as we pushed off, and then fired. But the night was dark, and two strong men pulled the oars, and the boat shot

out upon the river. Again and again he fired, and the flash of his weapon shone red in the night, and one bullet struck the water beside us. He shouted to us, and we thought he called to some one for aid to pursue "the knaves." Howbeit we rowed out unharmed, and the night enfolded us, and after a moment there was no sound but the dip of our oars. Doubtless, he decided that two rebels escaping were small loss, and that it would be to his detriment to betray his own negligence. I knew not, and I cared not. I felt that I could sing for joy as the rain beat down; the sky was above me, and the river lapped against our boat. So we pulled unharmed along the waters, and came at last to Hoboken, and leaving our little craft, leaped upon the shore, free men and safe.

CHAPTER XLV.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.

THE morning found us in the woods at Hoboken, where we were forced to lie concealed until twilight, as the Jerseys swarmed with British and Hessians. While we sat together in the brushwood, Ephraim told me of all that had happened since my capture ; of the retreat of the Continental army to Newark, and its poor condition. It now mustered scarce five thousand men, and the Pennsylvania levies were deserting so constantly that guards were stationed on the roads to intercept and drive them in. The winter was advancing rapidly, and the troops were ragged and barefoot. The whole army, discouraged by defeat, had lost heart in the struggle, and confidence in their leader, who was at this time assailed by petty treachery and malice. Lee and Gates were both plotting his overthrow, aspiring themselves to the supreme command, and their criticisms of his actions were sowing the seeds of doubt and dissension. I saw that even Ephraim's cool courage was somewhat daunted, and verily we had but little cause for hope. The dreariness of the late autumn was about us ; the ground was strewn with dead leaves that rustled sadly in the cold wind. The only thing alive was the scarlet-hooded woodpecker above our heads, drilling the bark of a naked tree.

Lord Cornwallis had crossed the Hackensack, and there seemed little hope of saving the Jerseys. Dreary was the prospect before the army, and difficulties beset

our own journey to the camp. We obtained horses that night, and so advanced more rapidly, but were in constant anticipation of being captured again, once passing through a little settlement scarce three hundred yards ahead of a detachment of Donop's Hessians. But no doubt our red coats did us good service, since at last we entered Newark, safe and sound. Right welcome were we, and even his Excellency showed his hearty pleasure at our escape ; nor did he forget to reward Ephraim for his service, making him a corporal that day.

Dick was not with the army when I returned, having been sent out on duty with a small detachment, but when he came back, he welcomed me with warm affection. Since the night when he had shown his heart to me, there had been a certain tenderness between us ; at the sight of him I thought of Joyce's anger at his fickleness, but forbore to tell him, though he asked me, how she felt toward him. There had been no opportunity for the exchange of letters, and he only half divined the anger that the stout little royalist felt at his desertion. Happily, our talk was less of that than of some way to get Joyce and her mother out of New York. He had written a simple, manly letter to Lord Howe, asking that they be permitted to depart, but had received no answer, nor did we greatly hope for one. The chance of bringing them away by stealth remained ; but this was fraught with danger, nor did it seem feasible on account of Lady Talbot, since it would probably entail long and hard riding, and in winter weather ; yet now seemed our only opportunity, before the Continental army was forced across the Raritan. This was not only possible but inevitable, for the British were pressing on in great numbers, while our own diminished. So we plotted together, and called Ephraim to our counsels ; but he shook his head, pointing out the

fact that my too easily compassed escape would arouse greater vigilance along the river-banks, and that my connection with the Talbots was known or suspected by the officers. The knowledge, too, that Dick was in our camp would make them doubly watchful of the Talbot house, and any attempt might end in a disaster which would bar all possibilities of escape. Yet I would not surrender my purpose ; I had Joyce's little note, written in haste on that night, to bid me speed upon my flight, and its tone was one of sadness. I read between the lines and knew that their lot in the Tory city was no happy one, and I was not minded to leave my love to the poor hospitality of Mr. Howe. When I unfolded my grievance to General Washington, he listened to me with more than his usual kindness, and was clearly upon my side. Doubtless, he felt that he would never leave one of his dear ones in such a strait, and I received his full consent to undertake the enterprise ; he permitted me to take Ephraim and another soldier of the Massachusetts Bay, also allowing us horses, though he warned me kindly that the effort was a bold one and full of peril ; especially so, since it seemed now inevitable that he must fall back from Newark. So close-pressed were we by the enemy that my project could not be executed at once, and Lord Cornwallis advanced so rapidly that we were compelled to abandon our position and withdraw to New Brunswick. Another disaster also fell at this time upon the Continental army, though some of us looked on it as a blessing in disguise. This was the capture of General Charles Lee, who fell into the enemy's hands at Baskingridge, some eleven miles from Morristown. He owed his capture to his own carelessness, and was taken while eating his breakfast at the tavern, having but a small guard with him. The Philistines made great rejoicing

at this capture, since they counted him our greatest general, having no comprehension of the qualities of his Excellency. Nor is this greatly to be marvelled at, since our own people grumbled at the latter's constant retreats, seeing no wisdom in his efforts to save his poor and ragged army from destruction. I do remember that I often questioned the wisdom of his movements myself, and fretted, as a young man will, for great achievements.

The movements of the enemy had disconcerted my plans, and forced me to be inactive. We had then but little hope to do aught but rescue the army from the toils of Cornwallis, since we had been forced back, before Lee's capture, from New Brunswick to Trenton and thence across the Delaware, barely saving the whole detachment. My prospects of reaching Joyce at that time seemed forlorn, and Ephraim took the opportunity of pointing out the wisdom of his argument; yet was I not one whit shaken in my resolution. But just at present there was no prospect of success, for it was with difficulty that General Washington had cut through the cordon of the king's troops to carry our army across the Delaware, and now upon the opposite banks lay the Hessians. From Bordentown to the Black Horse was stationed the division of Count Donop and Knyphausen, Lossberg and Rahl were at Trenton, while the rest of the enemy's forces were cantoned through the Jerseys, forming an effectual blockade between the Delaware and New York. The rapine and violence of the Hessians had made them a terror to the people, which did us much service, by rallying the yeomen to our cause. In this province they had shown no warmth for the freedom of the colonies when confronted by the King's army, but they had no pleasure in seeing their hearths violated and

their goods confiscated ; so violence often made patriots where sentiment had not.

In the hour of confidence comes often disaster, and so it was with these same Hessians. Rejoicing at their too easy success and confident in their own invincibility, they grew contemptuous of their ragged foes. Then came opportunity knocking at our door, and Washington was not slow to welcome it. We, who were not of his counsels, could divine nothing save that he was manifestly planning some assault upon the enemy. Dick and I waited with impatience, for inactivity and retreat were alike bitter trials to us, and we both longed to cut through the lines and get to New York.

It was Christmas Day when the orders came for us to assemble before sunset at McKonkey's Ferry and prepare to cross the Delaware. Joy and dismay were in the hearts of many,—joy at the thought of action, dismay at the prospect of a long march at such a season. Snow lay upon the ground, and ice floated on the dark waters of the Delaware. Toward evening the wind rose and the cold was biting, yet no man faltered as the detachments formed and marched along the river-banks, leaving behind them a trail of blood from bleeding feet, for the men were without shoes and ragged, so that they indeed seemed “the tatterdemalions” that the redcoats called them. It was the day of peace ; yet peace was not in our hearts, but a stern resolution to do or die. Our numbers, Heaven knows, were few enough, but we lacked not the spirit of endurance. His Excellency himself, with a stern countenance, went through the lines, giving his orders, watching all with his tireless zeal ; and we who looked on his face knew that he was resolved to make a mighty effort to retrieve the fortunes of his army. The watchword that he gave us was, “ Vic-

tory or death." The troops were to proceed in three detachments. One, under General Putnam, was to come from Philadelphia; but the brave old man was forced to remain to watch that city, which was on the brink of open rebellion, and only five hundred of his soldiers came. Another division was to cross at the ferry below Trenton; while the other, under General Washington and General Greene, was to pass over at McKonkey's Ferry. We knew that we were to attack the Hessians at Trenton, and were the more impressed with the importance of our errand since these hirelings were so greatly dreaded by the colonists.

Strange was the scene, as we waited for the early darkness to fall that we might cross the river. The barren whiteness of the landscape over which the wind swept bitter cold, contrasted with the black waters of the Delaware, while overhead the great clouds began to drift again. The detachment, not fifteen hundred strong, stood resting on their arms, the trains of artillery in the rear, and in front Colonel Glover's brave seamen of Marblehead, who were to take the army over the perilous river. General Washington rode up and down the columns, encouraging, admonishing, directing; no sign of his anxiety upon him save that calm, stern manner that spoke more than words. Dick and I stood together. I was at the head of my own regiment, and looked about me at the ragged, barefoot, shivering rustics, and thought how deep must be the weight of care upon the general's heart. It was a pitiful sight, too, God knows; here were young boys, fresh from the farm or fishing-boat, gray-headed, weather-worn veterans, and strong men with stern faces, all so forlorn, so exposed to the fury of the elements, but trusting simply—for they were, for the most part, religious folk—in a higher

power. Verily, victory would never have come to such as these save through the Lord of Hosts.

It was twilight when we began to cross ; the wind was high, and the current strong, while floating ice was every-where. His Excellency went with the head of the column ; with great difficulty and peril we came over to the farther bank, and there took our position while the artillery was brought over. This being a great labor and most dangerous, it was slow and tedious. Hour after hour we waited on the bank, nigh frozen in the biting cold, and yet the transports were not wholly landed. I remember how we walked to and fro, and beat our hands against our breasts to keep life in them. One poor fellow froze to death that night, and how pitilessly the fierce wind blew ! The thick darkness that screened our movements was fearsome in that season of peril, and through it came the shouts of the officers, the cries of the men, the rumbling of artillery on the frozen ground. The great voice of Knox sounded like a trumpet, through the thick of it, so that he was much relied on for trans-mitting orders. The tempest rose in fury, and the ice drove down the river, threatening all with destruction. Stout hearts were troubled, and the weak grumbled ; but no man dared to stay his hand, for we knew that the general stood there watching all, and that his stern soul was set upon his purpose. Thus it is that one man, being great, can wield an army, as a single sword, where-with to smite his enemy.

It was between three and four in the morning when, the whole force being landed, we set our faces toward Trenton. We were to make a circuit by the Pennington road to the north of the town, while the other column, that had crossed at Howland's Ferry, was to meet us at Trenton by the west road, nearer the river. It was

nine miles, and we could not reach it before dawn ; but it was now too late to retreat, nor could we leave the other column to its fate. The tempest had burst fiercely, and snow and hail swept in our faces, while the cold was like a knife, as we struggled up the steep hill beyond the river and then down to the road, which led us through a forest of hickory, ash, and black oak, where the wind howled about us and the ground was slippery beneath our feet. Yet there was a mercy also in the storm ; the heavy snow deadened all sound, and driving fast, it was like a white curtain through which the dawning day shone dim. Our muskets, however, were wet and well nigh useless, and there were murmurs on this account ; but the order soon came sharp and short : “ Advance and charge.” There was no alternative then but the bayonet. I pressed forward, and was close to his Excellency, who came first to the outskirts of the town. It was eight o’clock, and by the wayside a rustic was cutting wood. Washington asked him the direction to the Hessian picket, receiving but a surly answer until an officer cried out that it was his Excellency. The countryman dropped his hatchet, and with a changed face raised his hands toward heaven.

“ God bless and prosper you ! ” cried he ; “ the picket is in that house, and the sentry stands near that tree.”

Then came our orders to dislodge the picket, and we of the advance guard marched forward at double quick. We took them by surprise, and well nigh trapped them, like rats in a hole. Making but little sound upon the snow, we were upon them ere they could rally. We heard the shout “ Der Feind ! ” and then, as we dashed forward, came wild cries, “ Heraus, heraus ! ” At the first they stood, a moment, to their arms and then

broke wildly, and we drove them in. There was a party behind them, to support the picket ; but this also broke before our impetuous assault. On we charged, driving them before us, and in the thick tumult we could hear the drums beating the alarm, and in the town the trumpets of the light horse blew.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE SUN SHINES THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

THE Hessians fell back behind the house, firing upon us as they went, but offering no great resistance, doubtless believing us to be in great numbers. The thick weather favored us, making us seem an army, and we advanced with loud cheers, inspired with new hope at the sight of their confusion. The wildest disorder prevailed ; men rushed from the houses, as if distracted, while others fired from the windows, and the dragoons dashed through the streets without apparent purpose. But when we came to the main street we saw that some Hessians were endeavoring to train their cannon upon us, and a battery here would have wrought great mischief in our ranks. We knew that the main column was close behind us, and so the peril was the more imminent. With a shout we dashed forward, led by young Captain Washington and Lieutenant Monroe, and drove the artillerymen from their posts just as they were on the point of firing. Here was the fiercest fight, and both our leaders were wounded. One stout Hessian sprang upon me, trying to knock me down with the butt end of his weapon ; but I wrenched it away and felled him with it. After one wild moment of blood and tumult, we triumphed, and the guns were ours. While we stood beside them, the scene was past all description, the rout and confusion of the enemy being complete. General Washington and his column were

at the head of King Street, while on the west and south charged Sullivan and Stark. Surprised, caught in a trap, and terrified by our imagined force, the Hessians, who had endeavored to face us, broke again, and fled toward the bridge that crossed the Assunpink. I saw Colonel Rahl, so lately famous for his share in the victory at Fort Washington, endeavoring to rally his troops ; but he appeared as bewildered as the others, reeling in his saddle as he rode. We drove them through the streets, and many fell at once into our hands as prisoners, though others died, fighting gallantly. The cries of the wounded, the crash of arms, the shout of victory, all were mingled, and about us lay the dead and dying.

We had gone on in pursuit of the flying Hessians, for the town was ours ; our battery frowned upon the main street, our soldiers held the strong positions, and in our triumph we forgot our hardships. As we charged again beyond the town, we found that Rahl had rallied his grenadiers in an orchard, and he came rushing back upon us, more like a madman than aught else, since verily he came but to his death. Bravely, gallantly they advanced, these Germans ; but we met them with the impetuosity that men feel when flushed with victory, and in the mêlée Rahl fell from his horse, wounded or dead, we knew not which, and his brave troops retreated once again, this time fleeing along the right bank of the Assunpink, doubtless meaning to reach Princeton. I shouted to my men to follow, and charged, just as a company of Pennsylvanians cut them off in front and the Virginians came up on the other wing. They, the Hessians, had formed as though to resist us, and our guns were trained upon them, when suddenly some one cried out,—

“ They have struck their colors ! ”

It was true. They surrendered at discretion, and as we came up, I saw tears of shame on many a war-worn cheek ; they were proud of their great record, and deeply mortified to yield to our barefoot and ragged men. It snowed not now ; but all the scene was white, save for the cruel stains upon the drifts about us. The Hessian columns stood dejected upon the river-bank, their colors struck, and their whole appearance suggesting despair ; while around them gathered the forlornly dressed but victorious soldiers of the Continental army,— a mighty contrast and a pitiful one. His Excellency rode up, with the glow of hope and triumph on his face, and received the sword of Colonel Rahl, who, covered with blood and white as death, resigned it with an air of such deep dejection that the stoutest heart among us was moved to pity. Our commander treated him with the kindness that was worthy of his noble heart, being ever generous to a fallen foe, and ordered him to be removed to the house of some friend whom Rahl designated ; and as the captive was too sorely spent with his wounds to walk or ride, he was carried with both care and tenderness.

The rush of the battle being over, I began to look for Dick, who had been separated from me, and found him not. A sudden fear overwhelmed me that he had fallen, and I ran back to the town, looking on every hand. Wherever I saw a poor fellow lying stretched upon the snow I stopped with beating heart, and more than one I knelt beside until he died because at the sight of my face that look of anguish, that appeal for help came into dying eyes, and I had not heart to leave the passing soul. Not yet finding Dick, I came again to the main street, and searched among the dead, where they lay thickest about the cannon ; our own loss had

been small, but here were many Hessians. While I was thus sadly engaged, I looked up and saw Ephraim, and called to him for news of Richard Talbot.

“He has gone to the house where they have carried Colonel Rahl,” Minot replied, “I saw him go awhile ago.”

Perplexed at this, I lost no time in finding the way thither, though I could not fancy Richard’s errand, since he had not been with us to receive the orders. Ephraim told me that it was the home of some Quaker, so the people told him, and he directed me to the door. Here I found a guard of soldiers, and no little stir; it was thought that Rahl was dying, and indeed he was not to linger long. The street door stood open, and the hall being full of officers and soldiers, I entered without ceremony. Within all was hushed; death and sorrow had both entered here, and even our own men pitied the deep misery of the fallen soldier. To him was due, as it proved, the loss of Trenton and the capture of their colors, and he took it deeply to heart, preferring to die rather than live and face dishonor. He had been in his cups the night before, and had not heeded the warning he received, that we were coming. The greatest faults of the king’s officers were their love for drink and the gaming-table. They had not our bitter struggle to make, and therefore had the leisure to indulge their vices, and gambling was at that time very fashionable.

I passed the guards in the hall, and went to the rear of the house, searching for Dick, and seeing no one of the household save a little Quaker maid, who fled affrighted at the sight of a strange soldier with blood upon his clothes and all dishevelled, as I was, from battle. I was turning back disappointed, when suddenly a door opened on the right and a sweet-faced old

Quaker lady stood before me. Saluting her, I asked courteously if she knew where I could find a young officer, Richard Talbot, who had come there, they told me, but I could not find him, and feared that he was wounded. She looked at me a moment in silence, taken as it seemed by surprise, and then amazed me yet more.

“Thy name, I think, is John Allen of Salem; is it not so?” she asked calmly.

I answered that it was, but could not hide my astonishment. Without a word she stepped back and called to some one in the room from whence she came, while I stood alone before the door, sorely bewildered. Then sounded a dog’s quick bark of welcome, and Laddie sprang upon my knee. Before I could recover from this surprise, a slight figure came suddenly from within and ran to me with a low, joyful cry.

“They told me that you had fallen!” Joyce cried, and fainted in my arms.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A ROYALIST SURRENDERS.

HERE in Trenton, in the Quaker's house, I found not only Joyce and Dick, but also Lady Talbot and Dorothy Wayne. While the household attended upon Rahl, we sat together in the quiet room, and heard the story of their happy escape from New York. To Dorothy they owed it all. It was she who planned it, when she found how both Lady Talbot and Joyce mourned at being shut up in the town while Dick was with us. The older woman had been most unhappy at the change and separation, and so Dorothy caine to their aid. She obtained an escort to go to Trenton to the house of these Quakers, her mother's friends, and from there she had intended to go on to Philadelphia, when she could obtain passes through our lines. She had brought my love and Lady Talbot, disguised as her attendants, fearing Sir William Howe would refuse to let them go, for he had not forgiven Dick his change of colors. Thus it was to Dorothy that I owed this new happiness. The whole party had been delayed at Trenton by the fearful weather, and had witnessed the battle with mingled hopes and fears. Dick they had seen upon the street and called him in, and he, it seemed, thought that I had fallen; a soldier having stopped to tell him that I was slain when charging the cannon. Joyce had overheard the story, and thus it was that joy overcame her at the sight of me.

So did the tumult of the day end for us in peace and happiness, while in another room poor Colonel Rahl lay dying. Verily, in the midst of life we are in death, and love and grief, under the same roof, rejoice and weep, as the sun breaks sometimes through the blackest cloud, and the rainbow shines ere the storm is over.

Trenton was ours ; but it seemed that there might be small fruit from this victory, since the whole plan had not been successfully executed, and there were enough Hessians in the Jerseys to do us much mischief. General Washington decided almost at once to quit the town, and the Hessian prisoners were sent off to New-town. He came himself, with General Greene, to see the dying Rahl, and gave him much comfort by his promise to be merciful to the captives. The nobility and the generous kindness of his Excellency's character showed best at such a crisis. We all loved him and venerated him the more, seeing him unmoved amid the jealousies and criticisms that had assailed him most sharply in his trials. It was when he came upon this errand of mercy, to see the dying foreigner, that he called me aside and told me kindly that my gallant conduct, as he was pleased to called it, at the capture of the enemy's guns had made me a major, and he congratulated me upon my elevation. Good fortune came, too, to faithful Ephraim Minot, who was promoted to a place in the general's own body-guard ; and the old green coat departed at last, to be replaced by the buff and blue, which Ephraim donned with a pride that was the more amusing because unusual. From that hour he was closely attached to the person of his Excellency, and served him to the end, though as faithful as ever to me.

It was the day after Colonel Rahl's death that my

father came to Trenton, and we had the joy of seeing each other once more after our long separation. I had been since then in prison, and our reunion was one of great happiness. There was pressing need to decide upon some course in regard to Lady Talbot and Joyce; they could not remain so near the enemy, and Dick agreed with us that it was best to take them to Philadelphia. We accordingly obtained leave to escort them thither. Dorothy, however, would remain with her Quaker friends and presently return to New York, being unwilling to leave her grandparents for any length of time. Nor would she come to witness my wedding, which was to take place in Philadelphia, since I would delay it no longer. Joyce had not consented, at the first, to so hasty a marriage; but my father partly helped me win my cause, since between these two there was a very sweet affection. When he saw her first at Trenton, he held out his hands smiling.

“Ah, Joyce, little maid,” he said gently, “have you forgiven me for my disloyalty to the king? I have looked on you ever as my daughter — is it so, at last?”

She, blushing and tearful, put her hands in his, like a child, and kissed him, and so they were friends once more, though indeed with him she had never quarrelled.

General Washington’s resolution to recross the Delaware at once, compelled us to move with all the haste we could, and so we made all our preparations to depart immediately. Upon the eve of the day that we had chosen, I found the opportunity, at last, to thank Dorothy. She had avoided all acknowledgment of her aid and constant friendship, and even now shrank from any mention of it. I remember well how she looked as she stood there in the hall, in her simple gown, which was the soft gray color of a summer cloud,

with a white kerchief folded on her bosom. I had never seen her face so pale nor her clear eyes so dark. She put away my thanks, and told me that I owed her nothing.

“Nay,” I said, smiling, “whom then must I thank, if not my good angel?”

“Some one who deserves it more,” she answered simply. “Lady Talbot and Joyce were wearing out their hearts in New York. I would have been less than kind had I not tried to help them.”

“As you helped me,” I said gravely, “as you help us all,—kind, gentle, generous,—surely your own goodness blesses you!”

At this, she smiled. “I need the blessing,” she answered in a low tone, “but I deserve it not. I wish you all happiness —” she added. “I have not spoken of it before, but it was not from lack of appreciation of Joyce, for I love her. May you be happy — as you both deserve!”

“To you I owe it,” I replied, and took her hands and kissed them.

She looked at me with a white face; then without a word she snatched away her hands, and the tears ran down her cheeks. As suddenly, she fled from me, running up the stairs, and though I called to her, she turned not, but went on. I stood amazed, looking upward and not knowing what to think. I feared that in my rough and blundering way I had offended her, and yet I knew not how. While I stood thus, sore perplexed, my love came from one of the rooms where sat the others, and to her I told all that had happened, told her that I greatly feared that I had offended Dorothy, and nothing was further from my heart. Joyce smiled, saying that she was sure I had given no

offence, at which I declared that the ways of women were past finding out, and if I had not offended I could not understand Dorothy's tears. Joyce made no answer to this, at first, but after a while she smiled.

"You are dull," she said softly; "bless your loyal heart for the dulness."

"Dull I may be," I replied, "but never thought to hear you call me loyal, so long was I a rebel Yankee in your eyes."

At which she laughed softly, looking at me with shining eyes.

"A rebel you are, sir," she said sweetly; "and so am I a rebel, for the love of you!"

THE END.

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